Forty Years' Correſpondence

BETWEEN

GENIUSSES OV BOATH SEXES,

AND

JAMES ELPHINSTON;

IN SIX POCKET-VOLLUMES:

FOAR OV ORIDGINAL LETTERS, TWO' OV POETRY.

——— *Hoc eſt*
Vivere bis, vitâ poſſe priore frui.

MART.

——— *Si quid noviſti rectius iſtis,*
Candidus imperti; ſi non, his utere mecum.

HOR.

Hail, happy Art! ov livving Life wonce more;
And ov enjoying Years, enjoy'd before.

Superior if dhy Store, impart benign:
If not, improov it; by partaking mine.

VOLLUME VI.

LONDON:
Sold (for won Guinnea ſowed), by W. RITCHARDSON, Royal Exchainge; J. DEIGHTON, N. 274, Holboarn; W. CLARK, N. 38. Bond-ſtreet: by R. CHEYN, and P. HIL, Eddinburrough.
M. DCC. XCI.

Errors ov dhe Pres:

Vol. VI.

Page.	*Line.*		*For*
10	5	Hwedddher	Hweddher:
	6	Hwedher	Hweddher:
20	18	dhing	thing
30	*pen.*	ken	ken,
33	16	bair;	bair.
45	11	effuſe	effuze
	13	darling	daring
48	*laſt*	tree	true
72	23	great	grait
73	4	wil	zeal
	24	obey	obey?
86	1	na wing	nawing
	19	in written	inwritten
88	9	reſſoarſe	reſoarce
91	6	myſelf	myſelf,
113	8	reeſtabliſht	reeſtabbliſht
	15	with	widh
120	12	waiv	waiv.
122	1	*afflictea*	*afflicted*

Page.	*Line.*		*For*
126	7	Sannafars	Sannazars
140	*ant.**	Ho	Hoo
146	14	greens.	greens ;
192	5	leafy-trees	leafy trees
205	7	Muſics	Muzics
214	5	waz *Marſial*	waz, *Marſial*,
222	*laſt*	hwateh r	hwatehr
239	20	ſmooth	ſmoodh

* *Ant-pen* abbreviates *penultimate*, almoaſt ultimate, or laſt but wone; *ant.* ſimmilarly ſhortens *antepenultimate*, or laſt but two.

POEMS

PROMMISED IN DHE

FORTY YEARS' CORRESPONDENCE;

OR,

CONNECTED WIDH IT.

I. EDDUCACION*.

BOOK DHE FIRST.

OV all dhe arts, dhat onnor human-kind,
Dhe firſt muſt be dhe culture ov dhe mind;
And ov dhe objects, dhat our care employ,
Dhe moaſt momentous iz dhe rizing boy.

* Vol. I. L. xli.

How dhen to' form dhe infant hed and hart;
To' mold dhe outward, widh dhe inward part;
To' trace yong genius from its latent ſprings,
T'explore hwat each denies, and hwat it brings;
T'improov dhe pow'rs, az nature bids dhem play,
To' make dhe paſſions own bland rezons ſway;
To' rear dhe child to' yooth, dhe yooth to' man,
Be my † advent'rous theme. Behold dhe plan,
On hwich I form'd dhe grait ov evv'ry age,
Inſpir'd dhe heroe, and illum'd dhe ſage;
On hwich a Sammuel, or a Cyrus roze;
Hwence evv'ry art, and evv'ry ſcience, flows;
Padhs, hwich dhe ſons ov wizdom ſtil hav trod:
Hail, padhs thrice hallow'd by dhe Son ov GOD!
Grait Sire ov all! ſend dhy bleſt daughter down,
My mighty parent, and my ſole renown;
Wizdom, my ſyſtem and my ſong to' guide;
And o'r PEDIA's evv'ry ſon prezide.

Dhe natal our beguins Tuiſcions plan:
For dhe firſt minniature commences man.
Az from dhe cradel, joy and ſorrow flow;
Much, to' dhe tut'res, muſt dhe tutor ow:
Nay much, ye maids, it boots how firſt ye bind;
And much, ye nurſes, how ye mold dhe mind.

† *Pedia* or *Edducacion*, iz dhe ſpeaker.

Helth,

Helth, dhe firſt care, commands; avoid *exces*,
Ov heat or cold, ov alliment or dres.
But, O ye parents! ſave yoor charming boy:
For yoors it iz, to' ſave, or to' deſtroy.
Ye tender dames wil nehr deny dhe food,
Dhat evv'ry dam diſpenſes to' her brood.
Shal Inſtinct teach dhe parents part to' play;
And Rezon, God and Nature diſobey!
Haz Nature pour'd her own nectareous tide,
But to' ſuſtain her plezzure and her pride?
Or, can ſhe ſubſtitute a forrain flud,
To' minguel nobleſt widh ignobleſt blud;
To' form a chaingeling, or in part or hoal;
A tainted boddy, or a ſordid ſoll?
Helth (truſt me, Fair;) attends on duty's call:
'Tiz natures rebbel, dhat iz languors thrall.
But com, ye bleſt, ye real moddhers, ſay:
Hwen, on dhe milky mount, dhe ſuck'ling lay;
Hwen yoor fond arms encloz'd dhe ſmiling boy;
Did ehr yoor buzzoms beat widh ſuch a joy?
Did evver Buty's ſelf appear ſo bright,
Or Moddeſty affoard ſo fine a ſight?
Did ehr dhe Virgin bluſh in higher charms,
Dhan widh her Son and Savior in her arms?

Yet, if ye wiſh to' be completely kind,
O! nurſe az tenderly dhe infant-mind.

For nature ſpeaks in evv'ry ſmile or frown;
Ah! cherriſh won, and bair dhe oddher down.
Beguin to'-day, if yoo'd dhe boddy bend;
And, not to'-morrow, if dhe mind yoo'd mend.
Dhe flexile twig accepts dhe ſureſt form.
Dhe yong-train'd tree wil ſtouteſt ſtand dhe ſtorm.
Long, are yong Rezon take dhe guize ov ſpeech;
Ye may grait leſſons, and good habbits, teach;
Ye may guiv evv'ry limb its propper play;
Ye muſt found all yoor rules in won: *Obey.*
So, widh ſucces, ye ſhal each ſpirrit mold;
Excite dhe gentel, and repres dhe bold;
Dhe moddeſt chear, dhe ravv'nous counteraw;
And ſtil yoor look muſt be dhe ſtanding law.
Coſt hwat it wil, be ſteddy now; and know,
Won timely word ſhal ſave yoo manny a blow.
Hwatehr mild rezon aſks, yoor lov ſupplies:
Hwat wil demands, dhe ſelf-ſame lov denies.
Oh! lern wonce to' deny; dhe taſk iz o't:
Dhe reggulated wil rebels no more.
Yoor pow'r, obtain'd, prevents all fardher ſtrife;
In helth guivs happines; in ſicnes, life;
Prepares to' tutor now dhe looſening tung:
Hwence blis and bane, in evv'ry age, hav ſprung.

Dho my paſt ſtrains may moaſt regard dhe fair,
Boath parents always muſt combine dheir care;

In

In pure exampel, and dhe niceſt choice
Ov evv'ry menials manners, temper, voice:
For now, hwatehr dhe apelings hear or ſee;
Dhe ſound dhey eccoe, and dhe thing wil be.
Widh children dhen, O! hooſo talk or play,
For dheir dear ſake, be innocent az dhey.
If purity yoo prize not, for yoor own;
Oh! taint not dheirs: hwich notthing can atone.
Not all dhe monſters erth or ocean ſpreds;
Not all dhe Hydraes, widh dheir hundred heds;
Not all dhe horrors, dhat in fancy dwel,
Can immage vice, dhe ſpring and ſpawn ov hel!
In her deplor'd abode, remote from day,
Aw dhe foul fiend, widh dhy reziſtles ray;
O dhou, az far beyond dhe human ken:
Beyond dhe tung ov aingels, az ov men!
Darling ov ſaints below, and gods abov!
Fair prodgeny ov wizdom and ov lov!
Hweddher *Aſtrea's* name celeſtials know,
Or Vertue moaſt endear dhee here below;
Shield, from contagions reach, my virgin-charge;
Purge native il, and native good enlarge;
Inſpire dhe thaughts, dhe manners, geſtures, ſpeech,
Ov all dhat minniſter, and all dhat teach.

Hear dhen, ye gardians, ov hwatehr degree!
Nor longuer hear, az if ye herd not me.

Think, dhat each uſe or mocion ye beſtow,
Sows certain ſeeds ov endles weal or woe;
Dhat evv'ry word ye drop, or tale ye tel,
May kindel fires, dhat notthing ehr ſhal quel:
May ſtrike vain terror, or puf vainer pride;
Som folly flatter, or ſom wizdom hide.
Nor yet ſuffice it yoo, no il to' teach:
Precept muſt much, but practice more muſt preach.
Dhey yoo, az yoo yoor GOD, by lov obey:
To' yoor GOD and to' dheirs, like yoo dhey pray.
Dhey vennerate yoor age, az yoo dheir yooth:
Dhey ſcorn a ly, becauz yoo tel dhe truith.
Be truith, by evv'ry art, dheir firſt delight;
Let all endear her, and let naught affright:
Stil let dhem find, hwatehr dhey'v ſaid or don,
Dhat *Onneſty and Pollicy ar won.*
Let moddeſty, dhe gardian ov each grace,
Erect her throne on each ingennuous face;
Let lov to' all, but each in due degree,
Shine foarth, az nature bids, improov'd by me.
Bland curteſy can nehr too ſoon beguin,
To' highten, not to' hide, hwatehr'z widhin.
Dhus ſhal ye nurture vertues charming train,
Entail true plezzure and extirpate pain.
Dhus ſhal ye nature make or mend by art,
And teach dhe ſoll, betimes, to' play her arduous part.

Amid

Amid dhe higher cares alreddy ſung,
Let moddher-wit mature in moddher-tung;
Alike in purity, alike unmixt
Widh aught dhat'z forrain, til dhey boath be fixt.
Sweet converſe now excites to' taſte dhe ſprings,
Hwence wider knollege flows ov men and things.
Yet erneſt muſt dhe lovs dheir letters aſk:
A favor granted, not impoz'd a taſk.
Bleak ar dhe borders ov fair lernings land!
Her joys we creddit, are we underſtand:
But, dhe firſt entrance paſt, hwarehr we ſtray;
She feaſts us widh her welth, and dazzels widh her day.

EDDUCACION.

Book dhe Seccond.

TEACHING or taught, each ſex haz grac't my ſong:
To' dhee, my ſon, my future ſtrains belong.
Moaſt might indeed az wel affect dhe fair;
But, ſeldom doo I proov dheir happy ſhare.
Mind knows no gender, but ov groce or fine:
Congenial ſolls ſhood rize on won deſign.
Yet, hwile boath ſexes common guifts demand;
Each aſks its branches from my plaſtic hand.
Dhe ſmall peculiar ov dhe female care,
Iz houſehold lore; a ſcience now but rare!
Stil muſt not each, deep-red in *Hannah Glas**,
Straight for a daughter ov *Minerva* pas.
Pallas iz pattrones ov arts, 'tiz true;
But higher arts, her vot'ries muſt purſue.

* Authores ov a treatiſe on Cookery.

Dhe

Dhe nedel ſhe diſdains not, or dhe loom:
Ye fair, forguet not poor *Aracne's* * doom.
All cannot hope to' ſtrike a *Sappho's* lyre,
Nor muſt each maid to' *Daciers* praiz aſpire;
Or merrit ſuch a mate, or boaſt ov ſuch a ſire.
But all may lern to' read, and write, and ſpel:
Som may remember, oddhers rezon wel.
Ezy dhe female culture, light dhe ſoil:
'Tiz hevvy he's, dhat ar dhe ſons ov toil.
Knew but dhe fair, how faireſt dhey might ſhine;
How dul dhe dimonds rays, to' rays divine!
A letter'd lady wood no more be antic:
'Tiz affectacion onely proovs pedantic.

Hear dhen, ye matrons, hoo announce my name,
Profeſſing to' mature dh' accompliſht dame;
Hwile ye teach Mis dhe curt'ſy long and low,
Point dhe bleſt padhs, hware Vertues daughters go.
Hwile ye teach Mis, to' rear her lovly hed;
Oh! furniſh it, are ye pronounce her bred:
Nor teach her *Martha's* bizzy part to' play;
But dhat bleſt part, hwich naught ſhal take away.
Think, hwile ye mold dhe ſhape, and grace dhe air;
Dhat Vertue onely laſts, and blooms for evver fair!

But, if to' tut'reſſes I'm rarely known;
Oh! dhat dhe tutors ſelvs wer all my own!

* Ov. Met. VI.

Long did dhe gardians, natt'ral and profeſt,
Known or unknown to' me, alike conteſt,
Hweddher in ſcools I raddher choze my ſway,
Or deem'd ſtil ſafer dhe domeſtic way;
Hwedddher made maxims better underſtood,
Hwedher made yonglings ſooner grait and good;
Pointed dhe padhs, dhey ſhood not quit hwen old;
Or prommis't better, hwen dheir tale iz told.
Did nature furniſh alſo mental milk;
Cood moddhers judge ov genius, az ov ſilk;
If parents always did a parents duty,
And ſaught dhe minds, az much az boddy's buty;
Purchas't dhey not (ſad merchants!) for dheir train,
A moments plezzure, widh an age ov pain;
Wer ſollitude impregnabel to' ſin;
Crept dainger leaſt, hware leaſt ſuſpiſcion, in;
Did vice not wair dhe face ov vertue here;
Did pamper'd pride, not dignity appear;
Took ſheepiſhnes, not moddeſty's fair guize;
Wer to' be cowardly, not to' be wize;
Uzurpt not Ignorance, bright Knollege' name;
Nor boaſted ſelfiſh dulnes, ſocial flame;
Som plea might urge clandeſtine edducacion:
But hware'z dhe hwetter, like my Emmulacion?

Say dhen, inſpirer ov hooehr excel!
In hwat bleſt region dhou delight'ſt to' dwel.

For,

For, hware dhou livſt, I liv; hware di'ſt, I dy:
Joint az we ſtand, unſevver'd ſhal we ly.
Retirement nehr cood light dhy ſocial fires:
Dhe cocker'd ſon nehr knew dhee at hiz fires.
'Mong numbers iz dhy reign, or frends or foes:
By various ſprings, impelling dheze and dhoze.
Dhou genrous rivals joy'ſt to' form or find:
Now he before, looks bac on him behind;
Now dhe ſurpaſt o'rtakes dhe bleſt before;
And now dhey pant abreſt, til edher can no more.
So minds maturer vy, in lifes career;
By hope incited, or allay'd by fear.
Each paſſes each, az dhou enflam'ſt dheir ſoll;
Til, mutually ſublim'd, dhey reach dhe goal.
Nor ſtopſt dhou dhare: but fir'ſt dhe hevnly hoaſt,
Hoo ſhal ſtil higher hymn SIRE, SON, and HOLY GOAST!

Yet not each yoothfool throng, yclept a ſcool,
Haz hail'd my charmer, or confeſt my rule.
Unnumber'd ſcools hav fill'd; nay, fill'd dhe faſter,
Dhat nedher ſhe nor I ehr knew dhe maſter.
Som crittics eye dhe pollity and ſtate;
Dhe dame dhat nurſes, and dhe ſlaves dhat wait.
Som ſcan dhe manſion, or ſurvey dhe lands;
Each minding moaſt, hwat moaſt each underſtands:
Hwile oddhers go a ſcooling, az a ſhopping;
Widh no more vew, dhan children go a hopping;

Or, widh a vew, to' critticize dhe elvs;
To' plague dhe pepel, or to' pleze dhemſelvs.

Oft parents chooz by ſite; 'tiz near, dhey ſay:
We ſtil can bles our darling, wonce a day;
Nay, wonce a week we'l hav dhe urchin home,
Leſt, from ourſelvs, hiz littel hart ſhood roam:
For, did we not, dhe dear might grow dhe fool
To' blind himſelf widh books, and lov an odious ſcool!
Dhare ſhood we let him mope thro'out dhe year,
Az ſom think beſt, hoo think dhey know to' rear;
He wood forguet to' rule, hware all obey;
Nay, and to' feed, but poor foar times a day.
No wonder, if he proov no eppicure;
(Hwat parent can dhe cruel thaught endure?)
No wonder, if dhe chic becom no glutton,
Hware mutton follows beef, beef follows mutton!
But, hwen we guet him home, we'l make amends;
We'l ſhow him dhare, dhat all hiz thraldom ends.
Dhare he, except himſelf, ſhal maſter all:
Dhe trembling ſervants ſhal attend hiz call.
Dhare he ſhal lern to' eat, and not to' read:
Hwat, dho a ſurfeit ſhood ſomtimes ſuccede?
He'z near dhe doctor, hoo wil but confine him
A week or two'; and dhat ourſelvs deſign him.
Dhen he may pour hiz plezzures and hiz pains;
Hoo kindly lovs, or cruelly reſtrains;

Hwat

Hwat guivs him moaſt to' laf, or moaſt to' cry:
For, in hiz life, he nevver told a ly.
Talk not ov future joy, at prezzent coſt;
A bird in hand for me: he ſhahn't be croſt.
If ehr hiz buzzom widh rezentment burn,
And ſo he chooz, he nevver ſhal return;
But rainge from ſcool to' ſcool; til, childhood paſt,
He can but guird dhe gallant ſoard at laſt.

Eze teaches oddhers, dhare to' place dheir pride,
Hware moaſt commodious for dhe Sundays ride:
Helth and convenience join t'encreſe dhe flocs,
Dhat ſkip contigguous to' dhe contry-box.
Oddhers far rellegate dheir hopes from town:
No matter, dho a ſcoolboy ſpring a clown.
Som, uz'd to' ſcales, can weigh me by dhe pound:
Now in dhe hevvy, now dhe light, I'm found.
Som frugal folks prefer hwat Yorkſhere breeds,
And think won ſoil may nurriſh men and ſteeds.
Widh anny *lingo*, and widhout a letter,
May rize a jocky or Newmarket-better.
Dhe pious ſavings, ov dhe ſage deſign,
Shal leve a luſter diff'rent far from mine.

Som, more refin'd, by t'oddher tutchſtone try:
My merrit hightens, az my terms ar high.
Sure ſuch expence, ov fortune and ov years,
Mid a yong mob ov commoners and peers,

Muſt

Muſt form dhe heroe, patriot, or divine;
Hwatehr iz ſollid, or hwatehr can ſhine.
Ten years dhe Doctor ſpent at *Eton*-ſcool,
Hwich ſent to' *Cam* nor ignorant nor fool.
Fool fifteen years hav dhare enroll'd hiz name:
Degrees ſucceſſive aſcertain'd hiz fame.
Dhe dignitary, rezon wil decide,
In lernings padhs muſt proov dhe hallow'd guide.

Som ſcools ar fam'd, becauz ov aincient ſtanding.
Dhis man'z a maſter: for he lovs commanding.
Dhis wel wil feed: remark how wel he eats!
Dhat wel wil nurture: for he nevver beats.
T'oddher don't plague hiz boys to' read or think:
He (ſocial ſoll!) can widh dhe parents drink.
Won half dhe year iz oft aſſign'd to' play;
But here, dhe hoal iz won ſweet holliday!
'Guiv me a native: Childrens bred to' dogs?'
'And me, a forrainer, before our hogs!'
A bootcher broke may breed a bootchers brat:
Himſelf iz ſtil a broddher ov dhe bat.
Hoom naught befits, and hoo can notthing fit,
May open ſtil a nurſery* ov wit.
Here croud more cuſtomers, and fewer judges,
Dhan in hwatevver oddher path he trudges.
He undertakes alike, and underſtands,
And executes alike all my commands.

* Vol. II. L. cxlix.

But

But to' announce, hoo brings an equal plea,
All ſcools collective in dh' *Acaddemy*;
Widh him, hoo waves dhe reddy writers pen,
And ſo iz quallifi'd to' flurriſh men?
He'l ſtrike grait *A* widh anny man alive:
Nay, he can ſhow dhat two' and three make five!
All elſe dh' Acaddemiſt muſt take on truſt:
Proxies he pays, hoo doutles wil be juſt.

Somtimes *Acaddemy* beſpeaks deſign,
And forms dhe yooth to' evv'ry art dhat'z fine;
Each ſallutary art, dhat luls dhe ſenſe;
Or all in won, *dhe ſcience ov defence!*
Somtimes announcing widh peculiar pride,
Dhe art, to' Brittons yet unknown, *to' ride.*
Dhe dancer dhus, or ſinguer, rears dhe dame;
Dheir arts engrocing now my female name.
Yet edher ſex ſtil boaſts ſom erudiſcion:
Wizdom ov words remains dhe joint ambiſcion.
'Tiz dres, dhat conſtitutes dhe *belle* and *beau!*
Guiltles ov ſenſe, dheir verry words ar ſhow.
But, widhout me, no forrain tung iz known;
And, truly vulgar, wer perhaps dheir own.
So widh dhe French ov Swis or reffugee,
Unlicenc't menials, az untaught by me;
Dhey Brittiſh blend, from Lattin pure and Greek:
French-Ingliſh dhen, or Ingliſh-French dhey ſpeak.

Names

Names I regard not, or ov perſon, place;
Ov ſcool or college, titel, robe or race.
I aſk not hware or how, but hwat iz bred;
No more dy lerning blac, dhan currage red.
Crude lift'rature, and aſcitiſcious cullor,
But covver coxcombs, or make dunces duller.
I'v ſeen urbanity profeſt by clowns,
Seen vice and dulnes ſtalk in ſollemn gowns,
Seen wit and vertue til a barb'rous ground,
Long are dheir luſter pierc't dhe palpabel around.

Hwarehr he be, hwatevver be hiz coat;
Mine be dhe man, hoo haz not ſprung by rote:
Hoom lerning boaſts, az crittically known;
Hoom jellous vertue vindicates her own;
On hoom dhe graces wait, or grave or gay,
To' dubbel all hiz worth, and guiy hiz pow'rs dheir play.
In books and things, divine and human, taught;
In pureſt language, pouring pureſt thaught:
Ov eye ſagacious, embryo-parts to' ſcan;
Ov pow'r to' perfet evv'ry pow'r in man:
Bleſt widh a taſte and talent to' impart;
A maſters firmnes, and a parents hart:
By nature and by art ordain'd to' rear,
To' win by fondnes, or compel by fear:
Stil maſter ov himſelf, hoo oddhers aws;
And, by hiz life, enfoarcing all hiz laws.

Such

Such iz dhe man, dhat'z born and bred for me:
Happy, my ſon, if ſuch I find in dhee!

Ov all dhe names, dhat hav my name confeſt,
Abuz'd *Acaddemy* ſtil ſeems dhe beſt;
In due gradacion, op'ning evv'ry ſcool;
Maturing rezon, ſtil by rezons rule;
Widh pains propoarcion'd, forming frame and mind,
Dhat won part leve not t'oddher part behind.
Such ſcool, my ſon, to' open widh ſucces,
Mark wel hwat wizdom and experience pres.
Be *Siracs* eir, and ſapient *Sollomon*;
But more dhe *Jeſus*, *Davids* wizer ſon:
Widh hiz bleſt convert, bold and polliſht *Paul*,
Dhy maſters, moddels, parragons in all.
Let Provvocacion rage, or Folly buz;
Stil ſoar ſuperior widh dhe man ov *Uz*.
Nor hallow'd onely, elloquence and rime
Hav offer'd counſel in each tung and time.

A *Xennophon* in wit and war, we ſee,
Cood form a heroe, or a heroe be.
Quintillian proffers too a various light,
And ſhows an equal ſkil to' rear and write.
Rollin, dhe famous peddagogue ov France,
Left oddher leſſons, dhan to' ride or dance.
Loc, dhe grait annaliſt ov men and mind,
Points how dhe ſoarces may be beſt refin'd.

In

In ſyſtem'd ſong, I nehr waz tun'd before;
Dho, widhout me, no genius ehr cood ſoar.
Milton diſdain'd me not; but, had he ſung,
My name widh *Eves* around dhe world had rung.

Sages or bards, widh chaſten'd rapture read:
Mere human genius may ſomtimes miſlead.
Blindly dhou canſt not follow guides divine;
Hoos pillar nevver fails, hoos fires unerring ſhine.

Firſt nature ſcan: elſe fruitles wer dhe toil;
And mark dhe ſeed, beſt ſuited to' dhe ſoil.
Mark how each ſoil may beſt receiv its ſeed,
How beſt produce hwat nature haz decreed.
Explore dhe depth, dhe temper, turn, and taſte;
Dhe age, complexion, clime, dhe tilth, dhe waſte.
To' each, or each combin'd, dhy culture ſuit;
And hope in time to' reap dhe happy fruit.

But emmulacion, onely, wakes dhe pow'rs;
Shows hwat ſublimes, hwat ſweetens and hwat ſours.
Each ſtrikes from each, az ſteel from flint, dhe fire:
By turns dhey triumph, and by turns inſpire.
Prime be dhe care dhen, like widh like to' clas;
Nor yoke dhe yong and old, dhe horſe and as.
Widhout or hope or fear, in vain dhey ſtrive;
Won to' advance, anoddher to' arrive.

Yet

Yet no more from like age, dhan equal ſize;
Not always, from like parts, doo rivals rize.
Mind iz not meted, or by year or yard:
Mere accident may forward or retard.
Far les can equal ſtanding, like dezire,
Or ſuch, ſtil kindel Emmulacions fire.
Let real rivals dhen togueddher go;
Neddher too rappid dheze, nor dhoze too ſlow.
So ſhalt dhou faddhom and extend dhe reach;
So ſhalt dhou hwet and moddel each by each;
Or lop luxuriance, or defect ſupply;
Exalt dhe umbel, and pool down dhe high.

Som minds, by dhoze ov equal age ſurpaſt,
May no les ſurely reach dhe goal at laſt.
Som temp'raments ar hot, and oddhers cold:
Minds ripen variouſly, in various mold;
Nay, diff'rently mature in diff'rent clime.
Yet tranſplantacion may abridge dhe time,
From cold to' warm, nay oft from hot to' mild:
Az Nature grafts dhe twig, ſhe grafts dhe child.
Much on dhe cultivating hand depends;
Hwich way ſhe nurſes, and hwat time ſhe tends.
Much on dhe plight: pale Sicnes lags behind,
Enormous Helth ſomtimes o'rgrows dhe Mind.
Let Nature doo her beſt, combin'd widh Art;
Febel ar fondlings, and diſſolv'd dheir hart;

Deprav'd

Deprav'd dheir boddy, ſoll, dheir temper; all:
Oh! mold dhe temper; let, hwat wil, befall.

Cloſe, dho contraſted parts, dhe ſhrine and ſoll;
Each temp'ring each, make won attemper'd hoal.
Corporeal weal foar artikels enhance:
Fine air, ſtrong toil, plain food, and temperance.
Yet dhe beſt temper ov dhe mortal part,
Can onely minniſter to' hed and hart.
Dhat dheze conſent, and mutually excel;
Nor won miſreggulate, nor won rebel:
Be dhy momentous taſk. In all dheir kinds,
By temp'rature to' train dhe opening minds;
Dhe ſame quaternion muſt dheir influence blend,
In concert due; ſo ſtil dhe foarth tranſcend.
'Tiz Vertue, dhat ſerenes dhe mental air;
And bids, *Be Light*: for radiant Lerning'z dhare.
Far dhen be foul Contagions clouds diſpell'd;
Far be each folly, name and dhing, widhheld;
Far be dhe thaughtles, ov hwatehr degree:
Nay, far be menials; or, ſhow menials me.

For mind and boddy, vigg'rous toil iz good;
Firſt to' dezerv, and dhen digeſt, dhe food.
Dhe food, for boath, muſt widhout ſurfeit fil;
Supply new ſpirrits, and new ſtrength inſtil.
Boath much it boots, by period to' abſtain;
Dhat each, by turns, new appetite may gain.

Dhe

Dhe wond'rous pair, for mutual good, conteſts
Alternate: hwile won labors, t'oddher reſts.
Dhis iz abſtemious, hwile dhat partner feeds:
So joy, to' joy, inceſſantly ſuccedes.
Wize Temp'rance, foe alike to' each exces,
Marks wel dhe points, hware Pain and Plezzure pres;
Appoarcions all, econnomiſt ov joy!
Elſe ſated Plezzure, Plezzure wood deſtroy.
Hwile food dhus food, and toil dhus toil relievs;
Dhe mate refreſht dhe weary mate retrievs.
Dh'organnic part, to' tune dhe mental ſong,
By food iz nurriſht, and by toil iz ſtrong.
Dhe genrous Mind, unbent, dhe ſpoart partakes;
And joins dhe Boddy, in dhe chear it makes.
Yet Boddy knows not intellectual joy;
Hwich, long indulg'd, its organ wood annoy;
Did not each night a Recreater kind
At wonce refit dhe frame, and rennovate dhe Mind.

Deep in a ſhade, ſequeſter'd far from day,
Hwäre ſilver *Cynthia* ſcarce immits a ray;
Unknown to' tumult, unalarm'd by noiz;
A ſanctuary from human cares and joys;
By *Lethe* lav'd, in hwich alike ar loſt
Dhe ſkeme ſuccesfool, and dhe coartſhip croſt;
Lurks a low fane, hwich glimring tapers light,
But juſt enuf to' lay dheir lord in ſight.

Here ſunk in down, ſupinely lies along
Dhe mighty monnark ov dhe drouzing throng.
Hiz pond'rous brows, entwining poppies bind;
He waves hiz ſcepter, hwen he wil be kind.
He ſheds hiz balſam, o'r dhe lids ov men;
From hiz dred ſcepters point, a dunces pen!
No clarion clangs; dhe ſignal iz a yawn:
Dhe vot'ries enter, and dhe vail iz drawn.
Dhen falls dhe drop; but not alike on all:
Drop moaſt mellifluous, hwen moaſt ting'd widh gall!
Pervading evv'ry bone, az ſmoodh az oil;
Ov ſovv'rain vertue, to' dhe ſons ov Toil.
But, abov all, iz dhis bleſt balſam kind,
Hwen Reccolleccion haz ſeren'd dhe mind.
For Vice and Sleep ar ennemies profeſt:
Nor evver Riot ſhal engender Reſt.
Hooehr to' Toil prefers inglorious Eze,
Hooehr on Idelnes beguets Diſeze;
Hooevver languiſhes widh blac annoy,
Let non ſuch hope dhe ſoporiffic joy.
Dhe balmy God to' Guilt denies dhe quil,
Or makes dhe hart widh dubbel horror thril;
Hwen he bids *Morpheus* arm hiz grizly forms,
Widh vengeance premature, and more dhan immag'd ſtorms.

On t'oddher ſide dhe ball ſtands Labors fane,
Dhe antipode direct ov Sleeps domain.

Toil

Toil lovs dhe day, lovs hurry, noiz and ſtrife;
And all dhe bizzy ſcenes ov ſocial life.
Alternate here dhe mind and boddy moov:
Alternate, yet unparted, dhey improov.
Conjunct, dho ſevv'rally, dhe throne addres,
A *Homer* here, and dhare a *Hercules*.
Each morn *Melpommene* attunes dhe ſong:
Each eve *Terpſiccore* enweves dhe throng.
Yooth works dhe frame, maturity dhe mind:
Helth hails her parent, ſtrength'ner ov mankind.
Here Art and Science, Wit and Vertue, wait;
To' pay dheir mattins, at dhe tempel-gate.
Dhe coc crows loud, dhe ampel dores unfold:
Dhe worſhippers ſucceſſive ar enroll'd.
Dhe dancing Ours precede dhe gray-ey'd Maid,
Hoo paves dhe way widh rozes: charming trade!
Bleſt harbinger ov radiance, yet afar:
Hail, bright *Apollo* in dhy goolden car!
Led by dhy light, and by dhine ardor fir'd;
Toils vot'ries run dhe coarſe dhou haſt inſpir'd;
Til e'n dhyſelf, fategu'd, dhy *Thetis* gain,
And leve mankind to' Sleeps reſtoring reign.

Hwile dheze contending frends dhe globe divide,
Wize Temp'rance ſtil muſt over boath prezide;
Elſe each encroaching wood dhe oddher foil:
Toil wood unbalſam Sleep, or Sleep enervate Toil.

Nor

Nor muſt hoo mean a helthfool mind to' train,
Dhe boddy's labors, or its ſpoarts diſdain.
Each toil, az taſk, muſt know its hallow'd our;
To' nerv ſalubrity, or perfet pow'r;
To' mold dhe mocion by dhe gracefool dance,
Dhe foil to' flurriſh, or to' wield dhe lance:
Or, ſallying foarth, dhe mountains brow to' ſcale;
Dhence darting down, to' bruſh along dhe vale:
To' cleve dhe wave, hwen *Sirius'* ardors glow;
Or, on dhe ſurface glaz'd, widh grace to' flow:
To' taſte dhe joys guymnaſtic labors yield,
Dhe dextrous conflicts ov dh' Olympic field:
To' run, to' vaut; to' urge or rein dhe ſteed:
To' ſend dhe ball along dh' enammell'd mead,
Widh club herculean; or, widh artfool hand,
Each waiting wizely at dhe mezzur'd ſtand,
To' ſpank dh' elaſtic globe, at evv'ry bound,
Or from dhe batter'd wall, or from dhe eccoing
ground!

But Caucion marks, hwen toils becom too ſtrong
And points dhe gent'ler to' dhe ſpoartive throng.
Hwen ſhe beholds widh ſtorms *Aquarius* ſtor'd,
She bangs dhe balls about dhe verdant board;
Or bids dhe cunning bowl, in air ſerene,
Bias its winding way, acros dhe ſhaven green.

Now, for dhe flying cork, dhe ſezon coms:
Hark how dhey drive it widh alternate drums!

And now, widh certain aim, dhe archers know
To' wing an arrow from dhe twanguing bow!
But ſoon, more native minnions oy dhe ſky,
Dhe harmles kites abov dhe pidgeons fly!

Yet, to' deſcend from ſuch enormous hight:
(Beneath dhy note iz not dhe yongueſt wight)
Not tops to' onnor, wer no venial ſin;
Dhe blunt we torture, or dhe ſpik't we ſpin.
So reſtive Dulnes moovs, az laſht along,
Hwile Genius ſprings ſpontaneous, ſound and ſtrong;
So, hwen *Alecto* * laſht dhe Lacian queen,
Around and round ſhe roam'd, for injur'd *Turnus* keen!
Nay, dain a tender ſmile on umbel taw:
But, be ſtrict juſtice, e'n dhe infants law.
Far from each ſpoart, be ſordid thirſt ov gain:
Dhe prize, be plezzure; nor dhe forfeit pain.

How cloſe to' Juſtice Mercy iz alli'd!
Stil let us Spoart from Cruelty divide.
Hwat haz yon ſongſter, warbling on dhe ſpray,
But pour'd her throat, dhat ſhe ſhood dy to'-day?
Or hwat dhe haples child ov vernal ſun,
But ſpred hiz gorgeous wing, for torture, don?
Parent ov ſweet, and frend ov human kind!
Hwat haſt dhou don, or hwat haſt dhou deſign'd;

* Virg. Æn. VII. 341. Ov. Met. IV. 620.

But emblem'd Induſtry, and beggar'd Skil?
Hwat, dho dhy ſweets won bitter truith inſtil?
Dhat blind Ingrattitude ſhal Vengeance bring,
Nor baſe Barbarrity ehr want a ſting.
Muſt man and boy for dhis dhy life purſue?
For dhis can fire and brimſtone be dhy due?
Ye buteous friſkers in dhe flud, beware!
Dhe wridhing worm but clodhes a barbed ſnare.
For food, az ye ſurprize dhe thirſty fly;
For food, by dhe fictiſcious caught, ye dy.
Shal *Pooſe* and *Tray* dhy ſocial ſervants be,
And ſhal dhey proov dhe ſpoart ov Cruelty?
Dhe fox and tiguer may hav vengeance drawn;
But canſt dhou kil dhe levv'ret or dhe fawn?

Nor yet, too ſoftly high, my Muze, diſdain
Dhe joccund labors ov dhe hardy ſwain:
Hweddher to' ſkim aloft dhe hwirling coit,
Or a huge roc to' heve, dhe hard exploit;
Hweddher at wonce to' batter down dhe Nine,
Or be dhe center'd Sire dhe dred deſign:
Or, muſt a bolder ball dhe plains aſtound,
Az hwirring thro' dhe air, and ſmoking o'r dhe ground.

E'n in ſuch feats Attenſions eye may ſee
Hwat Nature iz, or hwat ſhe wonce may be.

But,

But, if we wood her nobler temper ſcan,
And, in dhe child, inveſtigate dhe man;
From umbel drafts we higher draſts may gues;
And matthemattic minds explore in ches.
Yet, far from yooth, be cards and dice away;
Far, az dhe gates ov hel, dhe luſt of play!
Such corp'ral toil, in quantity and kind,
Az but diverts, not diſſipates, dhe mind;
Recruits dhe vitals, recreates dhe ſoll,
To' ſeek new labor, widhout new controll;
Such onely erns dhe name ov Recreacion,
Such claims alone dhe ſmile ov EDDUCACION.

EDDUCACION.

Book dhe Third.

CORPOREAL temper gain'd empow'rs dhy care,
Widh like ſucces dhe mental to' prepare.
T'improov yong Rezon, dhou muſt win dhe Wil:
Dhis ſummons all dhy temper, all dhy ſkil.
Self-lov, dhe gardian ov mankind below,
Iz mimmict oft by Selfiſhnes hiz foe;
Ov Artifice and Dulnes dhis dhe brat,
Ov Nature and ov Wit dhe ofspring dhat.
In univerſal good he finds hiz own:
Her happines iz plac't in ſelf alone.
Az diff'rent ſpring, dho' like az he and ſhe,
From rival parents, rival prodgeny.
Here Dignity, dhe conſcious queen ov grace!
Her ſiſter Moddeſty, widh bluſhing face.

Dhar

Dhare puffing Pride, diſtinguiſht by her gait;
And ſneaking Meannes, her unſevver'd mate!
Hence Vannity, and Rage, and Envy ſwel;
Hence Frowardnes and Fear, and evv'ry hel!
Nay Indolence, hoo chains each nobel pow'r;
Denies dhe hart to' warm, dhe hed to' tow'r;
Denies all accion, or to' frame or mind: [clin'd!
Cruſh, cruſh dhe trait'res, hware ſhe yawns re-
. How beſt to' overthrow dhy various foes,
Dhe tempers dhey attac, wil beſt diſcloze.
Won rule iz genral: if dhey muſt be ſeen,
Let each appear widh an unborrow'd mien,
To' infant-Rezons erly-piercing eye.
Seen, dhey'r deteſted; and, deteſted, dy.
Nor aught detects ſo true dheir hatefool ſhape,
Az dhe bright parragon, dhat each wood ape:
For, if dhou woodſt o'rturn dhe ſelfiſh reign,
If quite eject dhe ſorc'res and her train;
Let bold Self-lov diffuze hiz radiance round:
Dhe hag abaſht ſhal quit dhe hallow'd ground.
Let Onnors harbinger but woo dh' embrace;
Deſtruccions forerunner ſhal fly dhe place,
Widh Diſobedience, mans az aingels foe!
Dulnes herſelf, at laſt, ſhal ſeek dhe ſhades below.
Each paſſion hailing now dhy bleſt command,
Unclouded Rezon coarts fair Cultures hand;
Thirſts to' be good, and hunguers to' be wize;
Strains evv'ry pow'r, and opens all her eyes.

Swift ſeze dhe juncture; grattify her lore,
Widh plezing food: but let her pant for more.
Naught iz more hazzardous to' edher part,
Dhan ſurfeit: let ſuffiſcience ſeal dhine art.
Far ezier 'tiz t'allay, dhan to' excite,
Hwich be dhy conſtant aim, dhe appetite.
For, til dhe temp'raments be quite ſubdu'd;
Som wil be ravvenous, and ſom be rude;
Som ſicly ſtommacs lodhe hwatehr dhey'r bid;
Or ſtubborn taſte not, if dhey be not chid.
Som ſhut dheir ears, and hear not Rezons voice;
Som ſhut dheir eyes, and ſee not Wizdoms choice;
Som feed dhe fleſh, and ſtarv'dh'immortal mind:
Som count dhee cruel, hwen dhou moaſt art kind.
Az various culture tempers various clay,
So various tempers various rule obey.
Won meets dhy wiſhes, ardent to' imbibe;
Won waits dhy orders, ov dhe flexile tribe.
Dhis littel flutt'rer hardly thinks at all;
Dhat hevvy drouzer hears not, til dhou bawl:
Nay, to' dhis oddher dhou muſt bawl amain;
And (ah!) to' dhat, dhou ſpeak'ſt or bawl'ſt in vain.
Dhe laſt, firſt aſcertain'd, dhou'lt ſoon deplore:
Each human effort tri'd, dhou canſt no more.
Hware Nature owns, ſhe haz not play'd her part;
Vain wer dhe efforts ov angellic art.
But Nature ſeldom fails: falſe Cultures ken
Or blind or careles, blaſts dhe future men.

Ov

Ov all things Habbit iz dhe beſt or worſt:
'Tiz ſeccond Nature mends or mars dhe firſt.
Dhe ſeccond to' neglect dhen, how abſurd;
Since non can edher hope or fear a third!
Dhe two' firſt claſſes may be wel careſt:
Yet, ah! indulge, but az dhey can digeſt.
Few vollunteers doz fair Attenſion find;
Parent ov thaught, and gardian ov dhe mind.
Bland introductres ov each mental good;
Hoos prezzence can alone each il exclude!
Com, hevvenly Tutores! and widh dhee bring
Dhe cizzars, dhat beſt prune dhe flutt'rers wing;
Dhe lure, dhat beſt excites dhe loit'rers haſte:
Guiv won to' ſtop; dhe oddher call to' taſte
A joy nor Slowth, nor Guiddines, beſtows.
Hail, Queen ov duty, hwence each plezzure flows!
Here, yong and old, yoor ardent ommage pay;
Ye lerners, glory to' confes her ſway.
Yong Rezon muſt to' ripen'd Rezon bow;
Nay, hwat ſhe cannot ſee, muſt creddit now.
But clear dhy Cultures light, az lambent, be: [ſee.
Let hwat dhou ſhow'ſt, ſhow hwat dhey wonce ſhal
To' dhis bleſt ſtate, widh mutual ardor pres:
So ſhal each day be crown'd widh new ſucces,
Dhe ſole true annimacion: nevver bribe,
By mercenary bait, dh' ingennuous tribe.
Duty ſelf-bleſſing be, in means and end:
All oddher joys on Duty ſhal attend.

Stil let dhy ſmile endear dh' attended nod:
Show, dhat dhy ſmile beſpeaks dhe ſmile ov God.
But, ah! hware nedher nod nor ſmile avails,
Hware dhe moaſt wizely charming charmer fails;
Hware Lov, mans nobleſt paſſion, cann't endear;
Deſcend dhou muſt to', her ſtil ſtronguer, Fear.
Dhe proud perverſe, hoo ſtil ſtrong Truith abhorr'd,
Confes fair Wizdom, but in her reward.
Dheir ſcanty ken can boaſt no more extent,
Dhan to' ſpy Folly, in her punniſhment.
To' Duty's lore, if no allurements draw;
From Folly's fate, let admoniſcion aw.
Dhen, flutt'rers, fix; ye loit'rers, ſpeed yoor pace:
Coart, coart Attenſion, or attend Diſgrace.
Thron'd on each brow be ſtil ingennuous Shame!
Stil ſparkel in each eye fair Glory's flame!
Widh yong or old, hwen Shame diſdains to' dwel;
All goodnes, graitnes, evv'ry hope farwel!

Hwat faſcinacion binds dhe ſtubborn crew?
Or hwat idollatry, ye rebbels, yoo?
Blind hel-born Diſobedience and Self-wil,
Joint to' produce and perſevere in il.
If nedher Hope, nor Onnor, Vertues ſpur,
Can prompt yoor plezzure, or prevent demur;
If to' bland Rezons voice ye wil not yield,
Know dhat yoor lord reluctant arms ſhal wield,

Dhat

Dhat ſhal reziſtles overturn yoor reign;
For plezzure proffer'd, wreak dhe chozen pain;
And, from my ſane, expel yoo by dhe rod;
Az erſt dhe Savior, from dhe ſane ov God,
Hwile dhus, my ſon, dhou know'ſt dhy foes to' [quel;
And bidſt dhe rebbel-fool no more rebel;
Hwen dhus dhou draw'ſt dhe ſallutary tear;
Stil be dhy mercy, like dhy juſtice, near.
Graces, tranſmutabel, becom but won:
Mercy, to' Pennitence, iz Juſtice don.
But hwen no more mild Mercy's buties moov;
Stern Juſtice, rouz'd, can onely Mercy proov.
So, com dhe worſt dhat can, dhe ſuff'rers ſee
Dhey hav dhemſelvs to' thank, my ſon; not dhee:
Dhat dhy hart bleeds, it can no longuer ſpare;
Dhat Cruelty alone cood fardher bair;
Be angry dhus, nor ſin: inflict no more,
Hwen dhe delinquent ſhal hiz crime deplore.
Hwen tardy ſorrow in dhe eye ſhal ſwim,
Dhy point, obtain'd, releſes dhee and him.
Hwile kind compaſſion dhy ſole paſſion ſeems;
Hwile, e'n in Juſtice, godlike Mercy gleams;
Woodſt dhou dezerv boath to' be ſaid and ſung;
Hwen dhou widhhold'ſt dhy hand, widhhold dhy tung;
Woodſt dhou be lovv'd, or *onely not ador'd*;
Sheadh'd be dhy words, nor be dhy tung a ſoard!
Hoo knows not dhat mad member to' reſtrain,
Or preaches, prays, or punniſhes in vain.

Hwen dhus dhe quic ar taught hwat pace to' go,
Hwen pacient art dhus annimates dhe ſlow;
Hwen various minds, by various means, ar rear'd;
Hwen now dhy empire iz belovv'd and fear'd;
All may procede, dho not procede alike:
Dhe ſhaft dhat paſſes won, ſhal t'oddher ſtrike.
Each op'ning genius, ultimately good,
Wil now accept, if not demand, its food.

Food be dhe firſt, and laſt, dhe bred divine;
Nurſe ov dhe fair, and parent ov dhe fine:
Perennial ſpring, hwence livving wauters flow;
Soarce ov hwatehr we hope, hwatehr we know;
Dhat Word, hwich bade dhe grait Creacion be;
Hwich guivs ſelf-darken'd man, wonce more to' ſee.
Sages or Poets, ov creative vein;
How weak yoor wizdom, and how low yoor ſtrain!
Cood fire or wauter, erth or air, or chance,
Create e'n yoo, or bid dhe plannets dance?
Dream, dhat might guiv *Democcritus* to' weep;
A *Heraclitus*' ſelf to' laf, or ſleep!
To' *Moſes*' beams, how febel *Naſo's* light!
Az *Cynthia*, pale; hwen *Phebus* iz in ſight.
Hwatehr from *Solon* or *Lycurgus* flow'd;
Decemvirs' tabels, or *Juſtinnians* code;
Hwat iz dh' Athenian, Spartan, Roman law,
To' dhat hwich quaking *Sinai* herd and ſaw?

Mere

Mere madgic art, compar'd to' *Moſes'* rod;
Dhe ſon ov *Amram*, to' dhe ſon ov GOD!
Creator, Lawguivver, Redeemer, hail!
Stil may dhy law o'r evv'ry law prevail!
To' Dhee each knee in erth and hevven ſhal bow,
Grait ſoarce and ſummit ov Perfeccion, Dhou!
Widh Gods hiſtorians hwat profane ſhal quote
Livvy, *Thucyddides*, or *Herrodote?*
Or *Trogus*, hoom in *Juſtin* we deplore;
Or dhe ſtil-ſav'd Sicillian *Diodore?*
Shal *Nepos*, *Plutarc*; *Curcius*, *Xennophon*,
Eclipſe dh' Evangeliſts, outſoar Saint *Jon?*
Feculiar object, ov dhy Maſters lov;
Hoo blend'ſt, ſo bleſt, dhe eguel and dhe dov!
Az ſoon dheir boaſted themes ſhal rival dhine,
And human heroes pas dhe man divine.
Not fevven alone muſt yield to' *Sollomon*;
Oh, dhat dhe ſage and king had ſtil been won!
See *Plato's* ſelf, before *Iſaiah* fall!
Dumb iz *Demoſthenes*, before St. *Paul.*
Hwat iz yong *Plinny*, in dhe Letters lore,
Hwen we epiſtolary *Paul* explore?
Nehr ſhal keen *Tully* catch a *Peters* fire;
Or aught profane, to' hallow'd *James*, aſpire.
Hail *Danniel*, widh dhe victor-captives three!
Low iz *Longinus'* ſelf, to' dhem and dhee!
Yet he too kenn'd ſublimmity afar,
Beyond dhe ſphere ov dhe *Meonian* ſtar;

Star ov firſt magnitude! admir'd exces!
Beyond dhe graiter, dhen beyond dhe les.
Moſes, *Iſaiah*, *David*, *Joel*, *Job!*
Hware beam yoor rivals on dhe ſtarry globe?
But dhat ov *Bethl'em*, by yoorſelvs foreſhown;
Hwich e'n yoor graiteſt muſt hiz graiter own!
Nor let celeſtial glories dim dhine eyes,
Mere human ſplendors hoally to' deſpize.
For Natures lamps widh light ethereal ſhine;
And, dhe divine away, becom divine.
Widh *Tully* wel *Heroddotus* might reign,
Dhe ſire ov ſtory, in Ionian ſtrain.
Sage, copious, *Livvy* proovs dhe Roman theme;
Ov *Romes* recorders doutles dhe ſupreme.
To' paint dhe ſtrife *Peloponneſus* ſaw,
Dhy pencil intimates hiſtorric law;
Nay, oratorial: but, hwat'z more dhan all;
Fair Truith, *Thucyddides*, attends dhy call;
Hoo knew'ſt, in flagrant war, nor frends nor foes!
Yet ſom, to' dhee, quaint *Criſpus* can oppoze.
But, ov prezumpcion, hoo ſhal dare t' accuze,
Compar'd dhe Roman widh dhe Attic Muze?
Hoo cood, but *Xennophon*, like *Cezar*, fight?
Hoo cood, like *Xennophon*, but *Cezar*, write?
If, aincient war to' wage, be dhy deſign;
Grait *Africanus'* maſter muſt be dhine.
Nor *Elians*, nor *Vegecius'* aid contemn;
Hwile ſly *Frontinus* hints dhe ſtrattagem.

But

But moddern arts dhe arts ov yore outdoo:
Now *Gallia* moarns ſhe taught *Britannia* too.

Or, woodſt dhou raddher woo dhe healing art?
Phyzzics own fahdher wil hiz aid impart;
Widh *Galen*, wel confeſt her eldeſt ſon;
And *Celſus*, ſtil in ſtile, acnolleg'd won.
Sages ov Helth, if not in claſſic dres,
Ar bleſt *Batavi*'s fam'd *Hippocrates*; §
He,* hoo firſt taught widh mezzure to' perſpire,
And he,† hoo bade dhe circling mas admire;
Or old or new, hoo beſt hav known to' ſcan,
Dhe wondrous wizdom in dhe frame ov man.
But yoors, hooehr in nature wood be grait,
Be *Plinny's* lore, widhout a *Plinny's* fate!
Inveſtigating things deni'd below,
Veſuvius rapt him, hware 'tiz guivv'n to' know.
Be comforted; nor ceſe dhe glorious toil:
New lights beam foarth in *Bacon* and in *Boyl!*
Widh tred aſſur'd woodſt dhou dhe ſcale aſcend?
Beguin widh *Euclid*, and widh *Newton* end.
Dhat climbs dhe round widh ſteddy ſtep, if ſlow;
Dhis, on hiz ſholders, kens hwat man can know:
Explores, widh rapture, all Creacions laws;
And weighs dhe worlds, didactic ov dheir cauz.
If ſtructure charm, and genius joy to' rear;
Stil be *Vitruvius* and *Palladio* near.

§ *Boerhave.* * *Sanctorius.* † *Hervey.*

But Or,

Or, iz dhe umbler object, rural things?
Dheze *Columella* ſpeaks, and *Maro* ſings.

But woodſt dhou trace dhe mazes ov dhe mind;
And coart high Wizdom, hwareſoehr ſhe'z kind?
Mark, hwat a *Plato's* genius cood endite;
Hwat hiz diſcipel ſhrewd, dhe Stadgirite.
Hoo, but admires a *Soccrates*, in life;
Dhe *Job* ov *Paynim*, not widhout hiz wife?
Hwile, from hiz tung, ſtupendous ſcience flows;
Hiz ſum ov knollege iz, he notthing knows.
So naught he writes: *Laercius* trezzures all,
And *Xennophon* forbids a word to' fall.
In pacience ſtil dhe Stoic § ſlave ſhal ſhine:
In vertue emperor, iz *Antonine*.
Secure waz *Senneca's*, dho fatal, praiz!
Not each, like *Fabius*,* can yong *Plinnies* raiz.

Yet, woodſt inſpire dhe Speakers glorious pride?
Hoo beſt exemplify, dhe beſt can guide.
Hoo dhen, like *Tully*, bids perſwazion flow?
Hoo, like dhe Greek,† hurls thunder on dhe foe?
Atthens, beturkt, muſt her *Mars'hil* ‖ deplore;
Nay, Chriſtian *Room* her Sennate knows no more.
Widh Fredom, Elloquence transferr'd her ſmile;
Thro' *Gallia* flew, to' bles dhe Brittiſh ile.

§ *Eppictetus.* * *Quintillian.* † *Demoſthenes.*
‖ Coart ov Juſtice.

And

And here dhey dain to' linguer: may dhey long
Inſpire our ſpeeches, and attune our ſong!
For ſongſters too ar ours: no age or clime
Engroces or dhe mean, or dhe ſublime.
Dhis dhou, *Longinus*, know'ſt; hoos eguel-eye
Can pierce each ſplendor, and each fog defy:
Dhou, beyond vulgar daring, ſoar'ſt, to' ſee
Dhe boldeſt efforts ov ſublimmity.
Say dhen: haz Time extinguiſht *Homers* fire?
Ar all hiz ſons inferior to' dheir ſire?
Dho *Mantua's* * widh *Meonia's* † eguel tow'rs;
Dho from *Aſcrean*, nay *Sicillian*, flow'rs;
Dho from dhe *Carian* ‖ bards unhallow'd ground,
Hware onely poizon 'mid dhe flow'rs iz found;
He, like hiz bees, ſucs quinteſſence; yet, known,
Dhe honney charms us, like dhe hive, hiz own.
But, ſprung from boath, behold in later days,
A rival-càndidate for eppic praiz;
In dialect if lower, loftier ſtil;
Az *Sions* ſummits 'bov *Olympus'* hil.
Hwat, dho *Akilles'* ire, and flaming *Troy*,
Cood ſend a heroe to' be *Laciums* joy?
Hwat, dho *Ulyſſes*, various relms o'rrun,
Produc'd at length, in *Gaul*, an equal ſon? §
Hwat, dho *loſt Parradiſe* dhe ſong ſuſtain'd
Higher, hart-felt, dhan *Parradiſe regain'd?*

* *Virgil.* † *Homer.* ‖ *Lucretius.* § *Télémaque.*

Dho

Dho Excellence herſelf, dhe goolden mean
Betwixt boath ils, dhe two' extremes, iz ſeen?
Yet, nehr 'twixt good and il, her place ſhe finds;
Supreme, if diverſe ſtil, in diverſe kinds.

Regard not dhen, widh ſupercilious ſcorn,
Dhe various themes, dhat various tungs adorn:
Not dhe dire *Theban* * Broddhers dedly ſtrife,
Hoos livvid flames extinguiſht not widh life;
Far les dhe furies ov *Pharſalia's* † day,
Or all dhe horrors ov dhe *Punic* fray.
All hail, ye boolwarks ov dhe fatal pas,
Hoo ſtand and fall widh brave *Leonnidas!*
Nor, ſwor'n to' dheze or *Argonautic* ‖ pow'rs,
Forguet dhe Chief, dhat reſcu'd *Salems* § tow'rs:
Hoo, but muſt glow, dhat madding † *Roland* reads?
Hwat hart not beat at *Gallic Henry's* ‡ deeds?

Yet, not ſublime alone, iz eppic ſong:
To' various kinds, exalted ſtrains belong.
Eppic and *Tradgic* ar but hoal and part,
Ennobling boath dh' ingennuous ov dhe hart:
Won repprezents, hwat t'oddher but relates;
Heroic Vertue, ſovv'rain o'r dhe fates.
Som modderns hence, renown'd for eppic vein,
Hav ſoar'd no les aloft in tradgic ſtrain.

* *Stat. Theb.* † *Lucan.* ‖ *Val. Flaccus.*
§ *Taſſo.* † *Arioſto.* ‡ *Henriade.*

Wize

Wize, *Taſſo*-like, wer *Milton* and *Voltaire*,
Knew dhey dheir genius, and continnu'd dhere.

Dhe high cothurn, O *Grece*, iz all dhy own:
Ennius, or *Accius*, cood not long be known.
A *Theſpis* firſt might ſtrike dhe tradgic ſtring;
An *Eſkylus* might deccoracion bring:
Yet hwat ar boath, hwatehr dheir high degree;
To' dhe ſweet ſoaring ov dh' *Athenian* * *Bee*?
Hail *Sallamis!* all hail dh' auſpiſcious morn,
Dhat ſaw dhe † *Perſian* foil'd; dhe *Poet* ‖ born,
Hoo, ſtrong az tender, ſollid az ſublime,
Defies, az Merrit muſt, dhe tooth ov Time!
Grait riſe and ruler ov theattric rage,
Hwarehr dhe buſkin ſtalks dhe moddern ſtage!
Dhy parragon, chaſte, charming, grand *Racine!*
And hoo ſhal call dh' affimmilacion mean?
Dhou found'ſt, az *Maro* had in *Homer* don;
Dhat Nature and *Eurippides* wer won.
But now *Corneille* wil, az a commet, glow;
Now cool eccentric, hware no glas can ſhow.
Our *Shakſpear* dhus hiz eguel-genius tries;
Widh Nature ſweeps dhe erth, and ſoars dhe ſkies:
Nor ehr wood from exalted Nature part;
But dhat he knows not Natures compas, Art.
Dare *Jonſon* §, dipt in *Hippocrene's* ſpring,
Shows how dhe ſcollar imps dhe poets wing;

* *Sophocles.* † *Xerxes.* ‖ *Euripides.* § *Ben.*

Confeſſes

Confeſſes genius, widhout lerning, blind;
Az lerning, widhout genius, turns to' wind.

So *Jonſon* * now, ſublime in various ways,
Rivals ſweet *Addiſon*, for boath dhe bays;
Supreme in rezon, az ſupreme in rage;
Guivs Vice to' trembel, in a viſcious age;
Bids Lerning, wonce aguen, extend her rule;
Diſdain dhe coxcomb, and diſmay dhe fool:
In ſpeech a *Tully*, and a *Pope* in ſong;
Az *Moſes* lerned; and, az *Samſon*, ſtrong:
To' frends or foes, hwatehr he ſpeak or write;
He thunders truith, and delluges delight.

In tradgic ſcenes, hwile paſt and prezzent times
Own dhat, decorum abſent, naught ſublimes;
Dhe *commic* Muze, az if her Siſters foe;
Abhorring to' be high, wood needs be low.
Bluſh *Atthens*, *Room*; bluſh *London!* dhat ſo few,
Ov all yoor commic ſons, coart Vertues vew.
Know dhe facecious muſt be ſtil dhe fit,
And wantonnes dhe antipode ov wit.
Hence, *Ariſtopphanes!* vile *Plautus*, hence!
Yoor Attic ſounds ſupply not Attic ſenſe.
Yet *Atthens* her *Menander* wel might boaſt;
Nay *Room* her *Terrence*, az dhe leaſt begroc't.

* Sam.

But, hware iz now dhe fine *Menander?* hware?
Cries *France*, he livs aguen in my *Moliere:*
Moliere, hoo ſent dhe doctors bac to' ſcool;
Nor left dhe decent, hwile he laſht dhe fool:
Dhe peddant, male or female; prig or prim;
Dhe mizer, manhater; dhe gay, or grim:
Hwatehr be Folly's guize, dhe gown or froc;
Moliere remains dhe monnark ov dhe ſoc.

Heroic Commedy takes *Satires* name;
Widh ſcope direct, to' rally and reclaim:
But, hoo teach oddhers, ſhood dhemſelvs be wize;
Nor feed dhe folly, dhat dhey ſtigmatize.
Say, *Juvenal*; ſay, *Perſius*; *Horrace*, ſay:
Muſt ye be groce, to' drive dhe groce away?
Bluſh, *Swift!* dhou ſhame and glory ov our tung!
Before dhy frends *Arbuthnot*, *Pope*, and *Yong!*
Yet *Horrace*, hail! grait parent ov *Boileau!*
Hail, tunefool *Dryden!* hoo gav'ſt *Pope* to' flow.
Hail, crittic bards! how variouſly emblaz'd!
Hware wizdom genius, genius wizdom raiz'd.
But, thrice-high *Horrace*, hail! chaſtize dhy lov;
Dhe *Theban* * *Eguel* hardly tow'rs abov.
Howehr ſublime, he tune dhe Dorric lay;
Dryden and *Pope*, az high, wil tune *Cecillia's* day.

Dhe lofty hed, dhat wood true laurels gain;
Muſt, dubbling joy, inſtruct and entertain.

* *Pindar.*

Dhis,

Dhis, widhout dhat, wood into' vapor fly:
Dhat, widhout dh's, wood ſoon in dulnes dy.
Dhen let *Callimmacus* attune dhe lyre;
And ſage *Propercius* catch contagious fire!
But, far from genius, be dh' unhallow'd flame,
Dhat boaſts dhe ſanccion ov an *Ovvids* name:
Name ſadly ſuff'ring by hwat Time haz reft;
More ſadly ſuff'ring by hwat Time haz left!
By boath we ſuffer too, dhe loſt and found;
Enchanting dho dhou tred enchanted ground.
Ov oddher wanton wits, or old or new,
Fly, virgin-genius; fly dhe tainted crew!

Yet erly muſt Mythollogy diſplay
Her *Eſop*, *Phedrus*; *La Fontaine*, and *Gay*.
No aids, like dheze, ingenious Lerning finds,
To' win, by ſweet ſurprize, dhe infant minds.
Nor ſlights ſhe him,* hoo ſung *dhe works and days*,
Hwile him † ſhe onnors, ov dhe threefold praiz,
To' tune dhe *ſwains*, dhe *hinds*, and *heroes* lays.
But, moaſt dhe hinds: and dhou, in rural ſpoarts
Conjunct, dhe glory and diſgrace ov coarts;
Hail, *Oppian!* prime ov *Cynegettic* race,
From *Maro* down to' him ‡ hoo ſounds *dhe Chace*:
Helthfool, inhuman trade! forguiv me, Squires;
Dhe Muze dhat feels, hwen *Rennards* ſelf expires.
Hoo'd ehr deny, dhe nervs by toil ar ſtrung,
Had nevver ſage declaim'd, or poet ſung? Helth,

* *Heſiod.* † *Virgil.* ‡ *Sommerville.*

Helth, *Armſtrong*, iz dhy own: no rival fear,
To' *Tompſon* next in *nature and dhe year*.

Bland Rezon, hail, fair daughter ov dhe ſky!
Hail, Speech! ſweet paintı es to' dhe ear and eye.
Umbel or high, all hail! yet firſt dhe fame
Iz hiz, hoo erns dhe bards exalted name.
Foarth from a ſpeaker, muſt a ſpeaker ſpring:
A poet onely bids a poet ſing.
For hoo guivs, hwat he haz not? Hoo cood reach
Parnaſſus' ſummit, beſt dhe road can teach.
Dhen *Horrace*, *Boileau*, *Pope*, effuſe yoor light:
Guiv dh' infant-Muze to' read, before ſhe write;
And, by yoor own, direct her darling flight.
He'z dhe true maſter ov dhe flying ſteed,
Hoo claims dhe Stadgirites and Thebans meed.
Dhe bard muſt fitly mold dhe ſprightly mind,
Hoo *Perſius*, *Juvenal*, and *Horrace'* * ſelf refin'd.
Dhe crittic-boy † iz widh hiz maſters plac't:
Hwile dhey guiv tallent, he diſpenſes taſte.
He bids bold Rezon rainge, nice numbers run;
And fines dhe honney *Wallers* bee begun.

Amid dhe gloom, hwen lerning rear'd her hed:
Firſt *Vida* raiz'd *Poettics* from dhe ded.
He beam'd a *Horrace*, in a *Virgils* dres;
For higher born dhan *ſilk-worms*, or dhan *ches*.

* *Boileau.* † *Pope.*

Won

Won goolden age (my wond'ring Muze, record)
Produc't three guides: a duke, an erl, a lord.
A *Mulgrave*, widh *Parnaſſus'* joint applauz,
Apollo's dellegate, promulg'd hiz laws.
Roſcommon, conſcious ov dhe truly grait,
Skill'd to' compoze, diſdain'd not to' tranſlate.
And *Lanſdown* taught, dho uz'd to' ſoar and ſing,
Dhe needfool art to' prune dhe poets wing.

Roſcommon, *Dryden*, *Pope*; hail maſters three,
Hoo cood a *Horrace*, *Virgil*, *Homer* be!
Grave *Pit*, widh *Dryden*, vies for *Mantuan* bays;
But hoo, like *Dryden*, lifts a *Chaucers* lays?
Pindarric *Prior* needs no forrain aid;
Yet nevver ſoars beyond *dhe Nut-brown Maid.*
Wer dethles wit in dethles garb enroll'd,
Dhy queen, dear *Spenſer*, wer not now grown old.
Not, dhat ſhe ehr ſhal dy: but, in her dres,
She iz no more immortal dhan queen *Bes.*
Bold waz dhe bard, dhat ſwept a *Pindars* lyre;
And *Denham* glows widh unrekindled fire:
Sooner ſhal *Hellicon* widhhold hiz rill,
Dhan *Cowley* perriſh, or a *Coopers Hil.*
Hwat lofty theme cood ſpirrit loftier lays,
Dhan dhat, hwich crown'd dhe infant-poets praiz?
Can hevven and erth combine anoddher ſtrain,
Or like to' dhat, or next, hwich hails *Meſſiahs* reign?

Nor

or to' ſhine ſinguel iz dhy ſcanty ſcope,
buz'd, misconſtru'd, candid, pious *Pope!*
v wits dhe darli ng, and ov fools dhe dred;
oo gladſt dhe livving, and embalm'ſt dhe ded!
hy frendſhip knows no bound, ov clas or clime;
hy frend iz merrit, ov each tung and time.
e, hoo made *Homer* ours, bade *Shakſpear* ſhine;
nblaz'd dhe peer, dhe ſtateſman, and divine.
hy *Parnel*, but for dhee, unknown wood dwel;
z *Hermit* ſtil had ſlumber'd in hiz cel:
he Lacian Minors nehr had hail'd Renown;
or *Palearius* livv'd, to' rival *Brown.*
et dhou, a man, might'ſt er, ſevere or kind:
hy genrous warmth might dark dhy beaming mind;
z dark, it did, hwich bid immortal be,
m, hoo hav damn'd dhemſelvs, in ſpite ov dhee.

Nor les dhy glory, vennerabel *Yong!*
oo, widh ſuch ſtrength, dhy various bow haſt ſtrung;
ware wit reziſtles hevvenly wizdom wings,
nd dhe ſage thunders, hwile dhe ſerraph ſings.
ot two' bleſt ages onely, hail dhe lay;
nd ſtil dhe ſilver-*night* outbeams dhe goolden *day.*
nſummate man waz dhine, eſſay'd by *Pope:*
il, eirs coeval ov immortal hope!

Fir'd widh like zeal, ſee yong *Racine* aſpire,
' ſhare dheir praiz, and emmulate hiz fire.

He

He bids bland Rezon ope Relidgions ſcool;
And ſhow but won, dhe infidel and fool.
He bids all Nature widh won voice declare,
Dhe hand ov Him, hoo made her face ſo fair;
Hoo hung dhe radiant orbs, dhat dance on high;
And ceſeles ſing, az dhey revolv dhe ſky.
See Natures wize-men wilder'd! and confes,
Dhey nedher know dhe cauz, nor dhe redres.
Steering widhout a chart, dhemſelvs explore
A pilot, hoo ſhal wrect mankind reſtore;
And, hwile ſucceſſive empires rize and fall,
At dhe grait nod ov Him, hoo rules dhe ball;
Hevven-raptur'd bards dhe Prince ov Peace proclaim
Acclaiming Aingels hail dhe Saviors name;
For man hoo dains to' liv, for man to' dy;
To' man renew'd, hoo opens all dhe ſky.
Light iz hiz load; nor knows hiz yoke annoy,
Subliming Nature to' a purer joy;
Prooving alike in practice and in thaught,
Dhat true Relidgion iz but Rezon taught;
Dhat dhus dhe wize-man perfetting dhe ſage,
Dhe high profane ſtil owns dhe higher ſacred page.

By dhis dhen, human wizdom dhat muſt ſcan:
Dhe word ov GOD becoms dhe lamp ov man.
Eternal Truith affoards dhis teſt to' Time;
Dhis dhe ſole ſtandard ov dhe tree ſublime.

All muſt be right, hware GOD and man agree:
Man muſt be wrong, hware he no GOD can ſee.
Humillity hails, eguel-ey'd, dhe light;
Superior clearing ſtil dhe natt'ral ſight;
Hwile ſelf-confiding Dulnes, ſtil more dark,
Owns not, in all dhe Sun, dhe leaſt celeſtial ſpark.

Hail, Radiances! all hail, ye hevvenly train,
Bards, Orrators, or ſacred or profane!
Bright in yoor ſevv'ral orbs, ye ſtil ſhal ſhine,
High or more high, az more or les divine.
Stil may yoor light in concert due deſcend:
On yoor bleſt influence all our hopes depend.
O! may dhis effort, ov didactic ſong,
Proov ſom faint polar to' dhe lanching throng;
To' point yoor place, if not to' ſoar yoor hight;
To' ſhed ſom beams ov yoor reflected light,
O'r all my ſlumb'ring ſons; to' ope dheir eyes,
And ſhow to' ſteer my nurſelings, az dhey rize.

EDDUCACION.

Book dhe Foarth.

ON dhee, my ſon, be all dheir pow'r diſplay'd;
Hoom dhey dheir fav'rite, and my darling made:
Dhat, hwich way Nature ſhal dhine aid command,
Each object ſtil may bles dhy plaſtic hand.
Hweddher ſhe bid dhee crown dh' ingennuous arts,
Hware hed and hand muſt play dheir mutual parts;
Dho dhis tranſcend, yet dhat muſt ſtil prezide;
Az mind muſt ſtil mecannic mocion guide:
To' form dhe onnor'd artiſt, and to' ſhow
Dhat to' be uſefool, iz not to' be lòw;
Dhat to' be ellegant, iz to' be high,
Hwich way ſoehr dhe ſteddy genius fly:

Dhe

Dhe mold to' mettals, or dhe flow to' guiv;
To' bid dhe canvas glow, or marbel liv;
Hweddher *Lyſippus* or *Apelles* fire,
A *Phiddias* or *Praxitteles* inſpire;
Or grait *Vitruvius* ſhal prepare dhe pow'r,
To' bid dhe pallace rize, or tempel tow'r:
Or, if hiz graiter ſhal enfoarce dhe plan,
Dhat ſav'd dhe remnant pure ov tainted man;
Dhat taught a floting fabbric firſt to' rize;
And dare dhe daring, or ov ſeas or ſkies:
Not fifty hunters ov a goolden fleece,
By dhe Theſſalian led, dhe boaſt ov *Grece*.
Hwile glimring Fabel dhus o'rſhoots dhe mark,
Nor in dhe *Argo* can confes dhe *Ark*;
Shrewd *Matheſis*, hoo points dhe licquid way,
Points HIM her pole, hoom waves and winds obey;
Az HIM her focus dhat high art muſt own,
Dhat opes dhe vollumes ov hiz ſtarry throne;
Dhat, in hiz footſtool, aids dhe febel ſight;
Dhat bars dhe wind and ſtorm, yet pours dhe heat and light!
Tranſlucent art, dhat guivs dh' enchanting glow
To' lifes or choiceſt frend, or felleſt foe;
Hoo bids dhe genrous ſoll expand her ſtore:
Vize ſoll, dhat knows hwen to' expand no more!
Dhat marks dhe point hware joy and ſorrow meet,
And dares (bleſt Fortitude!) to' be diſcrete.

Embottom'd mimmic ov dhe livving lake,
Dhe art reflexive bids reflexion make.
Here Buty lerns, dhat rozes fade away;
Lerns to' ſupply dhe charms, dhat nehr decay.
Here Homelines iz taught t'improov dhe mind,
Dhe ſinguel taſk, dhat butifies mankind;
Hwile Wizdom, recles hwat dh' external be,
Wil naught, but in dh' internal mirror, ſee.

Ov all invencions, hail, Invencion prime,
Dhat gave, to' conſtant mezzure, flying Time!
Dhat gave him tung to' tel, and hands to' ſhow,
Dhe momentary reign ov all below;
Dhe awfool truith, dhat naught recalls dhe paſt;
And dhat hiz prezzent ſmile may proov hiz laſt.
But ſtil, beyond a *Tompions* or a *Gra'ms*,
Beyond *Apelles'* or *Lyſippus'* names;
Ar *Fauſt* and *Coſter*, yoors! hoo firſt cood find
Dhe art ov ſhedding arts, around mankind;
Hoo gave dhe ſimpel ſtamp to' wond'ring men,
To' multiply widh eze, dhe labors ov dhe pen!

Hware Nature ſummons, bid dhine artiſt run;
Hweddher to' aid her, or correct dhe Sun.
Let Ingenuity prevail, or Uſe,
In hwat ſtrong Genius preſſes to' produce;
He reſts not in effects, but ſcans each cauz;
And eddifies hiz art on Natures laws.

Hiz ſphere he dhus to' repputacion brings,
In ſcience verſant, az expert in things.
Dh' ingenious coart him, and dhe grait cares;
If not an A. M. yet an F. R. S.

Or if bland Commerce to' dhy care confide
Her prezzent plezzure, and her future pride.
Not merely ment a thing to' by and ſel,
Or on per-cents and uſances to' dwel;
Not quallified alone widh ſlight ov hand,
To' ſtrike a letter, or a ſum command;
But hoo at leaſt each trading weal ſhal ſcan,
And in dhe merchant polliſh ſtil dhe man:
To' hoom *Britannia* ſhal won day make known
Her ſkil, to' render edher *Ind* her own;
Hoos weight nor falls nor rizes widh dhe ſtocs,
Hoos wit eliſcits goold from *Norways* rocs;
Hoos libb'ral lerning, ov commercial laws,
Shal bid him plead widh pow'r hiz contry's cauz;
Her conſtant creddit, ev'n in barb'rous climes;
And Juſtice' boolwark, e'n in venal times.

But woodſt dhou rear a minnion ov dhe main;
Born to' aſſert *Britannia's* own domain?
Caſt him not letterles on *Neptunes* care:
For hooſo fails a cub, returns a bair.
Nor think, dhat Science muſt be loſt at ſea;
Or dream, dhat Skil and Dainger diſagree.

Hoo nehr knew home, ſhal he know oddher lands?
How ſhal he ſteer, hoo notthing underſtands?
Bend dhen, hiz yet unharden'd nec, betimes:
Teach him to' talk, dhe tungs ov various climes;
Tel him dheir ſtory, manners, cuſtoms, trade;
Nor let wize *Matheſis* widhhold her aid.
Improov hiz hart, hwile yet hiz hart iz pure;
And lend hiz hed, dhe ſtrength dhat may mature.
Dhus lerning ſtil and lovv'd, hwarehr he go,
Dhe higher coart him, az he leves dhe low.
He wafts commutual welth, from ſhore to' ſhore;
Or, if he muſt, bids *Brittains* thunder roar.
Too brave or man to' dred, or GOD to' dare;
Hiz word iz warrant: for he wil not ſwair.
Unruffled dhus, each dainger he defies;
And umbly triumphs, or undanted dies.

For, ah! diſgrace to' man! ſom rize to' arms;
To' ſhield mankind, from human-kinds alarms.
Hwat dho, hware Pece expands her downy wing;
She guiv each floc and field to' laf and ſing?
Dho Art and Science bles her goolden reign,
Dho fearles Commerce dance along dhe main;
Dho Antipodes unite in mutual lov,
And antedate dhe harmony abov;
Yet, hwat bade blinded aingels firſt rebel,
And in dhe hart ov hevven engender'd hel,

May bid dheir lower lower blis forgo,
And taſte too ſoon dhe horrors ov below.
Hwen Pride, emerging widh dhe ſelfiſh train,
Fel foes to' Pece! bid Deſolacion reign;
Dhis Spirrit ſcorns hiz higher to' confes:
Dhat wil be grait, by making t'oddher les.
Immenſe pozeſſions moarh dhe unpozeſt:
Dhe poor-mans littel lamb wood render bleſt.
Hwarehr Oppreſſion threts, ſee Vallor near;
Hoos radiant ſoard inculcates flight or fear.
Dhus *Nimrod*, ſteel'd by ſlaughter, firſt ov brutes,
Turn'd on mankind, Ambiſcions dire purſuits.
But *Aſſurs* relm, dhat made dhe world a thrall,
Muſt widh dhe ſoft *Sardanapalus* fall;
And *Babbylon*, hoo rear'd her hed on high,
On light *Belſhazzar* can no more rely.
Euphrates ſwervs to' call a *Cyrus* in,
And bid dhe *Perſian* wel-ern'd pow'r beguin.
But ah! hwen to' hiz fame no more it tends,
By Grecian weight dhe Perſian ſcale aſcends.
For hoo ſhal ſerv himſelf a *Cyrus*' eir,
But dhe grait ſon ov *Arriſtottels* care?
Hoo, hwen he won dhe world, might wel deplore
Dhat he cood not ſubdue won monnark more.
So *Grecia* yields, or parſial or combin'd:
Room duly rizes miſtres ov mankind.
If ſhe muſt hav a partner in her throne,
Hwat rival dhare can mighty *Julius* own?

Brave, bright, wize, warlike, genrous, injur'd name!
To' hwich, *Auguſtus'* ſelf refers hiz fame;
Julius, hoos battels but bade battels ceſe;
And introduc't dh' eternal *Prince ov Pece.*

If dhen dhe *Perſian* or *Pellean* boy,
Or hiz grait parragon, hoo ranſact *Troy*,
Enflame dhy heroe; guiv him ſoon to' know,
Dhat but from *Xennophon* can *Cyrus* flow;
Dhat hooſo wood like *Allexander* fight,
Muſt ſtuddy firſt beneath dhe Stadgirite;
And he, hoo emmulates *Akilles* ire,
Muſt to' a *Kiron* ow a *Homers* fire.
A *Julius* wil convince dhe manly mind,
It waz dhe ſcollar, hoo ſubdu'd mankind;
Nay, az hiz higheſt praiz, hiz eir pretends
Dhat *Virgil* and dhat *Horrace* wer hiz frends.

No trifel dhen wil ſeem dhe ſoldiers taſk,
Dhat hed and hart and hands combin'd muſt aſk;
Hware not alone grait moddels muſt precede,
But pacient Theory to' Practice lead:
Polybbius, *Euclid*, *Newton*, and dhe reſt,
To' hoom, kind Nature all her art confeſt.
Dhe yooth, hoom dheze enlight, and dhoze inſpire;
Hoom nedher daingers dant, nor duties tire;

Hoo oppozite regards dhe brave and bold;
Hoo thirſt and hunger ſcorns, and heat or cold;
Hoo, from obeying beſt, can beſt command;
Hiz wits, hwen wanted moaſt, ſtil moaſt at hand;
Prefers a wize to' a ſuccesfool act;
A ſpirrit conker'd, to' a citty fact;
Secure ov onnor, let him ſtand or fall;
True to' hiz Lord, and to' dhe Lord ov all!
Humane, az brave; and umbel, az obey'd;
Ov naught but meannes, dhat iz vice, affraid:
Hoos worth intrinſic aſks no aid ov cloadhs,
Hoos converſe ſcorns dhe expletive ov oadhs.
Ov notthing conſcious, not aſham'd to' fail;
He bows to' Provvidence, if he prevail.
Juſt to' each frend, and genrous to' each foe;
He owns each merrit, and he weeps each woe.
Grim War he woos, az harbinger ov Pece;
And ſhal ſtil brighter ſhine, hwen battels ceſe.
Hiz Contry's heroe ſtil, he fights her cauz;
And wins new laurels, hwile he props her laws:
Stil Rezons champion, til he reach dhe ſhore,
Hware all iz right, and War annoys no more.

Nature dhe yoothfool Artiſt marks her own,
Wize Commerce choozes by her aid alone;
Her mighty ſanccion muſt each ſphere adorn:
Dhe Soldier and dhe Sailor muſt be born.

Widhout dhis rule, hwat millions hav been loſt;
Or Genius nevver known, or always croſt!
Widhout dhis rule, hwat ſpheres hav been embroil'd,
By dhoze hoo liſtles moov'd, or blindly toil'd!
But oh! be ſure dhou hear grait Natures voice:
Not always hers, iz dhe fond yongſters choice.
How ſhood he chooz, hoo no won ſphere haz known?
How bring dhe tallents, hoo nehr ſcann'd hiz own?
Won wil deſign, becauz he wil not think;
And won wil trade: for he lovs pen and ink.
Dhis, to' ſee forrain parts, wil plough dhe main;
Dhat, for a ſoardknot, venture a campain.
Dhey know not, but dhou know'ſt; in won and all,
'Tiz Ignorance, not Inſtinct, guivs dhe call.
Be dhine dhen widh attentive eye to' ſcan
Dhe maſter-fetures ov dhe future man;
To umor, unſeduc't, grait Natures wil,
And growing taſte by tallent to' foolfil.
Sagacious ken dhe yong ſagacious mind,
Hoom bland *Hygeia* bids reliev mankind;
To' hoom kind Nature proffers, not in vain,
Dhe ſocial ſyſtems ov her threefold reign;
To' hoom Philoſſophy expands her lore,
And Demmonſtracion opens all her ſtore;
Hoo ſpeaks dhe language ov dhe Coan ſage,
Digeſts hiz doctrine, and imbibes hiz rage;
Nor ſcorns hiz ſons ov anny clas or time,
Extracting evv'ry balm from evv'ry clime;

And, hwile to' him dhe pow'r ov all iz known,
Dheir pow'r hoo renders onneſtly hiz own.

Nor lern'd alone in dhe corporeal part,
Az he hoo emmulates a *Peons* art.
Sage too to' trace dhe ſoll, hwich way ſhe tend,
Convinc't how mutually dhe parts depend;
He ſcans each ſymptom upward to' dhe cauz,
And from dhe ſoarce unfailing balſam draws;
Bleſt widh a hart, dhat ſoftens to' diſtres;
Widh hed and hands, dhat haſten to' redres;
Widh ear ſtil open, to' dhe umbel cry:
To' Oppulence, relief iz evver nigh.
Nor hies he to' decreſe dhe ſcanty ſtore;
Nor ſays he to' dhe ritch, 'Be ritch no more.'
Sufficient widhout Rappine, iz Diſeze:
The frend ov man rejoices, man to' eze.
Nor not himſelf; widh fame hiz fortune flows;
And he haz more, ſtil more az he beſtows.

Dhus arm'd, he marches 'gainſt dhe grizly band,
Doom terrors monnark pours around dhe land.
Before him each diſeze and demon flies;
And from new triumphs newer triumphs rize.
Near blooming Helth, widh all her buxom train,
Her heroe bles, hoo bleſſes hevv'n again;
Hence raptur'd owns hiz evv'ry light deſcends;
Hence wel he knows all human hope depends.

He knows our make, how buteous and how ſtrong;
Yet knows dhe mirrakel we laſt ſo long.
In boath dhe grait Creator he adores,
Til finniſht ſkil to' intuiſcion ſoars.

Nor les acutely, dhan dhe yong phyziſcian,
Deſcry afar dhe infant-pollitiſcian.
But brazen Pertnes prommiſes no parts,
And poor prognoſtics ar yong Cunnings arts.
Yet, in dhe box az pages may take places,
Hoo vanniſh on dhe entrance ov dheir Graces;
So' *Pert* and *Sly* mav now and dhen declare,
Dhat Wit and Wizdom ſhal in time be dhare.
But ſure, how long dhe mimmic menials ſtay,
Dhey intimate dheir parragons away.

Be dhen, hwatehr dhe coſt, dhe genius found,
Hoos parts ar piercing, and hoos ſenſe iz ſound;
Hoom Juſtice bids arize her chozen frend,
Hoo ſhal *Demoſthenes* widh *Tully* blend;
Hoo, ov dul preſcedent, ſhal ſpurn dhe load;
And, but from Juſtice' ſelf, receiv her code.
Arm'd widh each grace ov ſcience and ov ſpeech,
Widh all dhat Nature guivs, and Ages teach;
Wrongs to' redres, hiz pregnant pow'rs conſpire;
And Truith, not Triumph, ſets hiz ſoll on fire.
Az knowing, moddeſt; and, az moddeſt, bold;
He ſhows, dhat Juſtice iz not to' be ſold.

Warm

Warm, not to' win, but to' dezerv, applauz;
He burſts dhe heroe ov dhe helples cauz.
He guivs dhe widdows hart to' ſing for joy,
And ſmiles a parent, on her ſmiling boy;
Bids Vertue triumph, and keeps Vice in aw;
And proovs wonce more, dhat Juſtice iz but Law.

So now, behold dhe Pleader raiz'd to' hear!
See liſt'ning Sennates hiz award revere!
Hoo ſcorn'd to' dazzel, dazling arts defies;
And kens fair Truith, howevver low ſhe lies.
Boath ſides my Lord widh calm attenſion ſcans;
And weighs dhe cauzes merrit, not dhe mans;
Hails Truith preponderant, nor dreds to' deem;
And bids dhe lighter ballance kic dhe beam.

But mark dhe Yooth, hoos hed and hart combine
Hwatehr iz dellicate, hwatehr divine;
Hware Piety to' parents lifts dhe eye,
Dhence raizes to' dhe Parent ov dhe ſky;
Hware hevvenly Meeknes ſtil ſerenes dhe mind,
Hware ardent Lov embraces human-kind;
Hoo in hiz ſoll and ſpirrit, wit and lov,
Unites dhe lamb, dhe lion, ſerpent, dov;
Verſt in dhe ſacred books from erlieſt years,
And zellous for dhe GOD he lovs and fears!
Hoo doz not ſee yong *Timmothy* confeſt,
Or infant *Sammuel* in hiz hallow'd veſt?

Haſte,

Haſte, haſte to' hail dhe Herrald ov dhe pole;
Haſte to' mature dhe Doctor ov dhe ſoll.

To' him be tungs, but moaſt dhe ſacred, known;
Hwile each new day ads polliſh to' hiz own.
For him let each fair Science play her part;
Dhat he, hoo means to' heal, may ſcan dhe hart.
Philoſſophy muſt found dhe deep Divine,
And by Relidgions rays muſt Rezon ſhine.
Here faith and works won bleſt aſſemblage beam;
Az ſoll and boddy, or az ſoarce and ſtream.
He holds blind Biggotry, or high or low,
For or againſt, Relidgions equal foe.
He ſcorns each Party, for himſelf explores;
And ſtil, dhe more he ſees, dhe more adores.
Truith ſtil iz Truith, hooehr oppoze her reign;
And Falſehood, Falſehood, let hoo dare maintain.

Fraught widh each grace, ov boddy and ov mind;
Az *Peter*, ardent; and, az *Paul*, refin'd:
Widhout prezumpcion, and widh temper'd zeal;
Fir'd, not to' wound; but evv'ry wound to' heal;
Dhe primal Martyr, and dhe lovv'd Divine,
Enflame hiz ſoll, and in hiz aſpect ſhine.
Hwile Ellocucion hightens Elloquence,
Hiz ſoll ſtil ſpeaks more potent dhan hiz Senſe.
Form'd to' perſwade widh pow'r, or win widh eze;
Hail him, ye Scools, hoo dignifies degrees.

Ambiſcion

Ambiſcion fires not, or ov pow'r or praiz ;
Baſe Luker lures not, widh her tinſel-rays.
He hears no calls ov ſuch infernal hoaſt ;
He hears no voice, but ov dhe Holy Goaſt.
Thrice revrend Sires, hoo ſanctify dhe lands ;
Vel hav ye here impoz'd yoor hallow'd hands :
Ye truly bles dhe floc ye bid him feed ;
Hoo toils to' train, and wood to' ſave it bleed.

Hwarehr he prays, an Aingel intercedes :
Hwarehr he preaches, non can ſay, he reads.
Dhe Orrator fils even Kings widh aw,
Hwen in hiz Maſters name he deals hiz Law.
Hwen *pece on erth*, and *glory in dhe higheſt* ;
He preaches not himſelf, but *Jeſus-Chriſt*.
Convicción waits, hwatehr dhe doctrine be :
Compunccion cries, ' a ſon ov thunder he !
A mellody attune hwatehr he ſays,
Hwat higher rapture ſwels hiz umbel praiz !
For doz dhe effervеſcence ov hiz lov
Dream beggars onely muſt be ſaints abov ;
But thinks, hoo hope to' hymn in higher ſphere,
Ever, muſt beguin dheir hymning here.
Hwen dhe glad organ blows dhe ſollemn note,
And dhe ſet ſongſters ſwel dheir various throat ;
He lols not liſtles to' dh' inſpiring ſong,
Dhe ledden leader ov dhe dozing throng.

Hiz

Hiz glory, waking, bids dhe reſt rejoice;
Abov dhe human, hark! a Serraphs voice!

Yet deem him not a ſaint, won day in ſevven:
Hiz weekly converſe, alſo, iz in Hevven.
Inſtructive joy attends, hwarehr he turns;
And, hwile he talks, each ravviſht buzzom burns.
Each member ov hiz floc, 'tiz hiz to' know:
Dhe old, dhe yong; dhe lofty, and dhe low.
All watch hiz watchfool eye: by night or day
No wolvs can enter, and no ſheep can ſtray.
All he becoms to' all, dhe more to' win:
Dhe genral frend iz onely foe to' ſin.
He ſeeks not dheirs; but dhem, or grait or ſmall:
He covvets naught; for he pozeſſes all.
To' each degree hwile due regard he pays,
And various minds amends in various ways;
He holds extrinſic, titel, pow'r or pelf;
Regarding naught az man, but man himſelf.
Gods aingel fears but God, regards but Truith;
By age iz onnor'd, and rever'd by Yooth;
Admir'd by Welth, and half-ador'd by Need;
Confeſt by all, *dhe man ov God* indeed!
Hiz conſcience feaſting, he rejoices ſtil:
He knows no ſorrow; for he knows no il.
Soll ov true joy, diſpeller ov diſmay;
Choice ov dhe grave, and charmer ov dhe gay;

leſt in himſelf, he bleſſes all around:
warehr he treds, he treds on hallow'd ground.

Not dhat he nevver vizzits ſcenes ov woe,
or doz he ſtil forbid dhe tear to' flow.
ears ar ſomtimes a ſallutary tide;
xalting Vertue, and o'rhwelming Pride:
leſt emmanacions ov dhe feeling mind!
wich leve it calm, repentant, and rezign'd.
leſt ar dhey dhus hoo moarn! how kind dhe ſcope,
hat bids Compunccion pave dhe way to' Hope!
e to' dhe bottom probes each dedly wound;
or quits dhe cure, until dhe hart be ſound.
le Sorrow dhus acnolleges her foe:
e edher hears, or ſpeaks, away each woe.
t, hwen dhe grizly king defies all art;
wen Soll and Boddy, deareſt frends, muſt part;
o' blunt hiz ſhafts becoms dhe laſt employ,
d ſpeed dhe ſpirrit to' dhe relms ov joy.
idh holy Hope, he balms dhe mutual pain,
dhat dred day, hwen dhey ſhal meet again;
d, hwen dh' unfetter'd Soll returns on high,
bids in umbel truſt dhe Boddy ly.
r iz hiz frendſhip bounded by dhe bier:
hies to' mix dhe ſympathettic tear;
idh him or her, hoo feels a widdows wound,
hoo haz laid an onely in dhe ground;

Hoo

Hoo moarns a parent, ripen'd for dhe ſky;
Or, for a bennefactor, pours a ſigh;
For t'oddher ſelf, hoo banniſht each annoy;
For t'oddher ſelf, hoo dubbled evv'ry joy!
Or for a pubblic, or a private los,
Dhe Chriſtian Prieſt commands to' bair dhe cros;
And, hwen dhe tribbute iz to' Nature paid,
Turn to' dhe livving evv'ry needed aid.
Dhus, like dhe Sun, hoo beams around dhe ball,
He ſheds unceſing light and heat on all;
Til, hiz coarſe finniſht, he deſcend dhe ſkies,
In a horizon widhout cloud to' rize.

Hwile ſuch grait objects dhine attenſion ſhare,
Yet muſt dhey not engroce dhy genrous care.
Som, born to' independance on mankind,
But for dh' improovment ov a nobel mind;
And for dhe exerciſe ov evv'ry grace,
Wood, but for dhee, bely dheir onnor'd race.
On dhee dhen dhey depend, and on dhy nod;
How dhey ſhal ſerv dheir Contry, King, and God.
Hweddher dhey ſhal improov paternal ground,
And beam dhe bleſſings ov dhe region round;
Dhe happy darlings ov dhe rival grait,
Dhe pow'rfool patterns ov dh' inferior ſtate;
Guivving ſtil Vertue purer to' deſcend,
From ſire to' ſon, til ſonſhips ſelf ſhal end.

Or, if for higher ſpheres dhey ſtil ar born;
luſter'd life, not dhem, but dhey adorn;
erhaps dhe Legiſlature claims a hand,
r Vertues voice, to' ſave a ſinking land;
erhaps a ſubjects aid a King commands,
o' carracter himſelf in forrain lands;
r, in dhe ſtorm ov ſtate, to' rule dhe helm;
ite ov a madding crew, to' poiz a reeling relm.
wat conſtancy befits dhe arduous taſk!
wat pow'rs doz ſuch an exaltacion aſk!
wat pow'rs from GOD and dhee! dhat he may know,
ow beſt to' treat dhe pubblic frend or foe;
ow pollity and pollicy agree;
like from puny pride and pannic free;
ware forrain Pollitics play foul or fair,
ware native Onnor can or cannot bair;
wat metthods, hwen and hware, dhe ſtate muſt uze;
wat ſhe muſt grant, and hwat ſhe muſt refuze;
ow long a Chriſtian pepel muſt abhor,
r how beſt pour, dh' inevvitabel war;
ow bid fierce War ſend home angellic Pece,
d how bles Induſtry, hwen battels ceſe:
on, hoo ſtil umbel, affabel, ſerene,
nows nedher party-lov, nor party-ſpleen;
biggot e'n to' contry, or to' cauz;
upſtart idol ov a mobs applauz;

Won,

Won, hoo can ſmile, hwatevver Envy ſay;
And croaking Clammor can neglect away.
Stil reddy for *Bellona's* worſt alarms,
Pece iz ſtil fortifi'd by Vertues arms.
For Vice iz evver blind, and raſh, and low;
Unknown to' anny frend, expoz'd to' evv'ry foe,

Hwile hevvenly Pece dhus ſhields dhe envi'd land
And ſheds new glory o'r ſupreme command;
Each Art, reviving, hails dhe blisfool day;
Each Science, foſter'd, beams a brighter ray.
Dhe lerned Muze widh rapture muſt record,
Detected Merrit now accepts reward.
Relidgion coarted rears her revv'rend hed,
And hooted Guilt lies number'd widh dhe ded.
Such dhe bleſt beams, dhat radiate from a throne!
Beams, firſt, to' dellegated Luſter, known.
Wide, and more wide, dheir influence dhey extend,
Til from each grait hiz les, and all dhey comprehend.

Pedia ſaid: her ſon, widhout delay,
Hwatehr dhou bidſt, *unargu'd I obey.*
Bold iz dhe enterprize dhou doſt endite:
Yet I wil dare, ſince dhou haſt dain'd to' light.
All hail, grait Parent! to' dhy ceſeles praiz
A fane, a lofty fane I here wil raiz;
Dhat ſons ov ſons ov ſons may rize and ſee,
Hwat dhou haſt don for *Albion* and for me.

e ſays: and ſoon a ſtately tempel tow'rs,
threfold region for dhe threfold pow'rs.
res and *Baccus*, and dh' olympic train,
ar umbel hights, and ſeek dhe ground again.
rpſiccore renews her toils below,
ware fair *Euterpe* not diſdains to' blow.
alia here bedecs her garlands gay,
nd ſomtimes widh *Euterpe* wings her way
o' hware *Melpommene* enchants dhe pain,
nd ſweet *Calliope* exalts dhe ſtrain.

Here *Polyhymnia* ſweeps dhe Leſbian lyre,
climbs dhe lofty *Clio's* fam'd retire:
he higheſt, happieſt, moaſt auguſt abode,
ware all hiz art *Alcimmedon* beſtow'd;
t hware *Vitruvius* firſt deſign'd dhe ſane,
d bade dhe buties ov each order reign;
ware a *Praxitteles* wer proud to' own
e polliſht collumns ov dhe Parian ſtone.
o' dhis high dome dhe Queen herſelf aſcends,
ven ſhe to' hail ſweet Contemplacion tends;
ven ſhe wil quaf hwat dhe horizon yields;
e dancing hils, or hear dhe ſinguing fields;
wil adore dhe Author ov dhe ſky,
d gaze dhe cirk'ling orbs, widh more dhan human eye.
dhis high dome her Madjeſty iz plac't,
ven ſhe wil banket at a board ov Taſte,

And

And bid *Urania* ſummon all dhe Nine;
Nor *Erato* exclude, if ſhe'z divine.
Stil in extreme fond *Erato* we ſpy;
Or loweſt ov dhe low, or higheſt ov dhe high.
At morn or eve each Muze delights to' rove,
Hware arching elms embrown dhe long alcove;
Hware ſee *Apollo's* ſelf enchanted ſtand;
Lov in hiz look, and empire in hiz hand!
Daining to' gard dhe pure perennial ſpring;
Dhat guivs Pierian pow'r, to' think, and ſoar, and
ſing.

II. RELIDGION:*

From dhe French ov dhe yonguer RACINE.

CANTO I.

REZON I ſing, to' Faith conducting Man.
Rezon, hoo widh her torch enlights my plan,
ow'rds my true goal bids all my pow'rs employ;
irſt makes it known, dhen makes it all my joy.
Indoſcile mortals, yoor contempt ſuſpend:
hat verry Rezon, hoom ye boaſt yoor frend,
o' hail dhe yoke ye ſcorn, invites yoor choice;
nd, if ye prize her, dain to' hear her voice.
ut ye, hoo Faiths exalted vallue know;
r yoor advantage too, dheze verſes flow.

* Vol. I. L. xiv. xviii. cccxix.

Dhe

Dhe man, hoom birth and titels can delight;
Reads dhem by day, and ruminates by night.
Dhe Chriſtian dhus, az ardent, recollects
Dhe titels ov dhe graitnes he reſpects;
And, for new triumph, muſt new toil beſtow:
No brightnes ſhines unclouded here below.
Dhe pillar, in dhis dreary wild our guide,
Turns now dhe lighter, now dhe darker ſide.
O! may my ſong widh bleſt ſucces be crown'd;
Dhe faithfool comfort, and dheir foes confound!

And firſt, my GOD, ov hoom I hold my lay;
To' hoom, but Dhee, ſhood I its tribbute pay?
To' my grait Theme exalt my faint eſſays:
Inſpire dhy poet, hwile he ſings dhy praiz.
Teach him to' paint dhy wize, dhy righteous laws:
Enlight dhe advocate, dhat pleads dhy cauz.

To' dhee, my King, dhe ſeccond ommage be!
My labors' object ſpeaks dhem wordhy dhee.
Widh proud Impiety hwen war I wage,
And in Relidgions juſt defence engage;
How ſhood I dare to' trace dhe tracles way,
Wer not dhy hand my conſtant guide and ſtay?
Dhy name alone, great *Faiths Defender!* chears
My trembling ſteps, and diſſipates my fears:
Dhy name, more pow'rfool dhan my beſt eſſay,
Confounds dhe foes ov Him, hoom Kings obey.

And dhou, dear Prince, hoos praizes nelir can cl
Dhou ſeccond proſpect ov dhe kingdoms joy!

O royal Yooth, in hoom good Hevv'n combin'd
Dhe guifts and graces ov dhe hart and mind!
Wón glance indulgent guiv me to' record,
My wil to' annimate and to' reward.
Dhy faith I ſing: I for dhat faith contend,
Dhy graiteſt Fahdhers glori'd to' defend.
To' eyes ov fleſh, dho GOD remain conceal'd;
To' eyes ov faith, how gloriouſly reveal'd!
Hwat ſhining witneſſes croud all around!
Anſer, Erth, Sea; or ſpeak, ye Hevv'ns profound!
Hwat arm, unnumber'd Orbs, can yoo ſuſpend?
Hwat hand, reſplendent Night, dhy vail extend?
Hwat might, hwat madjeſty dhe Hevv'ns declare!
How fool confeſt dhe grait Creator dhare!
O Hevv'ns! hoom thouzand worlds and wonders fil:
Ye coſt yoor Author, onely wonce to' wil.
He ſprinkels light, in dhe vaſt dome ov ſky;
Az, in our fields, he guivs dhe duſt to' fly.
O dhou, by Morn announc't, refulgent Flame;
Stil brightly new, yet beaming ſtil dhe ſame!
Hwat brings dhee from dhe buzzom ov dhe main,
To' chear us widh dhy genial rays again?
Each day I look for dhee, dhou comm'ſt each day:
Iz't I dhat call dhee? Doſt my voice obey
Dhou dredfool Sea, hoo woodſt dhe land devour;
Tel me hwat hand confines dhee, or hwat pow'r?
Vainly dhy efforts pres to' pas dhy bounds:
Dhine idel rage expires upon dhy mounds.

Wreak on dhe greedy wretch, dhy vengeance wreak.
Hoo truſts to' dhee a waut'ry deth to' ſeek.
E'n in dhy jaws, ar vows to' dhee addreſt?
Dheze rize to' Hevv'n, dhe aid ov dhe diſtreſt.
Now Nature ſpeaks, hwen wit iz at an end;
To' Hevv'n boath hands and eyes aſpiring tend:
A throbbing hart pays ommage (and hwat not?)
To' dhe grait GOD, vain ſafety had forgot.
All nature ſpeaks dhe GOD—Erth cries aloud:
Ov my ritch ornaments can I be proud?
Or iz it I, dhat hav myſelf array'd?
No, no: 'tiz He, hoo my foundacions laid.
If to' dhy wants I minniſter, 'tiz He,
Dhe kind Creator, hoo commanded me.
Dhe guifts he guivs me, ar on dhee beſtow'd;
Dhe flow'rs, dhat dec me, haz hiz bounty ſtrow'd.
He opés hiz hand, hwence iſſue flow'rs and food:
He opes hiz hand, and nature teems widh good.
To' ſoodh dhe hope, and to' reward dhe toil,
Ov panting hinds, in Egypts torrid ſoil;
He bids dhe regg'lar Nile its banks diſdain,
And waſt my trezzures o'r my fatten'd plain.
Dhe ſmalleſt things dhe grait Creator ſhow:
Contemplate but dhe tree, I guiv to' grow.
Scarce does my ſap dhe fibrous roots pervade,
Hwen, from dhe trunk, 'tiz to' dhe branch convey'd
Dhe leaf demands it; and dhe parent-bough,
Ov good diffuſive, doz dhe leaf endow.

No

Nor, widh its fruit enchanted, let dhine eyes
Dhe plants ov les inviting ſhow deſpize;
Dh' obſcure and timmid, umbel, febel race:
Knew'ſt dhou dheir ſallutary pow'rs to' trace,
weet length ov days to' dhee dhey might convey;
Nor moarn dho dheirs ſo ſwiftly glide away.
ach ſpringuing plant doz, in herſelf, contain
v childrens children an immortal train;
nd, phenix-like, in my proliffic woomb,
eves a new pledge, arizing from her toomb.
Dhus Erth. Hwen charm'd to' hear her, I behold,
ties connected, hwich I cann't unfold,
diverſe beings ſo directly tend,
idh won conſent, to' won ſame common end;
o' genral order ſee dhem all conſpire,
' aſſembling Hand I thro' dhe hoal admire;
e unity widh no les wonder ſcan,
an wizdom and ſimpliſcity ov plan.
But dhou, hoom all dheze marvels nehr amaze;
o canſt, unmoov'd, on ſo much buty gaze;
hou, hoo madly bidſt us Chance adore,
n, and dhat imminent abode explore;
ich, in won order, widh ſuch wondrous ſkil,
vernal ſwallow maſons widh her bil.
dhe bold eddifice to' frame and fix,
find materials, how dhe mortar mix?
doo dhe prudent birds betimes provide
dh' unſeen embryo's, dheir future pride?

Hwat wel-poiz'd cradels doo dhe trees ſuſpend!
On ſofteſt cotton, ſay, hwat beds extend?
Foarth flies dhe fahdher, widh dhe huzbands flame;
And brings provizzion to' hiz tender dame;
Hwile, conſcious ov hiz aid, hiz cooing dov
Broods o'r dhe pledges ov dheir happy lov;
Or, hoſtile rage uniting to' repel,
Widh mighty fire dheir febel perſons ſwel.
So dearly lovv'd, dheir fondlings ſhal won day,
To' oddher fondlings dhis dear lov repay.
Hwen dhe new Zepphyrs, bredhing new dezires,
Shal light for dhem dhe hymeneal fires;
By tender ties united ſhal dhey pair,
And widh new warblers fil dhe eccoing air:
Unnumber'd race! hware ſoon ſo manny yong
Shal know no more dhe ſires, from hoom dhey ſprung
Som, hoo foreboding Winters rage betimes,
Rezolv to' fly to' les inclement climes;
Not for dhemſelvs, but for dheir tribe dhey quake;
Nor ehr dhe loit'rers ſhal dhe riggors take.
In a wize council, for dhe purpoſe met,
For genral flight dh' impoartant day iz ſet.
It coms: dhey fly: dhe yongueſt ov dhe train
Throws wiſhfool eyes to' native ſeats again;
And aſks how ſoon dhe bleſt returning ſpring
Shal bid dhe exiles reſtoracion ſing.
But let dhe ſcene ov bland attenſion chainge,
And ſtoop to' Erth: hware, in dhe mire to' rainge

Dhe inſect calls; and, widh a conſcious ſmile,
Demands dhe rezon, hwy we deem it vile.
Hwat countles buties ar from vew retir'd!
More hid dhe Author, more to' be admir'd.
Dhe prudent pepel, in yon ripen'd field,
Collect an ampel ſtore dhe harveſts yield.
Dheir booty trailing to' dhe wel-known hive,
Dh' unweari'd littel laborers arrive;
Hware, in dheir pubblic ſubterranean cels,
Lo! heaps on heaps, dhe goolden plenty ſwels;
Widh hwich dhe common Sire us all ſuſtains,
And pays alike dhe mans and emmets pains.
Poor ſpurn'd recluſe, hoo dragſt dhy prizz'n along;
Crawl ſlowly ſleek, and annimate my ſong.
Our cruel hate, repentant, now admires
Dhe ſprings, dhat moov dhy telleſcoppic ſpires;
And owns its blindnes, hwen dhine eyes appear;
Hwich, by degrees, dheir flexile ſtandards rear.
Yon gaudy flutt'rer ſee, ſo briſk and gay,
To' various flow'rs hiz fickel ommage pay;
And ravviſh, dellicate, from each a juce,
By Nature nehr intended for hiz uſe.
Dho now he eyes hiz breddhren widh diſdain,
Til meanly grovv'ling on dhe umbel plain;
Dhare late himſelf az low a reptile crept;
Til, az to' hide hiz hiddeous form, he ſlept.
But lo! dhe times ar chaing'd! from deth awake,
Behold him glorious now dhe grave forſake;

Hiz grocer ſpoils ſhake of in relms ov night,
And to' dhe ſkies exalt hiz daring flight.
O worm, to' hoom I ow my nobleſt ſpoils;
Dhe charming fruits ov dhy too ſhort-livv'd toils;
Iz't, but for me, dhou haſt dhy life begun?
Dhy taſk perform'd, dhy moments race iz run!
Dhy curious art dhou lev'ſt to' num'rous eirs;
Hoo nehr ſhal ſee dheir fire, but in hiz cares.
My pitty, and dhy wonders claim my ſong;
But dhat dhe Bees to' Maro's Muze belong.
Dhe Lord, hoom all dheze preſcious guifts endow
Man—rears alone to' Hevv'n a nobel brow:
Dhe ſolls vaſt ſtage, illumin'd now widh joy;
Now clouded widh dhe glooms ov blac annoy.
Dhare tender Frendſhip lights her livving flames;
Hoos plezing ſemblance, widh perfiddious aims,
See two'-fac't Flattery in vain purſue;
And balefool Envy, widh dhe livvid hue.
Dhare bluſhes timmid Moddeſty; and dhare
Sit oppozite Contempt and Candor fair.
Dhare Mildnes, dhat dhe fierceſt Wrauth can quel;
Dhare Fear, and Palenes, her attendant, dwel:
Dhat frend, hoo ſole midſt perrils undiſmay'd,
Outruns dhe Voice, and calls immediate aid.
Hwat eroud ov objects doz dhe eye unite!
Hwat ſcatter'd rays concenter in dhe ſight!
Dhe flexile focus paints all objects plain;
And ſtrikes a nerv, dhat bairs it to' dhe brain.

Hwat wondrous texture! hwat fine fibers meet!
Yet here my memmory erects her ſeat;
Repozzits in dhis preſcious maggazene,
Hwatehr my ears hav herd, my eyes hav ſeen;
Remits at wil, rezumes hwat went before;
Here hoards my trezzures, faithfool to' reſtore.
Dhoze ſuttel Spirrits, dhare az at a goal,
Await dhe ſignal ov dheir queen my Soll.
'Tiz guivv'n, dhey fly; and, ſwift thro' all my frame,
Dhoze doſcile minniſters diffuze dheir flame.
Scarce hav I ſpoke, hwen lo! dhey all ſtand by:
Ye unſeen ſubjects, hwich way did ye fly?
Hoo bids my blud widh hoalſom ardor flow?
Hoo guivs my frame widh vital warmth to' glow?
ts mocions equally my hart impel;
t forms its liccor, in dhat central cel.
t coms, and warms me widh its rappid coarſe;
Retraces dhen, more cool and calm, its ſoarce;
nd, ſtil exhauſting, it iz ſtil ſuppli'd:
Dhe poarts ov its canals ſtand evver wide,
ffoarding to' its flow a free acces;
ut, widh oppozing bars, deny regres.
r dheze wize laws ſuppoarted by my choice?
r, to' dheir ſanccion, did I guiv my voice?
hardly know dhem: by attentive care,
ern dhe order and dhe wizdom dhare.
his order found, dhe Author let us own:
Vidhout a lawguivver, wer laws ehr known?

I hear dhe libbertine, widh murmur rude:
Hware ar dhoze objects ov my grattitude?
Iz it a ſmiling hil, a teeming vale?
Dhen haſte we to' admire dhe ſpecious tale!
See Boreas burſting, widh hiz dredfool train;
In hail and ſnow, in lightning and in rain.
Lo! man hiz goods, her graces Erth haz loſt;
Or drown'd, or burnt, or berri'd in dhe froſt.
But mark yon fardher objects: can dhey pleze?
Deep caves, volcano's; or, az uſeles ſeas!
Abyſſes endles, mountains bleak appear:
See briars, rocs and ſands, and dezzerts drear!
Here, widh her poizons, Erth infects dhe air;
Dhare roar dhe lion, tiguer, or dhe beir!
Here crawls dhe ſerpent, and dhare croaks dhe toad:
Sure boath muſt iſſue from divine abode!
Blaſpheming mortal, think'ſt at dhy ſurmize,
Hwen dhy weak rezon dares t'appoint dh' aſſize,
Dhe Judge ov all ſhal dain to' anſer dhee?
Hear but a word, and dhy groce blindnes ſee.
Dhou ſe'ſt not half; yet judgeſt ov dhe hoal:
Dhe vail between forbids dhy bold controll.
Dhe ils, hwich ils dhou call'ſt, not underſtood;
I ſee a hand, converting to' dhy good.
Our art, from poizons ſelf, can borrow aid:
But hwy dhoze rocs, dhoze winds, dhoze ſtorms
yoo ſaid.

heir certain bennefits, take here diſcloz'd;
or truſt dhoze eyes, dhat hav ſo oft impoz'd.
Dhe ſea, from hwich dhe ſun, widh ceſeles laws,
he guiddy vapors ſubtilizing draws;
eeking her waves, beholds widh ſad ſurprize,
ored o'r her face, anoddher ſea arize.
his preſcious mas, dhis lightly-floting tide,
y winds offiſcious wafted far and wide,
goolden ſhow'r now fructifies our plains;
ow, o'r our mountains, ſnowy hwitenes reigns.
n dhoze proud rocs, widh hoary ſummits crown'd,
rezzervoirs our ſtagnant ſtores abound.
hoze waves dhe zepphyrs, drop by drop, convey,
idh foarce collected, ſap dhemſelvs a way;
d ſlow-deſcending thro' dheir veins, dhey wind
chinky mazes, til dheir feet dhey find.
w peeping out, dheir timmid coarſe begun,
eep-febel rils; dhen rappid rivvers run.
om ſnow-topt Alps, hware Hannibal cood go;
rrara boaſts her fertilizing Po:
pettuous child ov dhat continnu'd chain,
e Rone flows weſtward, bending ſouth again.
diff'rent turn, dho from won parent ſprung,
z broddher talks elſehware anoddher tung.
length, dheir mazy wand'rings to' complete,
eir wauters, ſummon'd, ſeek dheir native ſeat;
join dhe ſeas, and ſoon exhal'd again,
r hils and dales, return in genial rain.

Such iz dh' agreement ov dhe genral frame,
Its happy empire nehr herd Diſcords name.
For us dhe hoal conſpires: dhe mountains, ſeas,
Days brilliant ſtar; dhe verry bluſt'rers pleze.
O! may like harmony inſpire mankind,
To' ſeek dhe blis, it no hware elſe can find!
To' Him, dhe grait firſt Soarce, dhen let us g
From hwich all being, life and mocion flow.
If he guiv dheze, hwence ſhood he dheze receiv?
If he made time, hoo ſhal hiz birth conceiv?
By him all things commenc't; hevv'n, erth and ma
Dhe grait Eternal onely nehr began.
But in my ſoll, hwat hand haz trac't ſo bright,
Dhe immage uncompar'd ov Infinite?
'Twaz nehr my ſenſe, to' finite things confin'd;
To' things weak, wretched, and to' deth conſign'd
Myſelf I place in dhis deplor'd eſtate,
Az not unconſcious ov my real fate:
Ov dhe grait Infinite I mindfool grew,
From dhe firſt moment dhat myſelf I knew.
Deep widh a dred ov ſovv'rain pow'r pozeſt,
In ſpite ov pride, dependance I confeſt.
Hard to' obey, a higher to' allow!
And yet dhe higheſt iz conſtrain'd to' bow.
Before dh' Eternal, prince and pepel fall;
And nacions, trembling, ówn him Lord ov all.
Hwat foarce, invizzibel, ſubjects mankind?
In ſeeking chains, doz man hiz glory find?

Ye

Yes: over all, in contries bond or free;
tempels, altars, prieſts and victims ſee.
To' Hevv'n our vows and incenſe evver roze.
educing ſenſe, indeed, may oft impoze;
Dhe Deity's high immage to' degrade.
To' lowing gods, ſee Egypts ommage paid!
n dhat vile ox, to' hwich ſhe blindly bends,
til to' a God, her adoracion tends.
n mad credulity bewilder'd minds,
lade dhemſelvs maſters ov unnumber'd kinds.
lowehr ſuch maſters ſees dh' indignant ſage;
looehr durſt brave dhem, raiz'd dh' adorers rage.
ll did Mezentius, az Salmoneus, blame;
nd horror, Cappaneus, ſtil hunts dhy name.
n odious monſter ſtil waz dhe profane:
nd e'n bold Eppicure, hoos ſyſtem vain,
o' fight dhe fear ov gods, ſo long haz ſtrove;
imſelf ſee proſtrate at dhe feet ov Jove!
I hear him own, extorted from hiz pride,
pow'r, dhat human pow'r ſeems to' deride;
latent foe, hoo ſoon to' notthing brings
he pride ov nacions, and dhe pomp ov kings.
ngdoms az kings, az cits ſhal citties dy;
nd, undiſtinguiſht, ſhal diſtinccion ly.
wat Atthens waz, dhat Parris now we ſee:
ware Lacedemon iz, ſhal London be.
wat doo I ſee, o'r Greces dezzert plain;
t thouzand bones, ov thouzand boddies ſlain?

But moarnfool wrec, hware monnarks reign'd before;
But widdher'd laurels, hwich dhe heroes wore;
But thrones thrown down, imperial ſcepters broke;
And Grecian fredom, under Turkiſh yoke!
Hware, Memphis, ar dhy tow'rs, dhat proudly roze!
Dhy verry ruins ſcarce grait Cairo ſhows.
Hwat coſtly toombs aſpire on evv'ry ſide,
Ov human notthingnes dhe lofty pride!
To' dhat ſo dredded Pow'r each mortal bends:
All Natures incenſe to' dhat Pow'r aſcends.
Dhe blind barbarian, umbly on hiz nees,
Labors, but ah! in vain, dhe waſter to' appeze.
In diſtant climes, widh gloomy forreſts crown'd;
Hwich, far from ours, dhe ſevv'ring ſeas ſurround;
Som quiet mortals dwel, perhaps yoo'l ſay;
Hoo nehr knew gods, nor ehr did ommage pay.
Dho noteles travvellers ſhood tel dhe tale;
How ſhal dheir faith, ſo often falſe, prevail?
Dheir tidings true, e'n dho we ſhood ſuppoze;
To' all mankind, how ſhal I ehr oppoze
A ſtupid wand'ring ſavvage, barb'rous, blind;
Prezerving ſcarce dhe figgure ov our kind?
In woods bewilder'd, mizzerabel race!
Hoo knows no lords, no laws, no dwelling-place.
How juſt, ye libbertines, dhe ſcorn ye draw;
If, in dhoze forreſts, ye yoor fellows ſaw!
Yet dheze ſame men, ſo near to' brutes debas't,
And in dhe night ov ſenſe, ſo darkly trac't;

Widh ſom faint rays ov nobler immage ſhine,
Som poor remains ov orrigin divine.
Dhe ſocial duties ar not quite unknown:
Dhe ſoarce ov bluds reziſtles ties dhey own.
Dhe ſpouz, moaſt barb'rous, glows widh ſpouzes fire;
Belovs hiz ſon, and vennerates hiz ſire.
Nature, o'r man, nehr forfeits all her rights.
But hwat ar dheze? Imadginary ſprights,
Hwen wonce I ſcorn a vengefool pow'rs controll,
Can nevver aw my dantles, free-born ſoll.
For ſelf I liv, to' ſelf my all iz due.
Vertue'z a name: ſweet plezzure iz my vew.
Dhus dhe profane, hoo all hiz boaſts belies;
Aw'd by dhe faith, dhe vertue he defies.
In fanci'd plezzures, he himſelf wood fly;
But hiz accuzer ſtands for evver by:
Hiz judge iz in hiz hart, hwarehr he go;
Dh' ingrates foredoomer, and dhe traitors foe.
If, by dark mackinacions, he offends;
Hard at hiz heels, hiz punniſhment attends:
To' ſecret pangs a ſlowly-pining ſlave,
Nevver yet crimminal himſelf forgave.
Beneadh guilt cielings palé dh' ambiſcious lies;
Nor dares, to' Hevv'n, to' lift hiz languid eyes.
Uſpended o'r hiz hed, a dredded ſoard
Diſtaſtes dhe meats, dhat crown hiz copious board.
Repentance proovs dhe firſt, widh high or low,
Dhat to' dhe guilty buzzom guivs dhe blow.

From

From na wing ſpleen, Tiberius' flatt'ring train,
To' turn hiz mind, exert dheir arts in vain.
Dhe worlds ſole maſter! hoo can mar hiz mirth?
Hwat law, hwat judge haz he to' fear on erth?
And yet he pines, he groans: hiz vices blac
Ar hiz arrainers, judges, and hiz rac.
Stil drunk widh blud, too thirſty ſtil to' ſpare;
He, by hiz deeds, abandon'd to' deſpair,
Shows to' dhe Sennate, hwile he makes it ſmart,
Dhe wofool immage ov a wounded hart.
Conſum'd by new regrets, he dies each day,
More wretched dhan dhe ſlaves, dhat own hiz ſway.
Unchaing'd, eternal dhus ar Vertues laws:
Nor men nor monnarks can ſubvert her cauz.
Dhe gods, hoom we widh ſtupid worſhip grac't,
Her peerles buty nevver quite effac't.
Dhe Romans' ſelvs, howehr a ſpurious breed,
In Venus' ſpite, admir'd Lucrecia's deed.
By dhat innate, in written law, I know
Hwatehr to' ſire, ſon, ſpouz, or ſelf, I ow.
Each moment, in dhat code ſupreme, I read
Dhe law, dhat theft and trezon crimes decreed;
Dhat law, hwich ſtood in foarce, from age to' age,
Before Lycurgus ſtern, or Solon ſage.
Nay, ehr yet Room twelv tables had ordain'd,
Metius and Tarquin wer no les arrain'd.
I'd cruſh a rival: hwat reſtrains my arm?
I wood, I can; yet I widhhold dhe harm!

Mor

More, from my hart, a doom condign I dred;
Dhan from a coart, widh Juſtice at its hed.
Vertue, hoo ſtil to' wize delights aſpires,
Seems too ſevere in curbing our dezires.
T'obey her mandates, dho it coſt ſom pain;
Howevver hard, we bles her charming reign.
Her verry rival, like a darken'd ſtar;
Envies her beams, widh revv'rence, from afar.
In Vertues nobel ſemblance Vice diſguiz'd,
Oft ſtrives to' ſoodh dhe ſoll ſhe haz ſurpriz'd.
Hwat long regrets, O Vertue ſtil ador'd,
Dhou lev'ſt a hart, hware dhou art not reſtor'd!
To' him, dhat hates dhee, iz dhy prezzence pain.
Return effulgent: let him quake again.
Dho Ritches fly dhee, and dho Fortune frown,
Dhy frend iz Pece, dhy foll'wer iz Renown.
Hooehr for dhee deſpizes pow'r or pelf,
Dhat happy man ſuffices to' himſelf.
But, hwen widhout dhee we wood liv content;
Intruding Vertue, hwy ſhoodſt dhou torment?
Hwy, by remorſe, dhus o'r us tyrrannize?
Hoo gave dhee right dhe guilty to' chaſtize?
Let us alone; no more ſo charming be:
May non be ezy, widhout lovving dhee?
Oh no: dhy prezzence, let us lov or hate;
Vil our deſpair, or our reward create.
Hoo dhen, grait God, can ehr miſtake dhee more?
Thro' all dhou ſpeak'ſt; but mens diſtracted lore

Hears

Hears not dhy voice, or heeds not hwat ſhe ſays.
To' us dhy wonders, hwile dhe world diſplays;
Charm'd widh dhe boons, dhou haſt on erth beſtow'd
Our eyes nehr trace dhe fountain hwence dhey flow'd
Stil ſom new maſter doz our harts eſtrainge;
For objects new, our ſolls ſtil reſtles rainge;
Hwile we remain, but far from dhee, away.
Hwat crime, hwat curſe haz led us dhus aſtray?
Ar, O my God, our woes widhout reſſoarſe?
Sound we dheir depth, aſcend we to' dheir ſoarce?
Now to' my eyes dhe ſcene ov man be free:
Him ſcann'd, I better ſhal contemplate Dhee.

RELIDGIO

RELIDGION.

Canto II.

'ROM erlieſt yooth in dhy bleſt ſtattutes bred,
By ſacred Faith to' ſollid Rezon led;
ulge, O Lord, dhat in poettic ſtrain
e ſtate I figgure, and dhe ſtile I fein,
a poor mortal, hoo in trubbels toſt,
w'rds Dhee explores dhe truith he long haz loſt.
Hwen firſt emerging, 'midſt alarms and fears,
' my moddhers cries repli'd by tears;
ter'd life, widh an eſcort ov pains,
walk dhe round, hware woe ſucceſſive reigns.
firſt days food I, in dhat ſtrainger, find;
ſels me, widh her milk, her venal mind.

Warm'd

Warm'd in her buzzom, in her arms careſt;
And ſenſeles long, to' all her zeal expreſt;
I, in a tardy ſmile, ſom hope convey'd:
My febel rezon now I firſt eſſay'd.
Struc widh dhe ſound ov words, on things intent;
I traits diſtinguiſht, and cood names accent.
I knew, I nam'd, I huggu'd my dear Pappah;
I herd, les plez'd, dhe voice ov good Mammah.
Correccion bact dhe unavailing nod:
Ov wofool maſters next I fear'd dhe rod.
From won dhe ſtory ov paſt ages flow'd;
And won, more loathſom, wood my memm'ry lo
Widh terms moaſt barb'rous, ov anoddher tung:
But time braught taſte, and fruit from lerning ſpru
Widh Eſkines, I felt dhe ſpeakers rage;
I red enraptur'd Homers eppic page.
Ov haples Dido now dhe woes I ſhar'd,
And oft her wauter'd pile my grief declar'd.
Widh childiſh things, my manly mind waz cloy'd
But waz her bent more ſollidly employ'd?
Widh truiths abſtruſe, ſomtimes ſublimely caught
I hop't to' pennetrate a Newtons thaught.
Somtimes a barren probblem I'd purſue,
And now *Deſcartes* hoal ſyſtem I o'rthrew.
New worlds, at my expence, aroze in air;
Quic, az Armida rear'd her caſtels dhare.
Eſtabbliſht fame, avail'd not, hwen I ſpoke:
Each aincient *vortex* vanniſht into' ſmoke.

y my anattomy a parted ray,
ow into' ſevv'n, waz ſubtiliz'd away.
o' firſt ov cullors, ſoar'd my daring ſight,
nd my bold calcule wood ſubject dhe light.
plezing dreams hwat time hav I miſpent,
n evv'ry ſcience, but myſelf intent!
t length my Mind recall'd her wand'ring ſenſe,
nd Reccolleccion moarn'd her neggligence.
o' know myſelf, my ardor now waz fir'd:
waz naught but pride, dhe prodject had inſpir'd.
fatal knollege! hwile I drag dhy chain,
ow oft I wiſh my ignorance again!
Dhat haples man I to' myſelf poartray,
oo, from a long repoze ſurpriz'd away,
holds an unknown ile offend hiz ſight;
vare dezzerts drear, and rocs on rocs affright.
embling he rizes; and, widh haggard eye,
rveys dhe objects, dhat ſtand ſtaring by.
on he nods aguen; now wakes wonce more,
r fardher dares dhe pathles wild explore.
ch waz my terror; ſoon az op'ning eyes,
d braiking Sleeps, perhaps offiſcious, ties;
w myſelf alone, widhout defence;
ſt in a corner ov dhe ſpace immenſe:
erth-worm vile, dhat erths ſole monnark reigns;
ch, void ov welth; at fredom, and in chains.
falſehood and uncertainty I ſtray,
en truiths purſuit becoms my fond eſſay.

Now dhe hoal world lifts up her voice to' me,
T' announce dhe Lord I ſeek: dhat Lord I ſee!
Now dhe hoal world, in ſilence deep diſgrac't,
Prezents my wand'ring eyes a dreary waſte.
Hwy comſt dhou, Nature, dhus my pece to' gall!
Or clearly ſpeak, or nevver ſpeak at all.
Aſk we no more, hware we no anſer find;
If our ambiſcion doo but maze our mind;
Be ours dhe erth: dhe erth for us waz made.
Ah! no: its plezzures pall, its flowers fade,
Not won allwages my devouring pain:
I wiſh, I win; and dhen I wiſh again.
Grait God, dhen guiv me boons, more wo
Dhee:
At leaſt, guiv ſuch, az may be wordhy me.
Hwat pride! 'tiz ſtriking dhus a jarring ſtring:
I'm firſt dhe vaineſt, dhen dhe vileſt thing;
And now a notthing am, and now a king.
Nor plez'd widh objects, hwich my zeal purſ
I lov myſelf alone, all elſe refuze;
Or, aught I ſeem to' lov, 'tiz ſtil for me;
And yet I hate me, hwen myſelf I ſee.
I cannot liv alone: thro' forrain ties,
I ſtrive to' pleze dhe perſons I deſpize.
Can dhen my mizz'ry (horrid to' advance!)
A gracious Maſters glory ehr enhance?
New joys he poſſibly rezervs for man,
Nor doz our prezzent ſtate complete hiz plan.

erths juſt Arbiter, I'v dhis recoarſe;
ſoll'd pece dhou pure and pregnant ſoarce!
hou, hoo ſe'ſt all things, hoom non can ſee!
cht widh dhy ſubjects woes hwen ſhalt dhou be?
u tender parent, hoo behold'ſt our fears;
ſt dhou for evver ſee dhy childrens tears?
no: I hope, and wil dhe hope embrace;
bounty deſtines us a better place.
ut how regain my glory? hwat'z dhe coſt?
can reſtore dhe blis, dhat I hav loſt?
ends or fellows ſhal I find it? Nay.
k, dhey'r gon! by deth dhey'r ſnatch'd away;
, ſtruc before myſelf, to' grave dhey go.
n ſhal join dhem: hware? I doo not know.
z it dhen true, and not a plezing dream?
ing ov terrors, hoo can ſoodh dhy theme?
ing ov terrors, can it evver be,
t our bleſt ſolls hav naught to' fear from dhee?
t, at dhe moment, hwich deprives ov day;
victims doo but chainge dheir place ov ſtay;
, at dhe inſtant, hwen dhy ſabel ſhade
boddy, in dhe deepeſt dark, haz laid;
t I ſhood liv! ſweet hope! expectance bleſt!
Widh hwat ambiſcion iz dhy pride pozeſt?
es dh'impious Wit: vain vapor, iz it dhine
xpect immortal glory, life divine?
chance we firſt wer form'd, by chance decay;
, like a fleeting ſhaddow, pas away.

Ye

Ye wretches, ſee dhe end ov yoor diſtres;
And, ye ambiſcious, now yoor hopes repres.
Deth poots an end to' all: all dies widh us.
Hwy, daſtard mortals, hwy dhen dred him dhus?
For, hwat ſo ſhocking doz a bier diſplay?
But lifeles aſhes, and unconſcious clay.
We find no more, or plezzure dhare, or pain.
Hoo can blaſpheme ſweet Reſts eternal reign?
Dhen plunge we dantles in dhis mute abode,
Hware Vice and Vertue beat won common road;
And, cultivating Plezzures lovly lore,
Let's glide into' dhe grave, and be no more.
So, now *Lucretius'* maſter (let's attend)
Uzurps dhe nobel name ov *Wizdoms Frend!*
Widh ſuttel ſopphiſtry dhe ſkeme defends,
Hwile Lucrece' ſelf dhe aid ov numbers lends.
Ov hevv'nly harmony unwordhy uſe!
Ov boath dheir pow'rs, behold dhe joint abuſe.
Dhat mind, O mortals, ye ſo highly prize,
Iz but a flame, dhat livs widh yoo, and dies.
Hwen by deep furrows unrelenting Age
Haz on dhe hiddeous brow impreſt her rage;
Hwen, widh dhe load ov days, dhe boddy bends;
Dhe blud its coarſe, az widh reluctance, ends:
Not prezzent objects clear, to' eyes o'rcaſt;
Dhe memry now no more retains dhe paſt.
Dhe febel nees no pow'r, no ſcience ſaves;
Dhe tung too falters, and dhe ſpirrit raves.

crazy frame diminniſhing each day;
dh equal pace I ſee dhe mind decay.
dying ſoll, now an unnurriſht beam,
ts, at ſom intervals, a gloomy gleam.
fate ov man! to' grave he ſinks a child,
aker dhan, in dhe cradel, ſuch he ſmil'd.
h, widh dhe fatal blow, dhe fabbric mines;
, in a ſigh, completes hiz dire deſigns.
hart congeals, devoid ov circling ſtore;
ſoll evapporates: dhe man'z no more.
ſoov'd by dhy ſong, if I dhy padhs purſue;
a too famous maſter, bard too true!
ſt henceforward ov my blisfool hope,
ke ov plezzure here my paltry ſcope;
ote dhe moments ov my rappid coarſe,
her, ov joys, ov lafs, ov lovs dhe ſoarce;
dhy dear deity, becom my guide,
o'r my life, az o'r dhy verſe, prezide.
if, hwen man haz run hiz mortal race,
aught but notthing haz at length t'embrace:
I taſte plezzures ov dhe prezzent ſtate,
febel ſoodhers ov impending fate?
fain woodſt chear me; but dhou ſink'ſt me low.
I liv joyous, in dhe midſt ov woe!
n e'n I hav not, hware my mind to' reſt,
widh enquiring, hware ſhe may be bleſt?
ys ſweet flud, a certain bitter ſprings;
faireſt flow'rs a ſecret thorn, dhat ſtings:

Kings,

Kings, ſubjects, all complain; e'n Eppicure,
Plezzures own orrator, declares it ſure.
Let him deſcant. Fair Rezon, com to' me:
I'l onely medditate, and lern widh dhee.
I think: dhat glorious light, dhat guides myt
My evv'ry mocion; nehr from matter ſprung.
I glimpſe my graitnes: dhis unwieldy frame
Iz not dhe all I am, dhe all I claim.
Hwen rapt in thaught I form ſublime dezires,
A nobler being, dhan my frame, inſpires.
In dhis ſame ſelf, by wondrous ties combin'd,
Two' beings oppozite at won I find:
Dhis, ov groce fleſh and blud, aſſemblage vile!
But dhat a beam ov God; hiz breth, hiz ſmile!
By links ſo ſecret, dhis bleſt pair alli'd,
Dheir deareſt int'reſts rarely can divide.
Dheir plezzures common, common ar dheir pai
Dhe ſoll, dhe boddy's guide, ſhood hold dhe re
But hwen, from cruel woes, dhe boddy feels;
Somtimes dhe ſolls juſt empire alſo reels.
Az, in a ſhatter'd hulk, dhe tackling loſt;
By tempeſts batter'd, and by billows toſt!
Dhe frighted pilot, maſter now no mo're,
Roars out in vain; dhe waves far louder roar;
Til, widh dhe ſailors, yielding to' dhe ſea,
He perriſhes: but ours from wrec iz free.
How ſhood he perriſh? ſince dhe fatal blow
Unlocs hiz chains, and guivs hiz ſprings to' go

being ſimpel, pure, naught can deſtroy;
or deth a triumph o'r dhe ſoll enjoy.
ut hwat! dhoze verry boddies, 'erth haz got;
uſt dhey to' naught return, becauz dhey rot?
r ar dhey loſt, becauz dhey diſappear?
om rez'ning minds, avant dhe idel fear!
all her chainges, Nature haz maintain'd
he pow'r ov keeping, hwat ſhe wonce haz gain'd.
vain, O ſublimating Alkymiſt!
hou, ritch in ſmoke, invok'ſt dhy Triſmegiſt:
hine art ſhal nevver aught annihilate.
hat ſalt dhou may'ſt diſſolv, evapporate;
ut lern dhe weaknes ov dhine airy trade:
o made dhat ſalt, dhat ſalt immortal made.
e onnor ov producing, doſt enjoy;
wen not dhe pow'r dhou prooveſt to' deſtroy?
grain ov ſalt or ſand ſhal deth defy;
d ſhal, hwat thinks widhin me, fear to' dy?
vat dhen'z dhat moment, hwen no life remains?
iz dhen dhe Soll her libberty regains:
e boddy, ſprung from duſt, rejoins dhe ſame;
e ſpirrit flies to' regions, hwence it came:
Hoo can diſpute it dhen, its birth divine?
at Spirrit, hoom not matters bonds confine;
en, fool ov its deſcent, it takes its flight;
d brings ſuch ritches, from dhe relms ov light!
are elſe, O Plato, lernedſt dhou to' ſoar?
Soccrates, hoo di'dſt for Vertues lore?

Deſcartes, hoo oft haſt rapt me up widh dhee;
Paſcal, hoom on dhe erth I ſcarce can ſee?
And ye, hoo fire us, widh yoor plezing rage;
Ye poets, hoo enchant each wond'ring age;
Virgil, hoom Homer taught dhe way to' fame;
Boileau, *Corneille*; and dhou I dare not name!
Yoor ſpirrits, wer dhey ſparks, dhat flaſh away;
Dhe rappid meteors ov a paſſing day?
O ye, hoos mighty names from deth ar free!
A partner ov yoor lot hwy cann't I be?
Ah! hwy corroded by dhis wild dezire,
Beyond my life, hwy ſhood my vows aſpire?
By ſhining works I labor to' diſſolv
Dhat night, hware envious time wood me involv.
Dhe breth ov future ages fans me near:
Hwat dhey ſhal ſay ov me, I hope or fear.
I'd be eternal: in dhe fond deſign,
I lern dhat immortallity iz mine.
Each good dhat perriſhes, my pow'rs diſown:
Grait GOD! to' fil my ſoll, iz dhine alone.
If to' a moments joys I bound my thaught,
Waz't for dhat moment, I waz call'd from naugh
If dethles glory be in vain my hope,
How hav my facculties no oddher ſcope?
Hwen, on dhis wretched erth, I ſee widh pain
Meek vertue groaning under ſorrows reign;
A gracious Lord I ken, in dhe diſtres;
And order, in diſorder, I confes.

Hwa

vatehr he now permits, he wil repair;
d bids man hope a happier ſtate to' ſhare.
s: for anoddher day, dhe righteous Sire
tains hiz goodnes, and rezervs hiz ire.
Dhe fabling poets, ſtil widh ficcion fraught,
ſt—in dheir ſongs, yoo'l ſay, dheze tenets taught;
d, ſoon az Grece, replete widh Homers name,
, ov dhe gloomy reign, admir'd dhe fame;
pepel, frighted widh dhe furies' noiz,
r ſoodh'd widh ſonnets ov Elyzziums joys.
ire Pluto waz dheir work: dhey made to' reel
n erſt, extended on hiz hweel!
Stydgian ſtream, dhat flow'd at dheir command,
t dhe blac dungeons ov dhe ninefold land.
Tantalus waz dheir deluded ſlave,
vainly coarted dhe retiring wave.
Minos' urn, and hiz ſevere decrees,
y made dhe verry ſolls ov men to' freze;
herd a wretched goaſt, widh rufool tone,
up to' hevv'n and erth its pitteous moan:
l dhe pangs I feel, and righteous rods;
lern, O mortals, to' revere dhe Gods!
dhoze bold foargers ov impoartant lies
ſound, ov doſcile hearers, freſh ſupplies;
nout dhat voice, more pow'rfool far dhan dheirs,
h, from dhe harts reces, to' man declares,
dge awaits us, hoos imparſial hand
v'ry deed ſhal waiv dhe dred command?

Dhe innocent no more ſhal be deplor'd;
Let's hope and ſuffer: all ſhal be reſtor'd.
In hopes ov vengeance, Soccrates we ſee
Submit to' hiz baſe contry's dire decree,
Proſcrib'd unjuſtly; dhen content expire;
And to' hiz lateſt moment ſhood admire,
Did he not name, hwat I regret to' ſay;
Dhe victim he to' Eſculap wood pay:
How weak dhe ſtrongueſt mind! how apt to' ſtray!
Hwat doo I talk? no wonder if my own,
Widh nobler minds az far aſtray haz flown.
Dhy pompous prommiſes ov endles life,
O Rezon, widh my faith ar ſtil at ſtrife.
How now! dhat darkling Soll, ſo apt to' dream!
Ov dhe Divinnity, iz dhat a beam?
All-glorious God! doſt own dhat immage dhine
Iz man dhy work, Artifficer divine?
Widhin a boddy's bonds, 'tiz true, I'm pent;
But ov hwat crime iz dhis dhe punniſhment?
I knew no guilt, hwen firſt I felt my woe:
'Tiz riddel all! and muſt it ſtil be ſo?
Hwat hav I don? O pittying Rezon, ſay.
Alas! dhou'rt mute; nor dain'ſt to' be my ſtay.
Dhen, hwat iz man, from men dhemſelvs I'd k
Hwence he iz com, and hwiddher he muſt go.
Unmoov'd by my complaints, I ſee dhem all
Fly to' amuzements, hwich dheir works dhey c

hey rear, demolliſh; dhey intregue, dhey ſkeme;
ey heap up writings, a bewitching theme!
on mad widh verſe (vain fruit ov blisfool eze!)
lievs God made him, onely words to' teze.
oddher ſagely ſits, to' hear our cauz;
d dictates an eternal round ov laws.
undred times, I own, I'v been inclin'd,
e dhem, my mizz'ries to' expel my mind;
d riſking, widhout pain, my haples ſoll,
pect my fate from Chances wild controll.
n, I'v been told, to' ſevver right from wrong,
erned lezzure medditated long.
eir lucubracions Grecia's fame complete;
Atthens' ſcool fair Wizdom fixt her ſeat.
' bid dhis ſcene ſtand foarth, widh due command;
or a Tiſcians, or a Raphaels hand!
Ye heroes fam'd, ye revv'rend ſages, hail!
hwat! can diſcord 'mongſt dhe wize prevail?
m maſters mutually divided, ſpring
ided followers, in name and thing.
oze follies make poor Heraclitus cry,
ich lafter to' Democcritus ſupply.
to' our woes, hwat ſalv doo dhey impart?
dhey dhe cauz, and doo dhey heal dhe hart?
hou, hoo ſaught'ſt for light amid dhe glooms
Deths domain, hwat ſay dhe ſilent toombs?
he attoms wand'ring in a boundles waſte,
lining from dheir coarſe, by Chance embrac't.

Uneven hardneſſes widh eze combin'd,
And Nature found, in Chance, a parent kind.
Dhe eye below dhe brow transfixt its cel,
Dhe arms on edher ſide began to' dwel.
Erth harden'd happily beneath our feet:
Dhe univerſe aroze, az boddies meet.
And, ſtrainger ſtil! if ſtrainger Chance cood doo
Free, thinking, beings wet her ofspring too."
Dhy fame, Hippoccrates; dhy pitty more
Claims all dhy art, hiz rezon to' reſtore.
To' Wauter, genn'ral ſoarce, hear Thales call!
Hwile Anaximmenes cries, Air made all.
'Twaz Fire, dhe weeping ſage eſſays to' proov,
Gave infant Univerſes ſprings to' moov.
Pyrro found notthing certain, but hiz dout:
For fear ov error, he wood take no rout.
Senſeles to' life or deth, he nedher knows,
Hweddher he wakes or ſleeps, or ſtands or goes;
And, mid dh'impettuous ſtorm, dhe lazy dog
Iz wel exampled in dhe ſtupid hog.
Ov cloke and wallet proud, yon haughty ſoll
Teaches dhe taſk ov life, a tun to' roll.
Yes; light in hand, dhe ſnarling ſage I ſpy:
He ſeeks a man, and iz dhe fool I fly.
Sure 'tiz enuf, dhoze two' bright orbs to' ve
Say, Anaxaggoras, hoo made dhem yoo?
But hwat ſweet voice enchants my ravviſht ear;
Hwile Eppicure in gardens ſlumbers here?

wat crouds ov vot'ries con dheir leſſons keen,
eze extended on dhe downy green!
ſte, haſte, ye wretches, dhis yoor life t'enjoy;
ſt, az dhe fatal ſiſter to' deſtroy!
' naught her cizzars bring yoo, and yoor lore:
ic, ſnatch dhis moment, by won plezzure more.
or ſtub born rival, pale in gloom profound,
kes, widh big words, dhe Poartico rezound.
voice and vertue almoaſt turn my brain.
e him, I cannot ſmile amid my pain:
re to' deem it and declare it woe,
yet dhe gout compel to' feel it ſo.
Acaddemy, by Plato's voice ſerene,
w diſſipates in me, old Zeno's ſpleen.
how on Plato's ſelf ſhal I repoze,
s verry maſter boaſts, he notthing knows?
ventures notthing, doutfool hware t'abide:
ſtops, he hezzitates, wil nehr decide.
om faint truiths, he hardly can conſole:
outs, he hezzitates; he damps my ſoll.
hiz diſcipel leves him, jellous, vain;
es, and wood hav me to' ſwel hiz train.
anxious man, ov dh'awfool future day
t Allexanders maſter naught wil ſay.
t doo hiz ſkil or morrals ſignify,
dhout hopes bleſt beam, he let me dy?
om dhe tedious retors Grecia boaſts,
Myſtic calls me to' Italian coaſts.

Deth, if we creddit him, ſhood nehr appall:
We doo but chainge, we nevver dy at all;
And man and beaſt, by an agrement ſtrainge,
Ov ſolls reſpective make an od exchainge.
From jail to' jail, confin'd by turns dhey ſtray;
And onely looz dhe light, to' find dhe day.
Sad immortallity! poor reccompence
Ov ſo much ſilence, and ſuch abſtinence!
Philoſſophers! ye janglers, ſtil contend:
An ear, too long, I to' yoor errors lend.
Stunn'd widh yoor pompous words, dhat dazzel foo
More vext dhan evver, I depart yoor ſcools.
Ye prommiſe marvels: from each mighty name,
I evv'ry thing expected; notthing came.
Ariſto's ſon alone I muſt revere:
He, foe to' falſehood, bids me falſehood fear.
He trembels, az he goes; and, tow'rds dhe truth
I feel hiz caucion guide my erring yooth.
A bleſt futurity, from him I lern;
And, ov a gracious GOD, dhe pow'r diſcern.
But, if he lov me; in diſorder wild,
Hwy lets he languiſh hiz unhappy child?
Hwy ov ſuch onnor, and ſo much diſgrace,
In me dhe motley mixture doo I trace?
Each lovving fahdher, ov like welth and worth,
Enritches dhoze, to' hoom he gave dheir birth:
Dhe Being evver bleſt, hiz work muſt bles;
And conſcious lov embrace its immages.

We'r punniſht: but haz he expounded hwy
Dhe erth an exile iz, an exile I?
Hwat am I? But alas! dhe more I'd know,
More pain and anguiſh in my buzzom glow.
Hwat am I? hoo can ſolv dhis dout to' me?
Dhare, Plato; dhare'z a queſtion wordhy dhee!
But Plato ſpeaks not; or, I hear him own
Dhe need ov a ſupreme, oracc'lar throne.
If Plato ſpeak not, hoo ſhal be my aid?
I ſtil muſt wander in dhe dizmal ſhade.
In dhis thic cloud hwat flamboe ſhal I find?
From dhis dark labbyrinth hwat clue ſhal wind?
Hoo ſhal unloc dhe horrid caos dhare?
My hart iz loſt in madnes and deſpair.
Doom'd to' ſelf-ignorance! how hard dhe fate!
Me raddher pittying Deth annihilate!
Dhy riggor, Hevv'n, I on my nees dezire;
Vouchſafe to' cruſh dhe object ov dhine ire.
Ye mountains, covver me; Erth, ope dhy jaws:
If I am fauty, ſwallow all my flaws.
For evver blaſted be dhe haples morn,
Hwen to' my ſire dhey ſaid: *a ſon iz born!*

Ov dhis my cruel ſtate, hwen I deſpair;
To' ſeek a God, widh Plato iz my care.
Hern an aincient race e'n yet retains
Hevv'n-endited book; in holy ſtrains.

If dhis be true, I fly. But oh! hwat rout?
Hwat pepel, or hwat book? how find dhem out?
If God hav ſpoke, I can no longuer dout.
Seeking dhis Gods own law, on evv'ry ſide;
Among ſo manny men, I find no guide.
Dhey'r ſunk in eze, alas! unwordhy brutes;
Or plung'd in no les frivvolous purſuits.
Dheir prezzent plezzure iz dheir ſole affair;
Dheir graiteſt int'reſt iz dheir ſmalleſt care.
Montagne amuzes widh hiz liſtles dream;
And dwels, ſuſpended on dhe doutfool beam.
It iz hot to' dhe goal, dhat *Bayle* wood go:
'Tiz dh'obſtakel he lovs, and not to' know.
For dhee, vile author ov a gloomy ſkeme,
Hoo, ov dhe hoal, woodſt form dhe Won Supreme;
Hoo dazling, widh big words, dim-ſighted eyes,
Annihilat'ſt dhe God dhou guivſt to' rize;
Wrapt in dhy clouds impennetrabel gloom,
Secure from me, dhou may'ſt pozes dhy toomb.
To' ſound dhe depth ov dhine obſcurity,
Dhy foll'wers bold ſhal place dheir pride for me;
And jellous ov hwat I ſhal nehr conteſt,
Diſpute dhe glory, hoo conceivs dhee beſt.
But les bewild'ring ar dhe deiſts boaſts:
Content widh Rezon, he nehr quits dhe coaſts;
She hiz ſole pilot, hers hiz onely light.
Open dhine eyes, ingrate; and know her right;

or dream dhat Rezon lightens onely dhee:
hou ſoon to' Faith ſhalt ſee her carry me.
o' hail dhe op'ning day, ſhe calls my pride;
d teaches me to' ſeek a better guide.
w, to' Rezon, a Relidgions lore;
d now, widh Rezon, wil her frend explore.

RELIDGION.

Canto III.

HOLY Relidgion, hail! in all dhy charms,
More pow'rfool far, dhan ehr dhe Rom
arms!
Dhy milder, and no les extended ſway,
Commands mine eyes, attentive to' obey.
Dhy rebbel-ſons, in error loſt, agree
To' own dhy God, aldho dhey fled from dhee.
Dhe north iz Chriſtian; and dhe eaſtern coaſts
Ar ſown widh men, hoo each dhis titel boaſts.
I hear dhe Ottoman, widh ſoard in hand,
Bid dhat ov Muſulman dhy name widhſtand.
Methinks, widh hoaſts, in marſial horrors hurl'd,
Dhe Chriſt and Mahomet divide dhe world.

But Mecca's famous fugitive in vain
Enthralls dhe eaſt, in hiz capriſcious chain;
Or, near dhe toomb, dhe proud Medina's truſt,
Turks, Arrabs, Perſians, umbly kis dhe duſt.
Dhat dredded book, hwich guivs dhe turban law,
And makes dhe ſultan eye dhe ſe'r widh aw;
Endited to' dhe propphet by dhe dov,
Declares him, but dhe ſeccond from abov;
And dhat dhe firſt Meſſiah, long before,
Came loſt mankinds true graitnes to' reſtore.
Dhe rival to' dhe God ov Chriſtian pray'rs,
Himſelf doz ommage to' dhe name he dares.
Dhee, Chriſtian, I admire; to' dhee return:
Doath hemmiſpheres widh dhy bleſt ardors burn!
Doſt dhou pozes dhe orrakels divine?
Inſtruct me, hwat relidgion dhen iz dhine.
If to' her truith dhy wize purſuit wood tend,
To' her anticquity doo but aſcend.
Her birth and age, dhou might'ſt from ſtory ſcan,
Her progreſſion wer dhe work ov man.
Widh univerſe ſhe draws her date ſublime:
Von bounteous day gave birth to' her and time.
Man, ſprung from naught, ſcarce enter'd errors road,
Wen guiltles blud for him alreddy flow'd.
My archives, human annals, yet divine,
Com dhe firſt pepels hands, hav paſt to' mine:
Wen Hevv'n vouchſaf't, hoo men widh pitty ſaw,
A book ſhood trezzure its eternal law;

To'

To' Izr'els ſons, belovv'd ov God, and brave;
Dhis high depozzit hevv'nly Moſes gave.
Hiz ſeed prezerv'd dhe erritage begun,
Hwich now each ſire tranſmitted to' hiz ſon.
In dhis bleſt book, by dhem widh revv'rence ſeen,
Dhe verry tale ov words haz ſacred been.
Dhey trembel, leſt a bold and impious hand
Shood chainge a letter ov dheir dred command:
Dhat law, hwich, ov dheir long and ruithles woes,
Sets foarth dhe juſt foundacion to' dheir foes.
T'announce dhe juſtice ov dheir vengefool God,
Dhey bair about dhe ſentence ov hiz rod:
Widhout or citties, kings, or holy place;
Vanquiſht and vaggabond, mankinds diſgrace.
Nor need'ſt dhou ov dheir ils dhe cauz demand:
Go, read dhe book dhat ſhows it, in dheir hand.
Dhare ſhalt dhou trace dhe pepel, dhare ſhalt ſee,
Hwat wonce dhey wer, and hwat dhey wonce muſt b
I ſtop; and, wond'ring at a ſcene ſo new,
Dhis pepel, or dhis mirrakel I vew.
Sprung from a blud, hwich nehr haz known an end
And, widh a forrain blud, cood nevver blend;
All Jacobs ſons won grait forefahdher own;
Az breddhren linkt, dho loſt in lands unknown.
Dhe ſame relidgion, lawguivver dhe ſame;
Dhey vennerate all won grait Authors name:
And all dhoze wretches o'r dhe world we ſee,
Make won diſperſt and wand'ring fammily.

vain, dh' Aſſyrrians, Medes, we now explore;
e Parthians, Punics, Romans, ar no more.
nd hware, proud Sarracen, iz now dhy fame?
v dhee hwat yet remains? an empty name.
hoze ſtate-deſtroyers time-deſtroy'd hav been,
nd erth a hundred times new ſons haz ſeen;
wile won poor race, hoom evv'ry race diſdains,
rſiſts to' ſhow its mizz'rabel remains.
Hwat vallue we, ſay dhey, yoor cruel gibes;
Abrams GOD immortalize our tribes?
o, no. Dhe livving GOD, hoos words remain,
az ſwor'n: hiz oath ſhal not be ſwor'n in vain.
he ſollemn covvenant he haz not tore,
wich he to' Izr'el gave in days ov yore:
on hiz happy ſons *a ſtar ſhal ſhine*,
d foarth ſhal ſpring a chief ov Jacobs line.
GOD forgot, dho we may ſeem to' ſom;
e evver hope for Him, hoo iz to' com.
nid our laſting woes, ſtil faith inſpires:]
e wait dhe king, expected by our ſires.
'impoartant day to' dhem announc't (no dout)
od ſhine on us; and now its term iz out:
t let's beware, interpreters too bold,
calculating times, by propphets told.
rſt be dhe man, hoo haz to' count aſpir'd
e days ſo oft foretold, ſo long expir'd!
t dhat dhe Lord repents, or can be wrong.
, if our expectacion he prolong;

How,

How, widh a maſter, ſhal a ſlave contend?
Yet to' dhis bold attempt ye dare pretend,
Ye Chriſtians, jellous ov our happines;
Hoo think, our prommiſt object ye pozes.
Ah! widh hwat ardor, had dhat Lord appear'd,
Had hiz bleſt banner all hiz pepel chear'd!
Beneadh hiz arms, how he wood make yoo groan;
And pay, widh intereſt, our laſting moan!
Dhus dhe ſelf-blinded Jews: but hwat believ?
Nor crime, nor punniſhment, can I conceiv.
Dheir king hevv'n prommiſt, if he cann't deſcen
If dhen hiz term'z elapſt, hwy ſtil attend?
Dhey evver wil; dhe orrakel'z pronounc't:
Wrapt in dhe dark'ning vail, ſo oft denounc't.
Ov dhat fam'd vollumes aincient authors dhen
GOD, hoo alone knows times, haz led dhe pen.
Dhat book iz doutles ſacred, hware I ſee
So manny propphecies foolfill'd to' me.
I hencefoarth ſhal revere its truith divine,
And dhare inveſtigate Relidgions line.
I open, and am widh dhe blaze repell'd;
Hwen man, ſcarce made, hiz madjeſty beheld;
Beheld, but cood not ſo much glory bair;
Hiz glory proov'd hiz ſhame: for pride waz d
Dhe tempting aingel made him quicly yield;
He loſt hiz titels to' dhe blisfool field;
Titels tranſmiſſive are dhe fatal fall:
But ſovv'rain juſtice now revok't dhem all.

Dh

h'unchaing'd decree, ov an eternal woe,
ad fixt dhe gloomy aingels fate below.
uilty like him, dho yet les wretched far,
wen natures hoaſts combin'd our blis to' bar;
an herd dhe plezing ſound ov future grace;
nd, in hiz verry doom, cood mercy trace.
ow flows, from age to' age, hwat dhen began;
he glorious theme ov reeſtabliſht man;
nd hiz reſtorer, dhen az now, we find,
r ſignifi'd or ſent, unites mankind.
Dhis wondrous book dhe wondrous ſecret ſhows,
o' Plato and to' me, ov all our woes.
ine eyes ar open, and dhe clouds diſperſe:
ee dhe blight, dhat blaſts dhe univerſe.
uilt I ſee enter with her wofool train,
myſt'ry to' myſelf no more remain:
he knot unties; and now dhe beams, dhat light,
v dhis dark caos hav diſpell'd dhe night.
But, can dhe guiltles babe inherrit pain?
his dout, alas! brings on dhe cloud again,
Jonce more iz caos, all dhat I can ſee:
OD, man, and univerſe ar dark to' me.
t, I believ; dhat inſtant all iz light:
OD, man, and univerſe emerge to' ſight.
he work, disfiggur'd now, waz perfet made:
an we how far deluded man haz ſtray'd.
e guilty fahdher ov a banniſht band,
idh helples wretches fils a curſed land:

To'

To' lengthen days, conſign'd to' conſtant ſmarts,
Spring daughters ov our woes, dhe ſiſter-arts.
Dhe branch obeys dhē ſevv'ring arm, and cracs;
Dhen, faſcion'd by dhe ſteel, prolongs dhe ax.
Reluctant now, it hears dh'inhuman call;
Firſt mines, dhen makes its parent-tree to' fall.
Dhe dancing ſpindel waits dhe fairs command;
Hwile weightier weppons own a weightier hand.
Widh blows on blows, dhe anvil groans; I hear!
Dhe file corrodes dhe ſteel, and grates my ear.
A licquid ſtops dhe travvellers retreat:
To' watled wood he truſts hiz timmid feet.
Widhheld by ſeas, by ſtronguer int'reſt toſt,
He pooſhes trembling; and dhe flud iz croſt.
Anon dhey dare to' tempt dhe varying gales;
And, on dhe deep, expand dheir ampel ſails.
Are yet dhey'r doom'd to' nead dheir bred widh pain
Widh manny a ſigh dhey bruze dhe lab'ring grain
A flowing fountain, or a bredhing wind,
Affoards dheir febel arms relief, we find;
But dheze bleſt aids, ſo obvious hwen dhey'r told,
Shal not be known, until dhe world be old.
Man, born to' bair hwat ignorance ſhal lay,
Hwence draw'ſt dhine arrogance? blind mortal, ſay
Hwile need, hwile induſtry, hwile time imparts,
Each its reſpective pow'r, t'improov dhe arts;

Dhe crimes beſpawn'd by pride, dhe worlds worſt foe,
Guiv ſteel to' glitter, and make blud to' flow.
Dhe firſt dhat fill'd dhe drunken fields widh dred,
Waz dhat, alas! a broddhers fury ſhed.
Dhe miſcreants, falling dhen from bad to' worſe,
Dar'd hevv'n to' ſmite dhem widh a genral curſe;
Til, ſlow t'inflict, nor daining more to' brook,
Dheir mighty maſter ſignal vengeance took.
Hevv'ns windows ope: an inundacion pours,
On erths proud face, and her enormous tow'rs.
Von ſe'r finds grace: hoo quicly ſhal reſtore
New pepel to' dhe new-appearing ſhore.
Erth viggorous no more, for mortals uſe,
Ov all her fruits haz loſt dhe genial juce.
Wy deth he now muſt liv, thrice-wretched man!
Fleſh turn'd hiz cruel food, hiz days a ſpan!
Dhe fabling poets, hoos audacious art
To' true and falſe won cullor can impart,
Wans diſregard ov total ficcion fear'd;
So fab'lous tales on faithfool reccords rear'd;
And, idel ears dhe better to' content,
Caught dheir firſt marvels in each grand event.
Hence dhoze fam'd times, dhey ſtil regret widh rage;
Fild *Rea's* empire, and dhe goolden age;
Ware, widhout need ov law, or dred ov chain,
Fair Vertues lore bade ſacred Juſtice reign.

Bleſt

Bleſt age ov goold! ſince dhis dhy name renown'd:
Age far more bleſt, hware goold waz nevver found
Hware temp'rate man made each dezire hiz ſlave;
Contented widh dhe bounties nature gave.
Dhen gentel deth approacht widh lingu'ring pace;
Man nedher coarted, nor abhorr'd hiz face:
Til, tir'd widh ſpoiling oaks ov fatt'ning fruit,
He tri'd dhe iron on dhe timmid brute.
Dhe hwizzing ſhaft dhe rappid bird purſu'd;
Dhe guiltles lamb hiz guilty hand imbru'd.
To' blud enur'd, and ceſing quite to' feel;
Againſt himſelf he turn'd dhe fatal ſteel.
And now, widh crimes, dhe erth waz covver'd o'r
Hwen a dire delluge drown'd dhe guilty ſhore.
Stil evv'ry thing recalls dhis grait event:
Truith, ficcion, phyzzics join widh won conſent.
Dhus, to' dhe Hebrews' book, all ommage pays:
Hwich fabel fain wood ape, her fame to' raiz.
But leve we fabel, in her coarſe to' ſtray;
And trace we truith, in her unerring way.
Erth rears her oozy hed; and ſees around
Fruits, men and arts appear, no longuer drown'd.
All now revives: our woes and crimes invade,
Aſſembling men firſt ſeek dhe nodding ſhade.
But fear ſoon bids to' ſafer azzyls tend:
Down ſink dhe ditches, and dhe tow'rs aſcend.
Againſt each oddhers, each now takes hiz way:
Dhey ſap, ſubvert; dhey plunder, and dhey ſlay.

Jnjuſt and cruel man, ov naught affraid!
loom e'n dhy GOD repenteth to' hav made!
Vretch! hoos ſhort ſpan iz ſhorten'd in dhe land;
Iwy gleams dhe iron in dhy murd'ring hand!
laz hevv'n ſtil left dhee too grait length ov days?
lwat int'reſt moovs to' ern dhe warriors praiz?
ll equal, all ſupreme, dhe erth controll:
y naught pozeſſing, all pozes dhe hoal.
bis field'z my propperty, dhis canton mine.
bat brook, from me dhou'lt foarce it, if 'tiz dhine.
, thro' dhy grounds, it ſaught its winding way;
lwy may it not in mine az fondly ſtray?
booſh iz now uzurpt, now ſtorm'd a tree:
king, a conk'ror, wil dhe victor be.
e bends dhat rivver thro' hiz vaſt domain;
nd now yon diſtant mountain bounds hiz reign.
o! Allexander brave, bravo no more,
ounds a vaſt empire on dh' unbounded ſhore.
n upſtart ſway alarms hiz fool-blown pow'r;
low nacions, kingdoms own dheir infant our.
rth vews huge potentates on evv'ry ſide;
oo, into' haughty ſtates, her dirt divide:
nd now, prepar'd for madjeſty, ſhe ſees
hrones, purpels, pallaces; crowns, ſcepters, nees.
But, hwen, by violence, dheir right iz got;
he right ov hevv'n o'r dhem becoms forgot.
lan ſeeking GOD, hoos memmory expires;
inds him, he thinks, in all dhat he admires.

Dhus,

Dhus, from yon ſtar, hwich beams each morn
Hiz deſtiny he waits, az wel az light.
Ov dheze ded fires, dhat roll o'r ſea and land,
Dhe trembling nacions victories demand.
For guifts a fellow-genius can impart,
Dhey hail dhe author ov each uſefool art.
At her Oſiris' feet ſee Egypt low!
In vain a monnument hiz duſt can ſhow.
A coarſe-cut ſtone we ſee ſupply hiz place:
A rotting trunk becoms a God widh grace!
In howling attitude, Anubis' buſt
Makes dhe wize pepel, umbly lic dhe duſt.
Relentles Ammons horrors now deter:
Dhe prieſt, dhe pious execucioner,
In form aſſwages barb'rous Molocs ire;
Widh blud ov ſon, and widh dhe tears ov ſire.
Faſt by dhis guilty god, anoddher ſtands;
Onnor'd by vile, impure, inceſtuous hands:
Kemoſh, hoo gluts groce Moabs victims down,
To' hiz adorers makes dheir crimes renown.
Hwat groans, hwat dolefool cries offend mine ears
Sidonian maids Adonis hail widh tears.
Hiz charms wer ſnapt by ſaccrilegious tooth:
Each year reminds to' moarn dhe lovly yooth.
And dhee, lern'd Grece! ſhal dheze mad griefs de-
lude?
Shalt dhou commix dhy tears widh nacions rude?

at croud ov gods, hoom Egypts ſons ador'd,
al not ſuffice dhee; new muſt be implor'd,
om dhou'lt widh immortallity endow:
neadh a hevvy hevv'n ſhal Atlas bow.
mphs, fawns, and ſilvan deities abound;
' pepel mountains, woods, and waves around.
ch tree ſhal hav its own: dhe Romans too,
vanquiſht maſters, ſhal dhe ſlaves renew!
l lavviſh, widhout end, celeſtial reign
emp'rors, fav'rites; an eternal train.
y, by dhe ſennates uncontroll'd decree,
tinnous' ſelf dhe bleſt abodes ſhal ſee!
teſted wretches ſhal be ſu'd for nods,
d men becom les common dhan dhe gods!
How grait dhy glory, erth! hwat days ov light,
e godhed ſo familliar to' dhy ſight!
k we, widh pence in hand, its altars dhen:
anſer'z reddy to' dhe leaſt ov men.
Delphi, and in Delos it abides;
Affrics ſands, it evv'ry our decides.
to' Dodona let us hy, like ſom;
, from a propphet-oak, lern things to' com.
at boots to' aſk dhem, if non can explain!
hwat to' know dhem, if to' ſhun be vain?
ils we fear, hwy make a certain ſcope?
ertainty, at leaſt, indulges hope.
atters not: dhe fate dhe hevv'ns prepare,
our impacience, dhey muſt needs declare.

And,

And, if a boollocs hart dhe ſkil deny;
To' flight ov birds, az rappidly we fly.
Athenian wizdom! Roman gravvity!
O madding rezon ov humannity!
Hwen God no more enlights, hware doſt dhou ſtr
To' umbel Hebrews GOD vouchſafes hiz ray.
From genral wrec dhis ſinguel corner'z free;
'Twaz God, hoo ſaid: dhis corner ſav'd ſhal
Dhe ellements, inverted, own hiz voice:
Obedient Nature quits dhoze laws by choice,
Hwich, on dhe worlds firſt day, her author gave;
But hwich hiz ſovv'rain wil, at wil, can waiv
Dhat faithfool pepel, ſtil widh wonders fraught,
Ov all dhe wonders hevv'n for it haz wraught;
In ſollemn feaſts, dhe memmory retains:
I too cood trace dhe ſtory in my ſtrains.
Dhare yoo ſhood ſee dhe ſea her jaws divide,
Dhe rocs relenting into' rivvers glide;
Dhe frighted fluds remounting to' dheir ſoarce.
And days bright ſtar, arreſted in hiz coarſe.
But, ſtruc at wonce widh glory and ſurprize,
Hwich holy propphets pour before my eyes;
Hware mirrakels, ſurrounding, ceſe t'appall;
I wil not ſtay, but at dhe firſt ov all.
Hwen hevv'n to' length ov days, and reſt
found,
Hware fertile fields and fruitfool flocs abound,

Appear'd t'exalt dhe higheſt human hopes;
We ſee, ambiſcious ov far nobler ſcopes,
Men, fool ov God, by hoom dhey ar inſpir'd,
Wand'ring in ſkinny coats, from towns retir'd.
Yet dhoze ſomtimes dhey ſeek, to' find a toomb;
And ſtern denounce dh'impending dredfool doom.
To' danted kings dhey dain t'addres dheir theme,
Az ſent from Him, ov ſovv'rains dhe ſupreme:
Expell'd, ſad objects ov reproach and hate;
Expoz'd to' all, dhat men call wretched fate;
By engines tortur'd, overhwelm'd widh chains;
In dungeons berried, hware thic darknes reigns;
Contented, all and more to' undergo;
To' glut dheir ardor, widh dhe bred ov woe.
Ov ſuch exalted mortals, land indign!
Dhey oft announce, dhat GOD *ſhal ſpurn hiz vine;*
Dhat a new erth ſhal feel, new hevv'n ſhal ſee,
Dhe wolf and lamb in ſpoartive harmony;
Dhat GOD, *no longuer plez'd widh boollocs gore;*
Commanding ſuch poor ſaccrifice no more,
Dh' immacc'late hoaſt ſhal evverihware behold,
And teeming erth her preſcious bud unfold.
O Zions holy Won, hoom iles attend,
Reddy all around dhe rays reſplend.
Az matchles glories now eclipſe dhe day,
Dhen, by anoddher object call'd away,
Dhe Holy Won dheir eyes no more confes;
Hiz form and luſter loſt in hiz diſtres.

By hevv'n afflicted, and forlor'n ov frends,
Beneath dhe load ov human crimes he bends:
Unſollac't, undezir'd, unrevv'renc't dhen,
Dhe man ov ſorrows, and dhe laſt ov men!
Widh miſcreants bound, ov crimminals az hed;
And, like a pecefool lamb, to' ſlaughter led!
Hoo, but dhe God, hoo times and ſezons ſhows;
Cood, to' dheir eyes, dhoze diff'rent ſcenes diſcloze
We'r taught to' hope and fear (if contraſt od!)
Dhe wond'rous prince ov pece, dhe mighty God!
Lo! ſuppliant kings ſurround hiz ſacred ſeat;
Hiz vanquiſht foes ly trembling at hiz feet:
Hiz reign o'r genneracions ſhal extend.
But now dhe glory'z gon, dhat knew no end.
See *fool ov wounds* (dhe blisfool ſcene reverſt),
Dhe dying ſhepherd ov a floc diſperſt!
Beholding him, dhéir cruel hands hav bor'd,
A pepel ſtruc into' a ſtate deplor'd.
Far fewer tears bewail an onely ſon,
Dhey beat dheir breſts: dhe nacion iz undon.
Him, hoom dhe royal ſe'r confeſt afar,
Sprung from dhe Fahdher, are dhe morning-ſtar;
More wize, more bleſt, more grait dhan Sollom
In horrid torments, he deplores anon.
Dhou wondrous captive ov proud Babels lord,
Dhy God a myſt'ry calls dhee to' record.
To' hiz bleſt Son, exalted to' hiz throne,
He guivs unbounded ſway; to' him alone.

nd now behold a widely-diff'ring ſcene:
hat bleſſed Son a ſaccrifice iz ſeen!
he Chriſt iz ſlain, dhe holy place forlor'n:
he high-prieſt rolling, widh hiz veſtments tor'n!
rec ſwallows all; dhe ſacred altar falls:
he tempel totters on her trembling walls.
he ſelf-ſame captive ſees dhe conk'rors pas
heir round in goold, in ſilver, ir'n and bras;
holds dheir haughty empires born and dy;
es Babbylon beneath dhe Perſian ly.
rait Allexander lays dhe victors low:
om umbels *Grece*, and beats dhe Perſian foe.
l human pow'r ſhal bend beneadh her yoke;
e bruzing hammer ſhal itſelf be broke:
d, from her ruins, petty pow'rs ſhal rize,
won no more to' dare dhe rivall'd ſkies.
z not enuf dheze marvels to' unfold,
ich ſe'rs unnumber'd in dheir ſongs foretold.
teems widh Gods deſign, ſo grait, ſo rare!
nſelf appears by moddels to' prepare.
immages he ſhows it evv'ry our;
d plans hiz work by firſt eſſays ov pow'r.
fatal pile, he ſays, let tender'ſt hand
duct dhe ſon, hoo waits dhe ſires command.
re let dhe willing ſaccrifice be bound,
no les willing prieſt, no les renown'd;
ſt to' immolate, az unappall'd,
ond to' hold hiz hand, hwen Aingel call'd.

Let dhe belovved ſon, to' ſlavery ſold,
Emerge from pit, to' glory uncontroll'd;
By forrain citties fear'd, belovv'd, ador'd;
At length, by traitor-breddhrens need, explor'd.
Let á lambs blud inſpire widh holy aw,
Dh' exterminating aingel to' widhdraw:
Ov all dhe hainous houſes, doom'd to' fall,
Be no won ſpar'd, widhout a ſprinkled wall!
A lifeles ſign ſhal annimacion guiv:
By won bleſt glance dhe dying eye ſhal liv.
Dhat rufool day, on hwich dhe high-prieſt dies;
To' all dhe wretches, hoom hiz deth denies,
In ſad captivvity, a ſacred place;
Shal proov at wonce a day ov joy and grace.
Won righteous man, committed to' dhe wave
By guilty men, dhemſelvs from wrec ſhal ſave.
Three dethlong days, he fils dhe monſters maw;
Dhen ſafe diſgorg'd, from dhe devouring jaw!
All, all declares to' me, hwat hevv'n decrees:
A propphet-pepel guides me by degrees.
Widh ceſeles ſteps I gain at laſt dhe goal,
Hware GOD, ſo oft prefiggur'd, glads my ſoll;
Hware he wil fix hiz evverlaſting ſway:
Haſte, haſte, my Muze, to' hail dhe happy day!

RELI

RELIDGION.

Canto IV.

DHE cruſh ov empires, and dhe fall ov thrones,
Dhe ſcatter'd nacions, and dhe fields ov bones;
Dhoze grait reverſes, hwich dhe vulgar mind
May ſtile dhe paſtimes ov dhe Goddes blind;
Ar ſpoarts ov Him hoo, maſter ov our wil,
Can bid our furies hiz behеſts foolfil;
And turn our paſſions, hwich way ehr dhey ſtray,
Hiz perfet plan to' onnor and obey.
For, hwat hav conk'rors, by ambiſcion, don;
But made dhe proggres ov Relidgion run?
Our hates, our wars, her glory but enhance:
To' tel her tale, wil proov hwat I advance.

I know dhat ficcion iz a fertile field;
I know dhe charms, luxuriant verſes yield.
By lies we liv; dhe fruit ov all our pains
Iz but dhe art, hware falſehood entertains:
My Muze, devoted to' a theme divine,
By ſuch vain ornaments ſhal nevver ſhine.
Be Sannaſars dh'unenvi'd, impious pride;
But far from me, dhe arts my vows deride!
Simpliſcity iz my recitals ſoll:
'Tiz marvel all, and yet iz truith dhe hoal.
Dhe GOD, hoos lore boath pece and war foolfil,
From hight ov hevv'n, can chainge dhe ert
at wil.
Are yet Relidgions vennerabel ty
Haz made dhe nacions join'd, won grait ally;
He bids wide univerſe won empire be:
Ambiſcious *Room* long-time had will'd az he.
A prey to' faccion, dhe o'rgrown domain
Becoms confuzions and divizzions reign.
He bids united erth won law reſpect;
A pecefool commerce all around protect
Hiz minniſters divine ov new commands,
To' bair dhem frely to' remoteſt lands.
If univerſe won ſovv'rain Lord confes,
So GOD haz will'd it: if a Cezar pres,
Dhe grait commander hwile dhe world admires,
Dhe Roman fredom widh hiz foe expires.

n her bold ſhips a fair, to' empire born,
Collects dhe madding nacions ov dhe morn.
Enfuriate flies dhe queen, all widh her flies:
Her ſhamefool lovver follows her, and dies.
And now, by grait Auguſtus drawn from far,
To' *Room*, dhe tribes enchain'd, attend hiz car:
Dhe wand'ring Arrab, and dhe burning Moar;
And fardheſt habbitant ov fridgid ſhore;
n ſollemn ranks, extend dhe victors train.
Dhe Parthian takes alarm, and brings again,
Vidh ſuppliant hands, dhe enſigns Craſſus loſt:
n vain dhe Retes ar in dheir Alps emboſt,
Dhe thunder now, on dhem and all, iz broke;
bridge becoms dhe proud Araxes yoke.
ehold Euphrates more ſubmiſsly roll;
nd branching Rine, dhat ſeeks dhe oddher pole.
uguſtus, pecefool lord ov ſeà and land;
To' ſhut wars tempel, guivs dhe bleſt command:
hat tempel, hware a hundred brazen bolts
hain Diſcord down, dire parent ov revolts!
n ſoards and lances laid, forlor'n and wild;
e wails her plots deſtroy'd, her rage beguil'd.
o' bounteous erths too long diſfiggur'd face,
h' indignant hind reſtores her native grace:
he merchant haſtes no more dhe poart to' gain;
t bids hiz veſſels dance, along dhe pecefool main.
Dhe bards tranſpoarted widh dhe glorious ſight,
tranc't, at wonce, in rapture and delight;

Announce to' *Room*, dhat all dhoze ſigns unfold
Dhe times approach, her orrakels foretold.
An age, dhey ſing, *now rebeguins its reign*,
Hwich iz to' bring dhe age ov goold again.
Deſcending ſee, from hevv'n, a hevv'nly race:
Lo! erth now reaſſumes a fairer face.
All ſhal be pure; and evv'ry guilty dy,
If anny ſuch remain, for evver fly.
Dheze high prediccions guiv dhe ears to' ring;
And make men hope a new and wond'rous thing.
Now, tow'rds dhe eaſt, each turns hiz wiſhfool eyes
Dhence to' behold dhe conk'ring king arize;
Hoo, ſpringuing from dhe clime, hwence ſpring dhe day,
Shal erth ſubject to' hiz auſpiſcious ſway.
Fair Salem rouzes at dhe plezing noiz:
Glad Izr'el ſeeks dhe authors ov hiz joys.
Devouring keen each holy propphets page,
He ezily deſcries dhe happy age;
Ov hwich, dheir pens ſo nobly cood deſcribe,
Dhe glorious days, to' each delighted tribe.
" Accompliſht iz at length dh' appointed ſum:
" Dhe happy time, our fahdhers hope, iz com;
" In hwich dhe ſpear, no longuer uz'd to' woun
" *Becoms a ſhare, to' cultivate dhe ground.*
" Now truith and mercy bles each oddhers face;
" See pece and juſtice, in a fond embrace!

Now gleam no more dhe ſoards ov jellous pow'rs:
Dhe happines ov man announces ours.
Hwat, dho to' forrain yoke we umbly yield?
Dho Judahs arm no more a ſcepter wield;
Our verry ſhame declares our glory ſure:
For, fail hwat wil, dhe words ov hevv'n endure."
But lo! effulges to' dhe pep'l appall'd,
Man (if by dhe name he may be call'd)
rom an obſcure reces, diffuzing aw;
nd guivving, az her Lord, to' Nature law.
he op'ning eyes confes hiz hevv'nly voice;
nd, dazled widh dhe long-wiſht ſun, rejoice.
Vidh won bleſt word he overthrows dhe mound,
wich made dhe ear deny acces to' ſound;
nd now dhe happy tung, from fetters free,
ſongs ov praiz attunes her libberty.
he wretches, impotent ov foot and hand,
an dance and play at hiz divine command.
he dying rizes from hiz bed, and runs
o' ſtem dhe briny tide ov moarning ſons.
eth can no longuer boaſt a certain prey:
rom hiz relentles jaws, now ſnatcht away,
broddher rouz'd attends dhe mighty call;
wonce to' glad a ſiſter, and appall.
bids no torrent tow'rd its ſoarce rebound:
makes no orb depart its daily round.
o' ſhow a ſign in hevv'n, dhey vainly teze:
came not down, a curious race to' pleze.

Hwat glorious things he doz, on us he ſhows:
In our behalf, hiz healing vertue flows.
He cures our ails, he calls us bac to' day;
And ſtil we ſee hiz pow'r hiz lov diſplay.
But 'tiz not all, t'enchant dhe wond'ring eyes:
He ſpeaks; hiz words dhe ravviſht ear ſurprize.
Hwat dredfool dooms ar by hiz mouth foretold!
Hwat lofty ſecrets doo hiz lips unfold!
He, onely, iz unmoov'd at hwat he tels;
And on eternal glory, coolly, dwels;
Hware he appears for evver to' hav dwelt,
Dhe lov ov human glory quite unfelt.
Hwat, dho a pepel gaze, intent to' hear?
Nay, grown ſo keen, prevent dhe ſacred ſe'r?
Dho fond to' pleze, yet fearles to' offend:
He nevver mittigates, hwatehr attend,
Hiz doctrines rigg'rous to' dhe leaſt ov crimes;
Hiz truiths, ungratefool to' licencious times.
Dheir murmur'z vain; dhey muſt believ, obey:
Indifferent, he ſees dhem ſlink away.
Ov ſuch a lawguivver, hwat fate ſhal be?
A vertues fate, a Plato cood foreſee.
Her heroe muſt, he ſaid, expect dhe worſt;
Dhe rage ov miſcreants on hiz hed to' burſt.
If he appear on erth, he'z raiz'd on high;
Expanded, bluddy, *on a cros* to' dy.
Bleſt pece ov mind, ſweet pledge ov innocence!
Dhou, at hiz deth, ſhalt proov hiz ſole defence.

he orrakel'z foolfill'd : dhe righteous dies.
ll nature'z moov'd : dhe news momentous flies.
rom moarning Jordans deſſolated mounds,
o' Tibers ſhores dhe dolefool tale rezounds.
o' ſpred it wider, fearles mortals fly,
he world to' fil; prepar'd to' liv or dy.
Repent and moarn, aſcend hiz cros ſublime :
he victim expiates, hwatehr dhe crime.
all hav taken, hwat ye cannot guiv :
he life ov Him, hoo gave yoo all to' liv.
hoom ye ſaw widh ſpite, and hail'd widh ſcorn;
glory's king, dho here hiz crown waz thorn.
hoom widh cords yoor immolators bound,
't evv'ry vein, to' cloze yoor evv'ry wound.
hoom dhey draggu'd to' deth, like wretch abhorr'd,
dh' immage, brightnes, ofspring ov dhe Lord.
t God, hoo ſaid, *Be light! and it waz ſo*;
darkly dormant in dhe grave below.
deth iz vanquiſht : hel bereft iz broke.
Nature trembled, hwen her God awoke.
livs! our eyes confeſt. Believ : O ſtrainge!
y'v but to' bid beliéf : hail, happy chainge!
words, in writings plain, dhey'r nevver found
omp to' dazzel, or deceiv by ſound.
y own dheir errors, nor conceal dheir ſhame;
ount dheir failings, firſt dhemſelvs to' blame.

From dheir own moudhs, I lern dheir umb
birth:
Hwich undeſigningly exalts dheir worth.
From dhem, dheir infidellity I hear;
Dheir maſters trubbel, and hiz human fear.
At ſight ov deth, he ſaddens, and he ſhakes:
Him languid, low, hiz fortitude forſakes;
And dhat ſame bitter cup, he haz to' proov;
Far from him, if he cood, he wood remoov.
Doo heroes dhus indulge weak natures moan?
A Soccrates cood cruſh her ſmalleſt groan.
Impoſture, ſkill'd in hwat wil beſt prevail,
Widh charms more pow'rfool had adorn'd her t
Dheir writings, wil yoo ſay, diſdaining art,
Leve no ſuſpiſcion ov dheir onneſt hart:
But onneſt minds, moaſt open to' ſurprize,
Perhaps hav firſt believ'd dhe groceſt lies.
If falſe dheir facts, record dhem how cood dhe
Amid dheir foes, ſo reddy to' gainſay?
Scarce did dheir Lord, from mortal eyes, wi
draw;
Hwen Him, in evv'ry place, a pepel ſaw.
How juſtly dhen, dhat hiſt'ry we revere;
Hwich witneſſes, offended, ſilent hear!
But lo! my eyes deſcry dhee in deſpair;
Hevven-favor'd pepel! citty, wonce ſo fair!
Hwat haſt dhou don? Dhy God declares dhy fa
Can ſo much lov engender ſo much hate?

ach day 'tiz hevvier, dhan dhe former ſaw;
nd dhou waſt nehr more zellous for hiz law.
wat hiddeous harbingers announce dhy fall!
hee forrain and domeſtic wars appall;
Vidh conflagracions, plague and fammine, curſt.
wat woes collective! now dhe tempeſts burſt:
he clouds collide, dhe ſwift-wingu'd lightning flies!
erus'lem iz no more: dhe tempel lies!
"Not I," ſaid Titus, "hav dheze laurels won;
It iz not I: dheir God haz dhem undon.
Hevv'n doutles punniſhes a guilty land;
And, to' its vengeance, I'v but lent my hand."
ow juſt on dhem dheir chaſtizment redounds!
heir victims blud upon dhemſelvs rebounds.
he Sire no more hiz rebbel-ſons avows:
he Lord provok't haz lopt dhe faithles boughs,
or haz he quite tor'n up dh'ungratefool tree,
s luſter loſt by a new proddigy.
wat grafted branches on dh'aſtonniſht root,
ho wildings erſt, becom dhe native fruit!
wat doo I ſee? an alien ſpoil dhe eir!
nd ſhal dh' adopted ſon hav eldeſt ſhare?
How teems dhe parent ov dhe new-born race!
rth haz but ſeen dhem, and dhey fil her face.
he lords ov regions, wauter'd by dhe Nile,
v aincient wizdom own at length dhe guile.
'embrace dhe folly ov dhe cros, dhey vow:
tranſverſe timber makes dhe Parthian bow;

And,

And, reunited for dhe glorious cauz,
Dhe Scytthians vaggabond acnollege laws.
To' dh' Author ov dhe ſun, dhe Perſian bends;
Nor longuer to' dhe work hiz ommage lends.
Ov Lybbian waſtes dh' uncultivated child,
Dh' indoſcile Sarmat, and dhe Arrab wild,
Dheir ſavvage manners haſte to' humanize:
Fam'd Corrinth rouzes, and her ſoftnes flies.
Lern'd Atthens opes her eyes: I hear her own
Dhe pow'r ov him, ſhe long ador'd unknown.
Now better taught, dhat altar ſhe reveres,
Aſcends no more to' him ſhe blindly fears.
Dhat God, hoom Plato ſaught ſo long, iz found:
Sage Mars-hils ſummits hiz grait name rezound.
Dhe Gauls deteſt dhe onnors paid widh life,
To' bluddy gods, by barb'rous druids knife;
Dhey lern, dhat Hevv'n les rigg'rous in its ire,
A wretches blud, ov man did nehr require;
And own a broken harts remorſe ov vice,
A holy Gods moaſt holy ſaccrifice.
Dhy glorious martyrs wer dhy firſt ov gains,
Dhou ſeat ov welth, dhou glory ov dhe plains!
Hware ſlowly-winding *Sone* inſpires dhe ſong,
Til bor'n reluctant by dhe *Rone* along.
Dhou, hoom dhe *Seine* ſalutes in all her charms;
Hoo ſoon enfold'ſt her in dhy ſpredding arms!
O citty bleſt! dhee infant Faith enlights,
Dhy kings ſhal glory to' exalt her rights.

n yoor heds alſo beams dhat ſtar divine,
ye, hoom lave dhe *Dannube* and dhe *Rine*;
e hoo quaf *Tagus*, or *Iberus* bright;
e hoo, in forreſts loſt, nehr ſaw dhe light:
nd ye, hoom, ſevver'd from dhe common ſtage,
he ſeas had ſhelter'd from dhe Roman rage;
es, hwich dheir boldeſt eguel nevver ſaw;
ſee victorious Faith yoor climates aw.
o' dhe grait name, hwich o'r dhe world extends;
om *Indus* to' dhe *Tames*, all nature bends.
e Cros haz conker'd all, *Eccleſia* cries:
wat num'rous children bles a moddhers eyes!
On *Tibers* banks peculiar glories ſhine:
are ſprings dhe graitnes ov her reign divine.
Room behold, and in her ſiſter-ſees,
h thrones arize, az make ambiſcion freze.
! on dheir bluddy ſteps, hwat deths appall!
are non aſcended, but to' find a fall.
imes, hwen Faith cood but to' ſlaughter lead;
e glorious firſt-fruits ov a floc to' bleed;
e paſtors vi'd, but for dhe graiteſt pain:
h dheir firſt onnor, ſuch dheir higheſt gain!
Hwat horrid ſcenes indeed offend my eyes!
at unknown torments fury can devize!
burning lights az livving flamboes burn,
mangled piece-meal into' tatters turn.

In

In barb'rous ſhows, on ſlaughters bluddy ſtage,
Dhey meet dhe lions, or dhe tiguers rage.
Hwat flames! hwat croſſes! ah, hwat ſcaffo
toil!
Dhe ſlayers can no more: dhe ſoards recoil.
Dhe juſteſt prince, to' dhem alone unjuſt,
Beſtows dheir blud, to' glut hiz pepels guſt.
Dhe emp'rors all in dhis alone agree:
To' dhem a *Trajan* wil a *Nero* be.
Alike dhe prezzent, paſt, and future time:
Dheir name iz Chriſtian, and dheir name dhe cri
In queſt ov deth, dheir genius dhey employ:
Protracted tortures but prolong dheir joy!
Dhey count each tyrant kind, dhey coart
frown;
And bles dhe hand, dhat beats dheir prizzon do
To' hate life dhus, hwat ardor can enflame?
Dhe empty luſt, to' eternize a name?
I own ſuch madnes may ſomtimes beguile.
Hwen *Perregrine* aſcending erſt a pile,
To' dy widh flaſh, hiz vital fetters broke;
Dhe haughty Cynnic vanniſht into' ſmoke.
But hwat ov wimmen, hwat ov babes d'ye ſay;
Hoom Romans ſaccrifice, hoom Perſians ſlay?
Ov men, hoos names we nohware ean deſcry?
To' liv in ſtory, did dhey ſeek to' dy?
Dheir blindnes muſt, yoo'l ſay, our pitty moo
Error her martyrs can, az Truith, approov.

Bonz bewilder'd, nor by Rome nor Grece,
zents dhe mangled victim ov caprece.
dhat les mad, an aincient riggor fames:
unshrinking widdow springs into' dhe flames!
join a spouz, perhaps widh hate she saw.
ertain climes, 'tiz stil a standing law:
, wordhy ov our tears; abhorr'd abuse!
at woes, alas! Relidgion must produce!
levere we men, hoom God himself allows;
, hoom widh choicest guists kind hevv'n endows;
hevv'n dhe false nehr favor'd. Dhey expel
spirrit ov fel hate, dhe spawn ov hel.
infernal tyrant, studious to' destroy,
sorrows gon, haz lost hiz higheſt joy;
Christian voice abandoning hiz prey,
n frames he tortur'd, flies amaz'd away:
prince ov falsehood boasts no more a throne,
re uzurpacion dare no empire own.
o pains it cost him, and no pride accru'd;
n man, by wild credulity subdu'd,
needing not to' dazzel rezons eyes,)
dhout suspiscion yielded to' surprize.
ze days wer past: shrewd *Grecia* first, dhey say,
east had open'd to' dhe light a way.
vestigate dhe light a *Plato* born,
e men dheir errors see, and seen to' scorn.

Big

Big widh hiz lectures, aincient ſcools ov fame,
Enlight dhe darkling world widh Plato's name.
Dhe ſollemn ſage iz all around rever'd;
At coart ev'n onnor'd, and in ſennate fear'd.
Hiz weight may bair us down: but vainly vy
In hate a *Celſus* and a *Porphyry*.
For hwat avail dhem dheir injurious jokes?
To' hurt us, wood require more ſerious ſtrokes;
To' blaſt dhe facts, dhat freſh in memm'ry blow
And, on her grounds, our fabbric to' o'rthrow.
He, hoo can onely ſleer, declines to' fight;
And, conſcious ov dhe wrong, redouts dhe right
Dhe Chriſtians ar arrain'd az foes ov ſtate;
And charg'd widh deeds, dheir ſtanding tenets b
Ov guilt dhoze innocents ar deem'd dhe frends,
Hoos hevv'n-born doctrine onely hevv'n
tends.
Pure az dheir morrals, pure dheir evv'ry law:
From dhem we lern, to' ſee a king widh aw;
We lern to' revv'rence, e'n a Nero's rod.
" *All pow'r*," dhey tel us, " *muſt deſcend from G*
" Dhe prince hiz immage, and dhe lord ov men,
" Holds, from dhe Lord ov hevv'n, hiz ſcepter d
" Obey, ye ſubjects, in dhe hardeſt time:
" Dhe ſmalleſt murmur iz a hainous crime."
In vain againſt a cruel, legal pow'r,
Revolted nacions arm in lucles our:

tehr dhe preſſure, or hwatehr dhe pain;
Cezar true, dhe Chriſtians wil remain.
ut iz it weaknes, makes dhem tamely yield?
wonder dubbels, hwen dheir pow'r'z reveal'd.
dient nature hears dheir awfool ſound:
t num'rous marvels meet my eyes around!
falling eyelid rizes to' dhe ray:
dying and dhe ded return to' day.
anting camps, beneadh a parching ſun,
lightning pours its ſwift-wingu'd deth on won;
hwile dhe German flies dhe firy flakes,
lutary flud dhe Roman ſlakes.
fainting ſoldier, in a kindly ſhower,
victory at wonce and vital power.
gratefool prince hiz bennefactors fames;
dheze dhe mole-ey'd mob *enchanters* names.
antment bleſt, hwich bids dhe thunder roll!
hevv'n deſcend dhe charms, dhat erth controll.
e turns! her horror beams her onnor now:
crcs adorns dhe high imperial brow;
victory, transferr'd, exalts dhe ſign;
glorious banner ov a *Conſtantine!*
nes forlor'n, dhe ſpeechles prieſt (how od!)
s dhe vile cenſer ov hiz falling god;
kes an altar, hware no off'ring'z paid.
Delphi, aſkt, can yield no longuer aid;
dy erſt to' anſer evv'ry ſuit:
o ſilenc't, evv'ry god iz mute.

To'

To' martyrs' toombs, hwich marvels magnify
For orrakels, dhe prince and pepel hy:
A mortal, maſſaker'd, becoms implor'd;
Deſtroy'd dhe deities, ſo late ador'd!
Room long oppozes dhis o'rpow'ring flud;
And vindicates her Jove, widh Chriſtian blud.
But ah! no more unmindfool ov dheir cries,
T'avenge dhy children, mighty GOD, arize.
Long, long enuf, dhe ſhouts ov idol-rage
Hav rung unquell'd, upon her bluddy ſtage.
Dhou ſummon'ſt her account, decre'ſt her fat
O God ov victors, dhine avengers wait.
Room, doom'd to' fall, attends dhe final knel;
Az haughty Babbylon, and dhy falſe citty fel.
Yes: 'tiz dhat God, to' hoom pertains dhe
To' make blind mortals tred hiz wondrous wa
Beneadh proud conkerors, hwen citties fall;
Hwen dhe dire cruſh ov empires ſhakes dhe
Hwen wild ambiſcion ſets dhe world on fire;
Hwat ar dhe heroés, darkling men admire;
But minniſters ov an avenging GOD?
A tool, to' punniſh; or, to' ſcurge, a rod?
Hwat means dhe horrid Hun? Hwat ſeeks dhe
Hware roves dhe Vandal? hwy'z dhe Herrule
For Him dhey roam, unconſcious ov controll,
Ho calls dhem circling from dheir native pole
Before dheir hoaſts, he bids pale terror go:
Room falls dhe victim ov dhe barb'rous foe.

rom her aſhes, a new *Room* aſcends ;
, dho unlike dhe old, for genn'ral ſway contends.
ile bleſt Relidgion ſuch ſucceſſes crown ;
I to' trace her rappid proggres down ;
aint each ſovv'rain, bending low hiz hed ;
triumph, in her train, to' triumph led ;
vide dne field, how fine dhe tale wood be !
edles tale, to' hoo haz eyes to' ſee.
ee o'rſpreds dhe erth ; its boughs extend,
hr dhe ſuns diffuſive beams reſplend.
rizing dawn, to' dhe deſcending ray ;
im, hoos cros drew all, all ommage pay.
wen dhat GOD youchſaf't widh man to' dwel,
hav better known Him, hoo can tel ?
been mine, enraptur'd to' hav hung,
e ſweet accents, ov hiz hevv'nly tung ;
Jordans banks, to' *Tibers* lofty brow ?
o : hiz glory'z more refulgent now.
old a *Moſes* and *Elias* by !
bard declares, dhe law proclaims him nigh.
gth, dh' Apoſtels arms o' ſleep forſake ;
clouds ov witneſſes widh dhem awake !
ing for him, dhey dheir ommage guiv :
all ar martyr'd, dhat dheir faith may liv.
im : 'tiz himſelf, I cannot dout.
e iz littel : let us hear him out.
oice ov all dhe blud, dhat flow'd from lov,
ts dhe voice, rezounding from abov ;

Hwen

Hwen *Tabor* ſhon widh a celeſtial ray.
Yes: *'tiz dhe Son belovv'd!* let all believ, obe
But hah! " He lays a yoke too hard, I hear
" Hiz doctrine'z dark, hiz morrals ar ſevere.
" Nor hed nor hart can bear dhe grievous thra
I rouz, tranſpoarted at dhe daring call!
I wil dh' injuſtice ov ſuch plaints repel;
And trace dheir ſoarces, to' dheir native hel;
Purſue dhe deiſt, in hiz winding ways:
Hwat nobler theme, or wordhier ov my lays?

RELIDGION.

CANTO V.

HE WORD alike to' GOD, dhe Light ov Light;
Are duſt-ſprung mortals, leving native night,
bleſt dhe genial beam, or hail'd dhe morn;
re dhe erth, nay, are dhe hevv'ns wer born;
nal pow'r and ſovv'rain wizdom reign'd;
WORD, dhe Son ov God, in GOD contain'd!
he ſon ov God, and ſon ov man! ſay, how
He ſtil equal—But I pauz and bow.
ezon, bold and blind! dhy pride forgo:
t trace dhe winds? dhen tel me how dhey blow.
feel dheir pow'r: how loud dhey roar! (we cry)
to' dhe ear, impervious to' dhe eye!

Hwatehr

Hwatehr perplexity my ſoll purſue;
Faith, Hevv'ns fair daughter, radiates to' my
Propt on an ancor, vail'd her iovly face;
Her flaming hart enlights dhe hallow'd place.
" Advance," ſhe ſays, " by me, and be diſcrete.
" Caſt down dhine eyes: my beams ſhal guid
feet.
" Iz dhis a time to' ſee; dhis gloom ov night?
" Pacient expect dhe dawn: attend aright.
" More haſt dhou to' adore, dhan to' diſcern;
" More to' believ dhan know, to' lov dhan lern.
Hwat! cries dhe deiſt, chain our rezon dow
Hevv'ns nobleſt guift, and mans ſupreme renow
Hoo ehr can think dhe ſovv'rain judge ov righ
Wood quench a flame, himſelf haz dain'd to' l
He doutles lighted it, hwen time began;
And dhat bleſt beam illumin'd guiltles man:
Now quite eclipſt, if not extinct dhe hoal;
It guides, but gloomily, dhe guilty ſoll.
Yet Faith relumes it widh a purer ſpark;
And gloomy mortals dare to' find it dark!
Hwen God reveals himſelf, let non conteſt;
He tels enuf: let non require dhe reſt.
Til dhe ſet day, dh'impoartant book iz ſeal'd.
Ah! from our pride, hwat haz he not conce
Hiz myſteries ſublime can we attain,
Hwen hiz leaſt ſecrets looz our ſhallow brain

air Nature flies us, dhat we may purſue;
nd ſtil dhe book ſeems op'ning to' dhe vew.
wat ages loſt! nor aught haz drawn dhe mind,
o' ſeek at leaſt, hwat ſhe can always find.
nd hwen our wants, hwen time, or ſeeming chance,
ompel at length to' caſt dh'attentive glance;
e lern a fact: but doo we know dhe cauz?
hat ſprings to' vew; but dhis az quic widhdraws.
hou wond'ring wize-man, bold to' trace dhe plan,
vain, in natures woomb, woodſt nature ſcan.
hou dhare find'ſt wrote, *No more, intruder, pres:*
o' my holy, non ſhal find acces.
es: dhoze ſame objects, obvious to' dhe eye;
com invizzibel, beheld too nigh;
nd He, hoos laws a madding main ſubdue;
erring mortals, bounds dh'ambiſcious vew.
hey fight to' faddhom nature, vaineſt things!
r mocions dhey may ſee; but nehr her ſprings.
ro' all ſhe leſſons us: *Yoor Lord adore,*
mire, enjoy; but think not to' explore.
hold a man, widh rage ov knollege curſt,
e bands ov ignorance indignant burſt!
t haz he ſcann'd dhe hoal? for all hiz pain,
' ignorance hiz lerning brings again.
y pride, vain mortal, fluſhes to' a frown:
ce ſhe wood murmur, we muſt beat her down.
dhy fam'd proggres let us mount dhe ſcale,
d, ov dhy mind, deduce dhe umbling tale.

'Twaz Int'reſt prommiſt firſt dhe lerners praiz
How beſt dhe flocs to' rear, dhe crops to' raiz:
Bade men be frugal ov dheir fleeting time;
And Need to' ſtarry regions taught to' climb.
How cood we better rule our toils and days,
Dhan by dhoze orbs, ſo regg'lar in dheir ways?
Dhe wize improover ov dhe banks ov Nile,
Obzerv'd dhem long, beneadh a cloudles ſmile.
To' ken dheir mocions, widh diſtincter vew;
He cantons dhem apart, and names dhem too.
Caſſini lern'd, and *Galileo* ſage;
Forguiv yoor anceſtors, regard dheir age:
Dheir eyes enur'd, alone to' ſilvan ſcenes,
Trac't in dhe azure ſky, az on dheir greens.
Dogs, rams, and bools, conſtellated on h'gh;
Hwich ye, widh nobler names, won day, ſhal digni
Old Satturn, and hiz ſon, ſhal boaſt dheir train;
But, widh dhe pow'r ov age, all pow'r iz vain:
Dhoze erly names, beſtow'd by vulgar hind,
Shal print eternal error on dhe mind.
Thrice happy babe, beneadh dhe ballance born!
But ah! how dire its cruel neighbors horn!
A Horrace ſhudders, if he know dhat chance
Haz caſt upon hiz birth dhe baleſool glance.
Dhe vaut ov hevv'n expands dhe book ov fate;
Hware manny, more dhan *Cardan*, medditate.
By we dheir favor: *Richelieu*, *Mazarin*;
Won pattronizes, and won pays, *Morin*.

z eyes decypher clear, hwat yoors confound;
e makes yoo trembel; ſpred dhe terror round.
dred ov endles night, a pepel run
' reſcue, by dheir ſhouts, dhe lab'ring ſun.
t hah! hwat thrett'ning boddy coms t'aſſail
ture, widh flowing hair and flaming tail?
vat furies flaſh, from dhe tremendous train!
obel herd, diſpel yoor terrors vain:
eze boding dellegates ov dire poartent,
not for kings, for minniſters ar ſent.
e Pow'rs amazing lov or lezzure ſhow:
e coward owl ſhal lay our currage low.
Hevv'n, let not dhy luminaries fail!
our ſalt tumbel, and not we grow pale?
ar us, ye ſoothſay'rs; bring yoor evv'ry ſpel,
r rings, rods, talliſmans, hware vertues dwel;
all dhe aids, hwich Ignorance reveres,
wild in hwat ſhe hopes, az hwat ſhe fears.
wen all dhe num'rous errors Egypt bred,
ſeek a kinder clime, dheir parent fled;
rece dhey found it, and a febel race,
veet inebriacions fond embrace.
e verſe and muzic, dance and play inſpir'd:
es, Scopas, and a Homer fir'd.
n'd to' dhe charming arts, dhe eyes and ears
onguer ſaw dhe earth, or herd dhe ſpheres.
dheze dhe ſages ſeem'd but ſeldom caught:
dheze waz neyver lull'd dhe Romans' thaught.

Fir'd widh hiz heroe more dhan Natures themes,
Lucretius ſung an *Epicurus'* dreams.
Dhey deem deſcanting but a fruitles farce:
Dhe art ov conqueſt ſuits dhe ſons ov *Mars*.
For erths grait maſters, ſtuddy haz no charms:
Dhe ſun, dhey ſaid, reclines in *Thetis'* arms;
Dhe vaut, hoos cirkel haz for baſe dhe ſea,
O'r erth and air, reſplends a cannopy;
And aincient Ocean, Natures fire alone,
Extends, around hiz ſons, hiz humid zone.
Such waz dheir proggres, hwen dhe rage ov fig
Extinguiſht evv'ry hope ov Lernings light.
Enfebled *Room*, by vaſtnes ov domain,
Scarce o'r dhe globe extended yet her chain:
Encreſing ſlaves o'rpow'r'd dh'unwieldy ſway;
Hwich, ſpite ov dubbel prop, muſt now guiv wa
Hwen all dhe unreziſted Herrule own,
Auguſtulus muſt yield Auguſtus' throne.
Trembling a Conſtantines confeſt dhe fall,
Az dhe dire prellude to' dhe cruſh ov all.
Dhe fam'd impoſtor, in a fatal our,
Widh Sarracens commenc't a balefool pow'r;
Hwich, by anoddher name, more dredfool to
Beneath dhe ſpawn dhe fenny Euxine pour'd;
Dhe day dhe ſeccond Mahomet, dhe day!
Dhe creſcents glory, and dhe worlds diſmay;
Levvell'd at length *Byzantium* widh dhe plain,
And cloz'd a Trappezunds poor paſſing reign.

Be all our pallaces in aſhes laid:
ven notthing tow'rs, ov hwat art dhou affraid?
! hwy dhe writings, we in vain dezire;
y, ruithles victor, muſt dhey feed dhe fire?
nd Ignorance on all dhy wiſhes ſmiles,
d Dulnes hails dhee monnark ov dhe iles.
ir empire, crowning dhine, needs no defence;
ce a groce lerning, foe to' common-ſenſe;
k'ning, dhe maſter ov dhe dark, by rule;
ms all dhoze famous doctors, in hiz ſcool;
, arm'd widh all dhe cattegory's pride,
concrete from dhe abſtract dare divide.
e, injur'd Rezon; dhine avenger ſend:
Dulnes' ſons to' dhee no more pretend.
wile pompous words enchain dh'admiring throng;
Nature moarns, widhout beholders, long;
Int'reſt, to' her face, allures our eyes:
ennoeze informs us (hwat furprize!)
a new world exiſts, far better ſcool'd;
orld, hoos habbitant forſakes her goold!
ly: hwatehr dh'inſpiring object found,
vaut'ry mountains hwich way doo we bound?
faſten'd to' its leaf by ſuch a bar,
effort makes dhe inſect crawl ſo far?
magnet, chance ſuſpended in dhe air;
on its pole, az lovvers on dhe fair;
al'd dhat paſſion, non can yet explain:
us hwat bleſſing, dho dhe Yncaes' bane!

Our forreſts wave dhe main, dheir wings unfurl'd:
Dhe compas makes us denzons ov dhe world.
It opens us dhe poarts ov edher Ind:
It wafts us home dheir ſtores in evv'ry kind.
So various objects, plants and fruits and flowers,
(How ſlow dhe proggres ov dhe human powers!)
Rouz curious eyes, too long in ſlumbers bound;
And erth revives dhe lore ov worlds around.

Ov vittrifying ſand, hware aſhes glow,
Two mediums bright (dheze too to' chance we ow
Far each from each, yet each to' each oppoz'd;
At a tubes edher end, by boys diſpoz'd;
Make ravviſht Zeland cry, 'Hwat wonder found!
Dhe famous Tuſcan rouzes at dhe ſound.
Widh better eyes, he ſpurns a Ptol'my's yoke:
Hiz cryſtals, cirkels, and hiz hevv'ns ar broke,
All chaing'd; by Galileo's bold decree,
Far from dhe center, Erth muſt banniſht be.
For radiant reſt, dhe Sun commutes hiz way;
Center ov Univerſe, calm king ov day;
To' ſee dhe Hevv'ns, and Erth herſelf go round!
Dhe ſeeming blaſphemies dhe ears confound.
Six years ov durance; and, '' 'tiz all a dream,'
Recants dhe martyr ov dhe dredfool ſkeme;
Hwile cirk'ling Erth, regardles ov dhe throng,
Rolls Galileo and hiz judge along.

Hwat num'rous habbitants ov regions new,
Dhy ken, grait *Réaumur*, draws foarth to' vew!

Unſ

Inſeen, unherd, hwy wood a pepel ly;
And hide ſuch glory, from dhe keeneſt eye?
Dhe ſuttel fugitives wer ſtil unknown,
Had we not oddher eyes to' aid our own.
For He, dhat gave dhe guides ov erring man,
Affoarded non hiz evv'ry work to' ſcan:
And, hwer. our febel glance wood pierce dhe clouds,
In hwich hiz depths dhe jellous GOD enſhrouds;
To' ken ſo far, hwat optics muſt be found?
Ye worms ov Erth, to' Erth yoor boldnes bound.
Scarce had her buty, now no more unknown,
To' ravviſht eyes encreſing wonders ſhown;
Wen curious lore inſpir'd, in all around,
Dhe happy hate ov quiddities profound:
And now dhe Stadgirite, expell'd dhe ſtage;
W roaring ſcools, no more enflam'd dhe rage.
Vain mettaphyzzics banniſht widh dheir lord,
Abundant Nature ſtil a void abhorr'd.
But let approaching day our ſpirrits chear;
Ye all ſhal think: behold *Deſcartes* appear.
He livs obſcure; but wide hiz labors blaze;
Wich form hiz foll'wers, and hiz rivals raiz.
By him dhey hold, hwatevver arms dhey wield;
To' him dhey ow dheir glory in dhe field;
Hiz aſcrib'd hwatevver conqueſts be:
To' him hiz victors ow dheir victory.
Beyond hiz bounds, dho now we ſtately ſtalk,
Ey run; yet widhout him we ſhood not walk.

Had nehr dhis light illum'd dhe Gallic coaſt,
Proud London wood not now her Newton boaſt.
Boath beaming glories ov dhe human mind,
In boath her graitnes, hwich dhey teach, we find.
But, ſoon az edher wood procede too far;
In each dhe human mind perceivs her bar.
Deſcartes firſt guides me, widh intreppid hand,
Hware infant worlds confes divine command.
Dhare, from a cubic mas, hware Nature lies;
Three ellements, ov various form, arize:
Dhare anguels grown, by joint attriſcion, ſmall,
Hware dhe grait Moover moovs, in fool, dhe ball;
And now firſt makes dhe plaſtic matter ply,
Into' refin'd and bright *effluvia* fly.
Dheze Newton ſees not; or, *Deſcartes* deſtroy'd,
Sees boddies mooving in a boundles void;
Each act on each, by won converſive law;
And, each to' each, by won attraccion draw:
Hwile, in won inſtant, by won common fate,
To' common center all congravvitate.
But, 'mong dh'unequal vollumes, hoo ſhal tow'r,
To' ſing dhe combats ov dhe central pow'r?
Hwen daring Algebra dhe caos clears,
Her heroe briſtels, and ſubjects dhe ſpheres.
Ye, hoom dh'Almighty Arkitect ov all
Appointed to' enlight dhe darkling ball;
From toils, hwich I pretend not to' partake,
Might I widhdraw yoo, won demand to' make;

Say, hwat attraccion brings to' erth again,
Dhe boddy I ſo high hav hurl'd in vain?
Weight——how dhat word confounds dhe cleareſt
Yet ſay, at leaſt, widhin yoo hwat ye find. [mind!
After a meal, widhin yoor breſt ſerene,
Hwat wond'rous wil renews dhe war unſeen?
And hwat bleſt pow'r, victorious for our good,
Can ſeek, ſubdue, and tritturate dhe food;
Hwich ſoon a juice, from vein to' vein, ſhal ſtray;
And join dhe blud, dhat bairs dhe juce away?
Or, in anoddher, no les preſcious, ſtrife;
How can a bark, to' chear dhe wretches life,
Attac, o'rpow'r, and dhen enchain dhe foe;
Hoo, high in fury, or in ſlumbers low,
Now ſtarvs widh cold, and now widh fever burns;
Dhis day leves pece, and dhat widh war returns?
Dhe truce expir'd, az regg'lar in her ire,
He kindels in our eyes a ſparkling fire.
Dhen all our ſuttel ſpirrits, trubbled, toſt,
r in dheir coarſe; dhe verry ſoll iz loſt:
nd deth, in act to' ſtrike, hiz thunder wields.
wat pece to' pains, a grain ov powder yields!
Widh lerned ſyſtems dhen, no more affright;
nd flaſhy ſpeeches, hwich can nehr enlight.
v real knollege boaſt no beamy ſpark:
wn, all widhin yoo to' yoorſelf iz dark.
nd yet we wood, to' ſubjects blind az bold,
he worlds grait Lord hiz counſels ſhood unfold;

Hwen dhis our frame, dhe ſubject ov dhe ſoll,
Denies its ſecrets to' its queens controll.
If I extinguiſh bleſt Relidgions light,
I pour before my eyes anoddher night.
How deep to' dhee, poor deiſt, grows dhe gloom!
Dhou berri'ſt Nature, in a dubbel toomb.
To' dhine eyes, az to' mine, can ſhe diſplay
Him, hoo affigns me here a moments ſtay?
If erth be not dhe vengeance ov an our,
Canſt dhare admire dhe graſt Creators pow'r?
Fel peſt'lence ravvages; and erthquakes dire
Announce dhe fury ov inteſtine fire.
Her dhe cold pinches, or dhe heat devours;
To' crown her woes, her verry king deflow'rs.
Dhe thinking being, hoo ſhood govvern all;
Roams, blind and pow'rles, o'r dhe waſted ball;
And haples ſlave ov rebbel-paſſions ſway,
Iz but a king, hoos ſubjects ſcorn t'obey.
Hiz day ov deth becoms hiz day ov pece:
Hiz relm, dhou know'ſt, attends a like deceſe.
Yes; all ſhal perriſh, all by fire diſſolv;
Dhou long haſt known: but canſt dhe probblem ſolv
Hwy ehr a God deſtroys hwat wonce he wraught?
Or, hwy not all to' fool perfeccion braught?
Him, if he cood not, hoo can dhen admire?
Or, if he wood not, how ſhoodſt dhou dezire?
Dhou ſtriv'ſt in vain, hoo think'ſt to' ſee dhe hoal;
To' foarce dhe curtain, hwich diſtracts dhy ſoll.

Fo

For me, I wait, til GOD himſelf ſhal draw:
Now Faith ſuſtains it, and I glimpſe widh aw.
Enuf I ſee: take here her leſſon kind;
Dhy hart to' ſollace, and to' ſoodh dhy mind.
Yes; all muſt ſpeak hiz praiz, perform hiz plan;
Hoos tempel'z univerſe, hoos prieſt iz man.
By voice ov man, its grattitude muſt tower;
Dhe fane cood but rezound its Makers power.
Nor ſounded long; dhe prieſt forgot hiz God:
Erth, widh dhe crimminal, partook dhe rod.
Inverted order own'd dhe ruſool day;
And Nature moarn'd her harmony away.
Won fate involv'd dhe ſons ov human breth:
Sin waz dheir bias, and dheir end waz deth.
But dhoze ſons wer no more: a future race—
Hwen dhe Creator ſmites dhe cretures face,
Z't ours to' mezzure, or direct dhe blow?
Hwat a God ows himſelf, doo mortals know?
Erth waz no more a parradiſe ov joys:
Yet dhe grim minniſter, hoo laſt deſtroys;
And now ſo keen to' execute dhe law,
Beneadh a hevv'n ſerene, ſtood of widh aw.
Alas! hiz ſlownes (ſuch dhe impious times!)
Did but accellerate our ſpeed to' crimes.
That men no more might on dheir manſion dote,
Kind hevv'n a ſeccond time dheir darling ſmote.
Erth, by dhe blow, to' inmoaſt center tor'n;
Widh aſpect ſomtimes hiddeous, ſtil forlor'n;

Saw, on her blaſted buzzom, cavverns yawn;
Saw ſandy mountains ſwel along dhe lawn;
And, overcaſt her face, in gloomy forms,
Dhe noxious vapors, parents ov dhe ſtorms.
Diſorder'd ſezons, and enfuriate winds,
Arm deth againſt us, in unnumber'd kinds.
Behold all Nature, in ſuch ſuff'ring ſtate;
A captive groaning, her delivv'rance wait;
Yield dhat ſubjeccion, hwich ſhe'd fain deny;
Elude our glances, and in ſecret ſigh.
Yes, all iz vail'd; til dhat dred ſhunles our,
Hwen God confeſt, widh unreziſted pow'r,
Shal hurl before him each extinguiſht ſtar;
Replace dhe day, remooving evv'ry bar;
And, ſevv'ring to' hiz ſaints, dhe right from wrong
Effulge dhat onely light, dhey wiſht ſo long.
For, e'n to' holy eyes, He here below,
Wil ſomtimes ſhroud himſelf, and ſomtimes ſhow;
And, thro' dh'obſcurity, dhus dains to' guide
Dhe ſolls bewilder'd in dhe maze ov pride.
Hwy dhen complain? He may widhdraw hiz light
But, graciouſly, He wil not cloud it quite.
Hoo ſeeks dhat light, its rays illume hiz mind:
But, hooſo ſeeks it not, ſhal nevver find.
Dhe myſt'ry ov our woes I dhus admire;
And own an angry Lord, a tender Sire!
Widh riggors mixt, hiz bounties glad my ſight;
Widh judgements mercies, and widh darknes light

If wize Relidgion but to' Error run;
ıe ſpreds for me a ſnare, I cannot ſhun.
wat order, ſplendor, and connexion ſhine!
wat harmony and union ov deſign!
wat darkneſſes at wonce diſpel to' me!
iſtorians, martyrs, propphets; types I ſee.
Vidh doctrine rezon, writ and oral law;
ll, all agree; to' won concluzion draw:
he fair Impoſtres cannot fail to' ſtrike;
o' Truith herſelf, in evv'ry trait alike.
wat wondrous genius, deiſts lern'd, decide;
nows to' involv us dhus on evv'ry ſide;
hat, far from wond'ring, dhat involv'd we ſtay;
oorſelvs ſhood bluſh, how ye cood guet away?
r, dho yoor God indiff'rent wer to' yoo;
od He, forguetting ſo hiz glory's due,
rmit dhat Error, hoom he ſeems to' own,
'abuze hiz name, o'r us to' rear her throne?
Yet how, ſo far from natal place and our,
z falſehood over all got ſo much pow'r?
om Icelands ile, to' Java's burning coaſt;
om Mexico, if to' Japan we roaſt;
om hiddeous Hottentot, if North we go,
o' Laplands ſhivv'ring ſon, enwrapt in ſnow;
r prieſts hav fir'd dheir zeal, az widh dhe ſun;
o' conker ſolls, from pole to' pole hav run.
ves hav dheir victors hugg'd in evv'ry chain.
w bleſt dhe ficcion, dhus dhe hart to' gain!

From

From Ganges' banks, to' dhoze ov Sein or Tan
If drawn by dh'ardor, hwich dheir ſons enflames;
Sweet-ſpeaking *Tallapoins*, widh ſermon long,
Shood pour to' preach dheir *Sommonokodang*;
Or, preachers, hoo right rezon les widhſtand;
Shood derviſes, dhe Koran in dheir hand,
Com thund'ring, in dhe mighty propphets name,
T'inculcate keen dhe true believers claim;
Hwat crop ov harts wood crown dh'apoſtels pow'r
Yet all dheir pepel hav accepted ours.
A Deity, conceiv'd in Virgins woomb!
Poor, pining, dying, ded; but raiz'd from toomb!
By dhem beſpeaks but pennitence and tears.
Iz it dheir-ſhining ſpeech, guivs hopes or fears;
Dhat make dhe rapt Chineze hiz pagod tos?
Hwat field for dh'Orrator, dhe Crib and Cros!
He, hoo foretold, foolfils dhe wond'rous thing;
Widh hwich each pepel, evv'ry land ſhal ring.
Hiz holy law ſhal be proclaim'd around:
I take dhe glorious yoke, widh joy profound.
Hwat, dho my Rezon bend, hoo lights alone?
She ſees no light repugnant to' her own;
But, widh dhe torch ov Faith, her torch combin
In boath, to' me, won luminacion ſhines.
Hail WORD incarnate! ſtil be Dhou ador'd!
Thrice Holy hail, hoo haſt my life reſtor'd!

ll naught abhorr'd, at dhy commandment flies;
hee alone all livs, widhout dhee dies.
Dhou, hoos wizdom plann'd dhe genn'ral frame,
s pow'r perform'd, and goodnes guides dhe
ſame;
e all created beings magnify;
rd, immage, equal ov dhe grait Moaſt-High!
n, ſhrouded in our ſhape, dhou cam'ſt below;
e, mighty GOD! dhe darknes did not know.
v, dhat dhy glory pours reziſtles day;
t dhy Relidgion ſheds around her ray;
d Spirrits, loſt in lern'd ebriety,
e beaming on dhem, ſtil refuze to' ſee.
ir ſtate nor need ſurprize us, nor affright:
darknes nehr ſhal comprehend dhe light.
blind, ſurrounded widh dhe ſtar ov day,
m'd widh hiz glory, ſtil in night muſt ſtray.
ain, dhe grait firſt Cauz, dhe witlings own;
dhout Dhee, Word eternal, ſtil unknown.
n dheir hart, impervious to' my lays:
inge it—But, hwen for dhem I'd pitty raiz;
v myſelf forgot dhy judgement dooms
ſinner, hoos unhallow'd mouth prezumes
men, widhout dhy call, t'announce dhy way.
hoom, but for myſelf, dhen ſhood I pray?
h a new fury Irrelidgion rag'd:
tott'ring ark my trembling hand engag'd.

My

My zeal to' fear, perhaps provokes dhine ire;
For dhine, and for dhe glory ov dhy Sire.
Weak fear, hwich faith muſt ſoon expel my mind
Dhou need'ſt no champion, ov dhe human kind.
Let dhe proud prince ov hel hiz rage enflame;
Shake, if he can, dhine addamantine frame:
Dho my eyes ſaw its tow'rs in act to' nod,
I know dhat naught ſhal hwelm dhe ark ov God.

RELIDGION.

CANTO VI.

NO awfool gloom, dhe myſteries extend,
Can raiz my bluſhes, for dhe nee I bend.
idh dhe Supreme, I raiz no daring tone:
o ſhal inſtruct ov GOD, but GOD alone?
at, dho in ſabel ſhade He'z ſhrouded round?
dhare'z a beam, pervading to' dhe ground.
danted I advance: hwat need I more?
d, widh dhe ray ſuffic't, dhe cloud adore.
bids, I bow: before her Authors throne,
Rezon, unabaſht, ſubjects her own.
But ſuch a ſaccrifice, hwy cann't it ſate?
y wood he too, dhat man himſelf ſhood hate?
Myſelf

Myſelf I lov: hwy play dhe rigg'rous part?
Hwy, ſtil widh dagguer drawn transfix my hart?
O bluddy ſaccrifice! O dire diſpute,
T'extirpate quite dhis lovs eternal root!
He, jellous ov dhe work he ment hiz own,
Wil our ſuppoartles harts ſuppoart alone.
Such wond'rous jellouſy can I excite?
Me nevver goold or graitnes ſhal invite
T'eſtrainge dhe hart, He onely can dezerv;
From duty, for ſo poor a price, to' ſwerv.
But, for a rappid quaf ov plezzures bowl,
To' ſoodh dhe thirſt ov a tormented ſoll;
In breſt divine, can ſo much anguer dwel?
And ſhal a drop ov honney doom to' hel?
An undivided lov he muſt demand;
But boaſts not nature too, hiz forming hand?
And hwen, widh littel joys, dhou blend'ſt our woe
From Him each guift ov dhine, O Nature, flows,
Not dhat from dhee, I wait my ſollid pride;
Or, from dhy heroes, wood I chooz my guide.
Dhe judge renown'd ov elleganter joy,
In vain widh lerned luxury wood bwoy.
Dhe art ov happines he teaches il,
Hoos own ſelf-ignorance iz all hiz ſkil;
Hoo, laying coolly evv'ry prudence by,
Wood liv at random, and at random dy.
Yon rimers gaieties my grief engage:
For, hwat care I, or for hiz gout or age?

iz cramping ails inſpir'd hiz verſes free:
paints hiz mirth, and I hiz ſorrow ſee.
ſings hiz paſſion, in diſtresſool ſtrain;
nd, ſebly following hiz languid vein,
ocs dhe approach ov deth, howevver near;
t les wood moc it, if he les did fear.
indolents ov gay Petronius' ſcool;
ntented mortals, hoo yoorſelvs can fool;
vain ye boaſt to' me yoor joyous days:
oor happines ſhal nehr my envy raiz.
n in dhe time, ſo gratefool to' yoor mind;
e reign ov Venus, hwen deplor'd mankind
toll'd each plezzure to' imadgin'd blis;
d gave each paſſion *apotheoſis*;
e ſage muſt ſtil, howehr aſham'd or loath,
ſperſe hiz incenſe to' dhe gods ov ſlowth.
eir charms ſomtimes may hurry us along;
o haples he, hoo yields hiz fredom long:
t, 'gainſt a foe, dhat oft muſt lov engage;
wy war implacabel ſhood mortals wage?
moments pece, az guilt how ſhal I fear?
not dhe God ov Chriſtians too ſevere,
quiring to' renounce, for him, myſelf;
r him, to' fly my plezzure, power, pelf;
vatehr I lov; kind Nature to' enſlave!
d, tyrant-like, to' cruſh dhe frame he gave?
l I find joy, hiz rigg'rous laws to' keep;
ven he pronounces bleſt, dhe eyes dhat weep?

Dhus

Dhus ſpeaks a man hiz conflict ov dezires,
Againſt Relidgion, hoom hiz ſoll admires.
Struc widh her graitnes, he believs, adores;
Dampt widh her doctrines, ſtil he douts, explores.
Dhe God hoos doom he dreds, he fond repels;
Hiz rezon ſattisfi'd, hiz hart rebels.
Let's cloze dhe triumph, won laſt fortres pres;
And ſtorm Impiety's forlor'n reces.
If, widh Relidgion, I dare ſtil contend;
To' Rezons voice, an ear I needs muſt lend:
Hwen I decline to' own dhe hevv'nly law,
Sage Natures muſt commence my onely aw.
To' hweddher ov dhe yokes, to' yield my voice;
Be Int'reſt judge, deciſive ov my choice.
Rezon, indulgent to' our puny pow'rs,
Can nevver make, but ezy vertues, ours.
Dheze, not in Plato, let us hope to' find;
Nor Senneca, nor Tully, ſhal we mind.
Dhoze cenſors ov dhe febelnes ov man,
Ofter inſpir'd by pride, dhan wizdoms plan;
Perhaps, in writings, dho not barb'rous, rude,
Hav rezon les, dhan vannity purſu'd.
But each les ridgid doctor beſt decides:
Dhen be dhe bards alone our lovly guides.
From dheir enchanting ſtrains, compoz'd to' charm
Morallity can mennace no alarm.
Dhare trace we dhen dhe chain, hware duties bind
Us, won and all; to' Hevv'n, ourſelvs, mankind.

« Jo

« Jove cirkels all; he pours around dhe day:
To' him, hoo gave us all, let's all repay.
Dhen plunge we in hiz arms, diſdaining fear;
To' God, dhan to' myſelf, I am more dear.
In vain wood barren fumes ov incenſe rize,
T'appeze dhe mighty Sovv'rain ov dhe ſkies.
He ſpurns dhe off'ring ov a guilty hand:
Pure innocence ov hart iz hiz demand.
See hevv'n-born Juſtice, by hiz ſide, advance;
And caſt, o'r all, dhe all-comprizing glance;
Demand her victims, widh a brandiſht ſoard;
Prezenting him dhe crimes her rolls affoard.
But neeling Clemmency widhholds her Sire;
And, tend'ring him our tears, diſarms hiz ire.
« Hwen, for myſelf, ſo oft I mercy ſue;
Shal I hav non, for my offender too?
Dhe wretch I pitty, hoo can mean me wrong:
Be vengeance hevv'ns, to' hoom its rights belong.
If I not dare to' hate dh'afflicting foe;
To' dhe obleging frend, hwat don't I ow?
Hiz fauts to' palliate, widh offiſcious names;
My hart my ingenuity enflames.
He palliates too, good offices go round;
Lov paid widh lov, widh frendſhip frendſhip [crown'd.
My charrity extends, o'r all I ſee.
I am a man: each man'z a frend to' me.
Dhe poor, dhe ſtrainger claim my aid and care;
Widh joy I greet dhem, ſent by hevv'n to' ſhare

Welth,

" Welth, hwich for me alone haz nevver flow'd.
" For ſollid welth iz onely welth beſtow'd.
" Dhe genn'rous ſolls enjoyment, hoo ſhal ſcan?
" Juſt next to' God, iz dhe benignant man.
" Hiz bleſt philanthropy ſhal ſtil diſplay
" Each vertues ancor, and unſhaken ſtay.
" Wood he my pece annoy, my lov alarm;
" And, 'gainſt my ſpouz, my dire ſuſpiſcion arm
" Crime, hwich in evv'ry region dredſt dhy fate;
" Hiz hart defies dhy firſt, dhy blandeſt bait.
" Hoo feeds a ſecret flame, widhout controll,
" Bairs, ev'n in boddy pure, a guilty ſoll.
" Shame iz dhe rareſt boon, dhe hevv'ns beſtow
" Darling ov Gods abov, and men below.
" Dhe ritcheſt flow'r, dhat decs dhe ritcheſt vale
" But blighted ſoon by indiſcreſcions gale.
" Lov, tender Lov, in vain hiz art employs:
" Bleſt Hymen onely can complete hiz joys.
" I pow'rfoolly repres each paſſions fire:
" Dhe world prezents me naught I can admire.
" Free from ambiſcion, carking cares forgot;
" I lov dhe ſtacion, hevv'n aſſigns my lot.
" Nor ritches rivvet, nor dheir abſence grievs:
" Me nevver avvarice ov reſt bereves.
" I am no haughty menial ov dhe grait;
" Or dhem widh me, or me widh dhem to' ſate.
" Vain bubbels, men ye puerile purſue:
" Hwat ſtrainge inannity in all ye doo!

" Du

Duly diſguſted, widh hwatehr I ſee;
I haſte to' liv, and haſte to' liv for me.
I ſeek and ſeiz, widh ardor and delight,
Dhoze moments, hwich ſo rappid ſuns enlight;
Guifts ſcarce obtain'd, hwen lo! dhey'r ſnatcht away:
Guifts, dho we looz, imputed for dheir ſtay.
Dh' eſteem ov men can nehr my ardor ſteal:
I ſhun dheir glances, and my life conceal.
Serene, ſecure from cenſure and from pride;
O may my days in ſhade and ſilence glide!
Dhe prezzent day, perhaps my laſt I moan:
Too known to' all we dy, yet ſelf-unknown.
Deth I await, nor dred him nor dezire;
I can nor hail him, nor advance him nigh'r.
A Cato's moddel, evv'ry man may guiv:
Dhe coward can but dy, dhe brave can liv."
Such iz dhe law, I deem'd ſo big widh joy:
e flow'ry path, dhat nevver knew to' cloy.
at! all around dhe doctrine dire enthralls:
ddher Catullus, dhiddher Horrace calls.
ullus' ſelf dhe ſad remembrance brings;
hwen hiz Delia he ſo ſweetly ſings.
e morral ty, by hwich mankind iz bound,
ll iz trac't; nay, in an Ovvid found.
: in dhoze writings, dhat my rapture raiz;
rigg'rous yoke oppreſſive Rezon lays.

To'

To' hwat more hevvy yoke, or harder law;
Dooms me dhe God, ſo terribel we draw?
My choice iz fixt: I hezzitate no more.
But hwile, attracted by fair Vertues lore,
Self-lov enjoin'd her onely pow'r to' own;
Mild, chaſte, benefficent, for ſelf alone!
Unchaing'd, grait God! I bow to' dhy decree:
Mild, chaſte, benefficent; I'l liv for dhee.
Dhus, far from loozing, I ſhal daily proov
Dhe evv'ry joy, dhat can obedience moov.
But dhe fair Vertue, dhat enſlav'd my eyes;
Hwat, widhout dhee, had it avail'd to' prize?
Smit widh her charms, I nehr had ſeen her m
And, but afar, had ſent a barren ſigh.
Ah! hwat indeed waz man but errors fool,
Til dhe bleſt day ov bright relidgions rule?
Dhe ſages' life dheir leſſons ſtil beli'd:
Lycurgus, ſtemming, ſwell'd dhe guilty tide.
Ovvid, ſomtimes, a Senneca wood be:
In Senneca, too oft, we Ovvid ſee.
A fury-guided lov, hoo ſhal oppoze?
To' him, by Solons hands, a tempel roze.
Hwat, Solon, ſhal avail dhy wizeſt laws;
Hwen dhou, dhyſelf, dezert'ſt dhy Vertues ca
And hwat voluptuary ſhal bluſh at Vice,
Hwen hiz reformers feed dhe coccatrice?
All light waz dhen, but darknes in a gleam;
And often Vannity wood Vertue ſeem.

Games I deteſt, hwence Cato muſt widhdraw;
And ſcorn a Cato, hoo exacts my aw.
Nehr dhen dhe roc ov human vertue hide:
Hwen man iz all hiz own, he'z ſlave to' pride.
He lovs himſelf alone: to' cure dhe woe,
He muſt be ſevver'd from himſelf, hiz foe.
But hoo ſhal bair dhe blow into' hiz hart?
Helidgions charm ſhal proov dhe victors dart.
He onely haz dhe graiteſt mound o'rthrown;
The graiteſt mirrakel dhen let us own.
Dhe hart iz nevver void: a lov effac't,
By a new lov, muſt always be replac't.
Each object, by a lovlier lore expell'd
The harts reces, becoms widh hate beheld.
Man lovv'd himſelf; but GOD ſaid: *Man, lov me.*
Hiz all my law: in lov my ſe'rs agree.
Commandment new! hwich ſoon dhe Lord dhat lays,
Sights in dhe hart, dhe paſſion dhat obeys.
Man feels an ardent lov, dhat nevver ſates:
Hiz widh reziſtles God, himſelf he hates.
Hiddherto', widhin him, he admir'd;
How all, widhin him, iz no more dezir'd.
Himſelf he umbels: from dhe lowly ſhade,
Brings a new man, hoom charrity haz made.
Hen, not widh ſelf, but lov divine he burns;
Men, widh himſelf, to' frendſhip he returns.
So ſoon az order waz by lov reſtor'd;
The nobleſt vertues, wond'ring erth ador'd.

To' lov indeed, hwat ehr can proov a pain?
On lov, diſeze and deth muſt frown in vain.
Unnumber'd martyrs haſte into' dheir arms.
God wil hav blud no more: yet woe haz charms.
Saints arm againſt dhemſelvs, in rigg'rous hoaſts:
Hwat willing exiles evv'ry dezzert boaſts!
Hoo, evver guiltles, take dhe guilty's fate;
Life iz devoted to' dhe virgin-ſtate.
Dhe boddy rules no more: dhe ſpotles ſoll
Bids ſilent nature own her juſt controll.
Two' feeling harts, by forming hand, combin'd,
In guiltles joys a guiltles plezzure find.
Dhey hug dheir chain, dhey blow dhe hallow'd fire
Dhe orphan onnors, in dhe ritch, a ſire,
To' juſteſt coller, hoo can now guiv way;
Hwen princes teach to' pardon and obey?
Grait Theodoſius weeps, hwen Ambroſe aws:
Dhe prince and prieſt like admiracion cauz.
At ſuch bright ſigns, dhe fruit dhen let us own
Hwich heroe-bairing lov haz bor'n alone.
A lovles worſhip but offends dhe ſkies:
Gods incenſe due muſt undivided rize.
Hiz tempels ar our harts: hwat bounds, yoo'l ſay
Ar ſet dhe lov, hwich we'r obleg'd to' pay?
If dhis yoo aſk, yoo lov not yet indeed.
Fool ov dhe ſcope, on hwich its ardors feed,
Hwat oddher ſcope can anny hart admit?
To' know no bounds can onely lov befit.

myſtical kimera, let us fein:
w muſt we lov? Dhis nature ſhal explain.
laining, ov all elſe, dhe languid art;
's onely hear dhe language ov dhe hart.
Erths graitnes, O my God, iz not my pole:
No thirſt ov trezzures ehr torments my ſoll.
ut to be dhine alone, alone can draw.
Iy plezzure, graitnes, ritches, iz dhy law.
or mortals' poor renown, I nevver pine:
! may my glory catch no eyes but dhine!
nwrapt in dhee, to' mortal ken unknown;
Iy cares can find repoze in dhee alone.
hou'lt, in dhe night profound, ſupply dhe day;
hou'lt, in dhe weary wild, dhe world repay.
vain wood men make all dheir trezzures mine
ey nehr ſhood allienate my hart from dhine.
ay I, on Dhee, widh failing hand rely;
hee, widh my lateſt glance, embrace and dy!'
ſuch keen tranſpoarts, lov muſt braik away:
ah! dhe lov divine declines each day.
e doz it ſtil emit ſom languid fires:
lov in hart, now faith in ſoll expires.
hwiddher fled, fair ages, infant days,
churches happy times, her pride, her praiz?
ye, firſt Chriſtians! wondrous mortals, ſay;
heze be yoors, dhe children ov to'-day?
trezzure, and won hart, ye all pozeſt:
by like law, each oddher we deteſt.

Dire deteſtacion, or unpittying rage;
Hwich hurries us along, hiz war to' wage;
Hoo pard'ning lov enjoins, bids battels ceſe!
Hwat blud profanes dhy name, O God ov Pece!
Did dhey no oddher banner own, dhan dhine;
Impreſt dhey on dheir ſoll, dhy traits divine;
Dhoze heroes croſt, hoo, from unfaithfool hands,
Vow'd but to' ravviſh erſt, dhe holy lands?
Dheir crimes gave oft, to' ſhrink, dhe faithles ſoll:
Dheir morrals cenſur'd, let's dheir zeal enroll.
But evver blaſted be dhe odious names,
Dhat ov ſo manny wars illum'd dhe flames!
Hwat barb'rous doctors cood miſlead our ſenſe,
So far az, for a tenets dire defence,
To' arm widh holy rages keeneſt darts,
And plunge our arguments in ſtubborn harts.
But, to' conclude my ſong, I haſte away:
Yet, felt I not my febel voice decay;
Yoor errors I perhaps wood ſtil engage,
O ye, hoo wedding mad herettic rage,
Ov dhe ſame God begot, ſame moddher born,
Againſt our armies ellevate yoor horn.
United wonce, dho ſadly ſcatter'd dhus;
Hoos waz dhe choice? 'twaz yoo dezerted us.
Yoor ſires our parents' breddhren we deplore:
Ah! hwy ar ye our breddhren now no more?
Hav ye diſſolv'd ſo preſcious ties for ay?
Com to' our open arms, O! com away.

Ye, haples victims, bair yoor parents faut:
Dheirs waz dhe crime, dhat yoo to' error braught.
Rejoin dhe quitted ſtandard: nehr deſpair,
All pardon'd by dhe God attended dhare.
Hwat fear, hwen e'n our elder tretch'rous race,
Hiz parricides dhemſelvs, ſhal wonce find grace;
Hwen wrauth divine 'gainſt dhem no more ſhal burn?
'gainſt all hope, ſtil hope we dheir return!
Yes; Jacobs race ſhal rouz him gracious, kind:
Hiz aincient prommiſe he'l recall to' mind.
Hiz mercies trezzure, he wil nevver drain:
Dhe blaſted tree ſhal flurriſh wonce again.
Dhe day ov pennitence iz fixt; won day,
Dhe ſon ſhal moarn dhe ſires reproach away.
Trembel we in our turn: for dhey'r foretold,
Dhe days, in hwich our harts ſhal all grow cold:
Dhe fatal time draws nigh. Ye bleſt controlls!
Ye ſtil can captivate ſom vulgar ſolls.
But yoo a lofty genius braves, we ſee;
And loudly boaſts dhis day ov *thinking free!*
He douts, he glories; and widhout diſmay,
Hiurs to' dhe toomb hiz nobel dout away.
Hedhen times, to' evv'ry thing dhey bow:
To oppozite exces, to' notthing now.
Dhe orrakel muſt be foolfill'd in all:
Not by degrees, Faiths tott'ring tow'rs muſt fall;
Ontil dhe oft announc't, dhe awfool day;
Hwen univerſe can hope nor fear delay;

Dhe day ov retribucion, weal and woe!
Methinks I ſee it, ſhudd'ring at dhe ſhow:
I hear old oceans waves widh horror roar:
I ſee dhe ſhaking orbs effulge no more.
Dhe vengefool fire illumes: dhe trumpets ſound
Awakes dhe ded, from dheir reces profound.
Dhat day dhe laſt to' univerſe ſhal be:
Before dhe throne each various race I ſee.
He coms to' hail hiz own, hoos coarſe iz run;
And finniſh hwat relidgion haz begun.
Erth, ſun, and time himſelf, devour'd, muſt dy:
Eternity's dred gates unbolted fly.
Bor'n on dhe clouds, abov dhe melted ſphere
Announc't by glory, all dhe God appears.
Amidſt dhe thunders roar, dhe lightnings glare;
Hiz radiant throne arizes high in air.
Dhe Lord ov all dhe parting curtains ſhow;
Hoom haples he, hoo but beguins to' know!
Hiz aingels, far and wide, extend dheir ſound:
Mankind, wonce more, emerging from dhe grou
Nor roc, nor reffuge finds; in deep amaze,
Sees notthing grait, but hwat its Judge diſplays.
Dhe dazling beams, dhat pierce hiz darkling cel
Dhe impious, widh abhorrence, wood repel;
But can no more. Dhe glory lays him low;
He ſinks into' dhe deep ov endles woe:
Seat ov unceſing tears, ov dolefool cries!
Ov nameles horror, hware no hopes arize!

f ſcarce a Soccrates ſecure ſhal be,
f not a Titus can prefer a plea;
Iwat pangs, unimmag'd, muſt foolfil yoor fate;
Ye faithles, flinty Chriſtians, wize too late!
Iwen dhe poor Bonz repines hiz fruitles pain,
Iwen dhe pale Brammin haz abſtain'd in vain;
Dhey lern dhat all, dhey underwent below;
Iaz but enhanc't, hwat dhey'v to' undergo.
Dh' aſtonniſht Muſulman regrets hiz fall;
Blaſphemes hiz propphet, parradiſe, and all:
Iz, for dhe joys dhe fool expected dhare,
Ie now finds naught, but horror and deſpair.
Dhe Chriſtian, he alone, knows no amaze:
On dhe tribunal, hware dhe lightnings blaze;
Ie ſees dhe GOD, hoom he believ'd unſeen;
Joo all hiz lov, and all hiz hope haz been.
Ut Faith and Hope, no longuer needfool found;
Vidh endles Lov, hiz Faith and Hope ar crown'd.
HOLY RELIDGION! may my umbel ſtrain,
Acred to' dhee, to' dhat grait day remain!
Jo' won bleſt Muze, hoo bredhes dhy glory, guiv,
Vidh dhee coeval, dhat her name may liv:
Er name—But hwat? ah! hwiddher hav I ſtray'd?
Hart, entirely dhine, wood pride invade?
V each dezire be dhou dhe rule and guide;
Nd be dhy glory all dhy poets pride!

M. Hardion, licencer ov dhe French pres, havvin ſent dhe poem ov *Relidgion* to' dhe examminacio ov dhe poet *Rouſſeau*, received from him dhe fo lowing opinnion.

Howevver dignified be dhe poem ov RELIDGIO by dhe impoartance and grandeur ov dhe ſubject; may be pronounced no les admirabel by dhe manne in hwich dhat ſubject iz treated: hweddher we co ſidder dhe aſſemblage, choice, and ennergy ov a guments, or attend to' dheir econnomy and diſtr bucion. Dhe proofs indeed, throwing ſuch light o each oddher, by dhe art in hwich dhe author h arrainged dhem; compoze a boddy ov evvidenc and a hoal ov conviccion; hwich it iz impoſſibe for dhe blindeſt and moaſt obſtinate incredulity, t reziſt. Dhiz it iz, dhat renders dhe work immo tal, az dhe Relidgion hwich it defends.

But ſoliddity, unaccompanied, wood hav hurt widh dhe majorrity ov readers; hoo cannot relli dhe uſefool widhout dhe plezing; and hoo, if dhe muſt be parted, wood raddher forgo dhe forme For dhis dne author haz abundantly provided, dhe ritch variety ov pictures, widh hwich he haz e livened hiz poem; and by dhe magnifficence ſtile, in hwich he haz had dhe happines ov diſplayi dhem

them: ſo dhat, if evver poetry dezerved to' be called dhe language ov dhe gods, dhis may be ſtiled dhe language ov GOD; hoo ſeems to' ſpeak, by dhe organ ov him, hoom he haz been plezed to' charge widh hiz cauz. Dhis teſtimony I ow to' my own conſcience; and to' dhe impreſſion, hwich dhe peruzal ov dhis poem haz made on my hart and mind. Widh attenſion hav I traced dhe hoal conduct ov it.

To' ſubſtanciate dhe evvidences ov Relidgion, von muſt beguin by evincing dhe exiſtence ov God. Dhis dhe author haz don in dhe firſt Canto; ware all dhat Phyzzics can furniſh to' Poetry, and Metaphyzzics to' Rezon, iz found, deſcribed and devellopped, in dhe nobleſt and diſtincteſt manner. Dheze proofs bring dhe nattural diſtinccion ov dhe two' ſubſtances, dheir union during life, and dheir ſepparacion at deth; hwence follows dhe demonſtracion ov dhe ſolls immortallity. Dhe various and warring opinnions ov philoſſophers, on dhis object, conduct to' dhe neceſſity ov a Revvecion.

Dhe third Canto purſues dhe proppoziſcion advanced in dhe end ov dhe preceding; and ſhows, by dhe hiſtory ov dhe world, and ov dhe Jews in parccular; dhat, in dheir books alone, Revvelacion is to' be found: hwence rezult, by a train ov inſputabel conſequences, dhe authentiſcity and truith

ov a Relidgion, announced by propphets, co
firmed by mirrakels, and vouched by Mahomet him
ſelf, her graiteſt ennemy.

Widh dhe third, iz dhe foarth Canto perfetly co
nected, by a powerfool diſplay ov—dhe riſe ov d
Chriſtian Relidgion, dhe mirrakels ov its Autho
dhe accomplifhment ov dhe propphecies, dhe rapi
proppagacion ov dhe Goſpel; and its eſtabblif
ment, amidſt perſecucions and tortures. Dhare
ſee—nacions ſubmitted, human rezon confounde
dhe folly ov dhe Cros, triumphant over dhe wizd
ov dhe world; and, at length, *Room*, dhe cen
ov pagganizm, punnifhed az Jeruſalem had bee
but raized aguen to' becom a center ov Chri
tiannity.

After dheze eviccions drawn from facts, dhe a
thor fortifies mans hed and hart; won, againſt d
obſcurity ov Relidgions myſteries; dhe oddh
againſt dhe ſtrictnes ov her morrals. He ſhows
dhe fifth Canto, how far goes dhe ignorance ov m
and how far dhe difficulties, hwich dhe deiſt c
not anſer; hwaraz dhe Chriſtian finds dheir anſe
Revvelacion. In dhe morral part, hwat ſtruc
moaſt iz, dhe parrallel, equally lerned, ſollid,
ingenious, ov dhe morallity ov dhe verry poets, e
dhoze oddherwize dhe moaſt corrupt ov paggani
widh dhe morallity ov dhe Chriſtians.

Dhis idea, dhat Relidgion exacts no more dhan ezon enjoins; and dhat dhe Goſpel, if won may ſpeak, renders dhe road no narrower dhan doo ere philoſſophy and onnor, iz admirably expreſſed; d ſo it needed: but it behooved alſo to' aſcertain e advantage, hwich dhe Chriſtian ſyſtem haz, er evvery oddher ſkeme ov morallity. And dhis nſiſts in dhe principel ov Charrity, dhe moaſt ezing ov all precepts; oddhers addreſſing dhem vs to' Rezon, but dhat going directly to' dhe rt; hwich iz hwat God peculiarly requires. Dhis rtue dhus dhe crown ov all Chriſtian vertues, e Author cood not better crown hiz work, dhan hy king us taſte dhe vallue and neceſſity ov it: and s he haz executed, in ſo tutching and exalted a rain; dhat God himſelf ſeems to' hav adopted hun language, to' ſpeak to' dhe hart ov man.

ROUSSEAU.

Bruſſels, Auguſt 3, 1737.

wonder if dhis waz followed by authorritative

Approbacion.

hav red, by order ov dhe Lord Chancellor, dhe n ov *Relidgion*, by Mr. *Racine*; and am ov nion, dhat, hweddher won conſidder dhe ſoty ov dhe thaughts and rezoning, or pay atten-

ſion to' dhe nobelnes ov dhe immages and ſublim
mity ov ſtile; dhe performance iz perfetly corre
ſpondent to' dhe grandeur and dignity ov d
ſubject.

Verſailles, HARDION
Jannuary 3, 1742.

III.

DHE GOOLDEN*VERSES

OV

Y T H A G G O R A S.

FIRST, dhe grait *Gods* dhine utmoaſt revv'rence claim:
ze, widh relidgious aw, dheir ſacred name.
ſur'd dhey vew dhy ways, let naught controll
e oath, dhou wonce haſt bound upon dhy ſoll.
ext, to' dhe *Heroes*, bair a gratefool mind;
os genn'rous cares and toils hav bleſt mankind.
t juſt reſpect, in decent rites array'd,
o' dhe immortal *Manes* ſtil be paid.
nor dhy *Parents*, and dhe next ov kind;
d vertuous men, in equal bond combin'd.
Uſefool and ſteddy, let dhy life procede;
ld evv'ry word, benignant evv'ry deed.

Oh!

Oh ! nevver, widh dhe man dhou lovv'ſt, conten
But, bair a thouzand frailties from dhy frend.
Raſhly enflam'd, vain ſpleen and ſlight ſurmize,
To' real feuds and endles diſcords, rize.

O'r luſt, o'r anguer, keep dhe ſtricteſt rein:
Subdue dhy ſlowth, dhine appetite reſtrain.
Widh no vile accion, venture to' comply;
No: dho unſeen by evv'ry mortal eye.
Abov all witneſſes, dhy Conſcience fear;
And, more dhan all mankind, dhyſelf revere.

Won way, let all dhy words and accions tend;
Rezon dheir conſtant guide, and truith dheir end.
And, evver mindfool ov dhy mortal ſtate;
How quic, how various ar dhe turns ov fate!
How here, how dhare dhe tides ov fortune roll!
How ſoon impending deth concludes dhe hoal!
Compoze dhy mind; and, free from anxious ſtrife
Endure dhy poarcion, ov dhe ils ov life:
Dho ſtil dhe *good-man* ſtands, ſecure from harms;
Nor can misfortune wound, hoom Vertue arms.

Diſcoarſe, in common converſe, dhou wilt find
Som to' improov, and ſom to' taint dhy mind.
Gratefool, to' *dhat* a due obzervance pay;
Beware, leſt *dhis* entice dhy thaughts aſtray:
And untruiths bold, hwich dhou art forc't to' hea
Receiv diſcretely, widh a pacient ear.

Woodſt dhou be juſtly rankt among dhe wize
Think, are dhou doo; are dhou rezolv, advize.

til let dhine aims, widh dhine experience ſquare;
nd plan dhy conduct, widh ſagacious care.
o ſhalt dhou all dhy coarſe, widh plezzure run;
or wiſh an accion, ov dhy life, undon.
Among dhe various ends ov dhy dezires;
Tiz no inferior place, dhy *helth* requires.
irmly, for dhis, from all exces refrain:
hy cups be modd'rate, and dhy diet plain.
or yet inellegant, dhy board ſupply;
ut ſhun dhe nauſeous pomp ov luxury.
v ſpleen, by cherfool converſe, ſtem dhe flud:
t onneſt labor purify dhy blud.
Each night, are needfool ſlumber ſeal dhine eyes;
me to' dhy ſoll, let dheze reflexions rize:
w haz to'-day my duty been expreſt?
wat hav I don, omitted, or tranſgreſt?
en moarn dhe moments, dhou haſt id'ly ſpent:
e reſt wil yield dhee, comfort and content.
Be dheze few rules dhy ſtuddy and delight;
ctiſe by day, and ponder dhem by night.
us all dhy thaughts to' *Vertues* hight ſhal rize;
d *Truith* ſhal ſtand, unvail'd, before dhine eyes:
beings dhe hoal ſyſtem ſhalt dhou ſee
ng'd, az dhey ar, in buteous harmony;
il'ſt all depend from won ſuperior cauz,
Nature works, obedient to' her laws.
nce, az dhou labor'ſt widh judiſcious care,
run dhe coarſe allotted to' dhy ſhare;

Wizdom,

Wizdom, refulgent widh a hevv'nly ray,
Shal clear dhy proſpect, and direct dhy way.
Dhen all around, compaſſionately, vew
Dhe wretched ends, hwich vain mankind purſue:
Toſt to' and fro, by each impettuous guſt;
Dhe rage ov paſſion, and dhe fire ov luſt;
No certain ſtay, no ſafe retreat dhey know;
But, blindly wander thro' a maze ov woe.
Meanhwile, congenial vilenes works widhin;
And cuſtom quite ſubdues dhe ſoll to' ſin.
Save us from dhis diſtres, almighty *Jove*!
Our minds illumine, dhat no more we rove.
But oh! ſecure from all dhy life iz led,
Hoos feet dhe happy padhs ov *Vertue* tred.
Dhou ſtand'ſt united to' dhe race divine,
And dhe perfeccion ov dhe Gods iz dhine.
Imperial Rezon, free from all controll,
Maintains her juſt dominnion in dhy ſoll;
Til, purg'd at length from evv'ry ſinfool ſtain,
Hwen frendly deth ſhal braik dhe cumbrous chain
Looſt from dhy boddy dhou ſhalt take dhy flight,
And rainge immortal in dhe fields ov light.

* L. cxix.

IV.

*Know * dhyſelf: by* ARBUTHNOT.

HWAT am I? how produc't? and for hwat end?
Hwence drew I being? to' hwat period tend?
I dh'abandon'd orphan ov blind chance?
pt by wild attoms in diſorder'd dance?
from an endles chain ov cauzes wraught,
d ov unthinking ſubſtance, born widh thaught?
mocion, hwich began widhout a cauz?
remely wize, widhout deſign or laws?
I but hwat I ſeem, mere fleſh and blud;
ranching channel, widh a mazy flud?
e purpel ſtream, dhat thro' my veſſels glides,
and unconſcious flows, like common tides:
e pipes, thro' hwich dhe cirk'ling juces ſtray,
dhat ſame thinking I, no more dhan dhey.
s frame, compacted widh tranſcendant ſkil,
mooving joints, obedient to' my wil;
ſt from dhe fruitfool glebe, like yonder tree;
xes and waſtes: I call it mine, not me.
matter ſtil dhe mold'ring mas ſuſtains;
manſion chaing'd, dhe tennant ſtil remains;
, from dhe fleeting ſtream new nurture gave,
inct, az iz dhe ſwimmer from dhe wave.

Hwat

Hwat am I dhen? Sure, ov a nobler berth;
By parents right, I own az moddher, erth;
But claim ſuperior linneage by my ſire,
Hoo warm'd dh' unthinking clod widh hevv'nly
Eſſence divine, widh lifeles clay allay'd;
By dubbel nature, dubbel inſtinct ſway'd.
Widh look erect, I dart my longuing eye;
Seem wing'd to' part, and gain my native ſky:
I ſtrive to' mount; but ſtrive (alas!) in vain;
Ti'd to' dhis maſſy globe widh madgic chain.
Now, widh ſwift thaught, I rainge from pole to p
Vew worlds around dheir flaming centers roll:
Hwat pow'rs conduct, dheir mocions undeſtroy'
Thro' dhe ſame tracles padhs ov boundles void?
I trace dhe blazing commets firy trail,
And weigh dhe hwirling plannets in a ſcale.
Dheze godlike thaughts, hwile eguer I purſue;
Som glitt'ring trifel, offer'd to' my vew;
A gnat, an inſect, ov dhe meaneſt kind,
Eraſe dhe new-born immage from my mind;
Som beaſtly want, craving, importunate;
Vile, az dhe grinning maſtif at my gate;
Cuts of, from hevvenly truith, dhis rez'ning me
And tels me, I'm a brute az much az he.
If, on ſublimer wings ov lov and praiz,
My ſoll abov dhe ſtarry vaut I raiz;
Lur'd by ſom vain conceit ov ſhamefool luſt,
I flag, I drop, and flutter in dhe duſt.

he tow'ring lark dhus, from her lofty ſtrain,
oops to' an emmet, or a barley-grain.
pell'd by jarring inſtincts adverſe hoaſt,
ove to' won, now to' dhe oddher coaſt:
o' blis unknown my lofty ſoll aſpires,
y lot unequal to' my vaſt dezires.
z, 'mongſt dhe hinds, a child ov royal birth
nds hiz high peddigree, by conſcious worth;
man, amongſt hiz fellow-brutes expoz'd,
es he'z a king; but 'tiz a king depoz'd.
ty him, beaſts! ye, by no law confin'd,
barr'd from devious padhs, by being blind!
vile man, thro' op'ning vews ov various ways,
onfounded, by dhe aid ov knollege ſtrays.
o weak to' chooz; yet, choozing ſtil in haſte,
on moment guivs dhe plezzure and diſtaſte;
kt by paſt minnutes, hwile dhe prezzent cloy;
e flatt'ring future ſtil muſt guiv dhe joy:
t happy, but amuz'd upon dhe road;
d, like yoo, thaughtles ov hiz laſt abode;
weddher next fun hiz being ſhal reſtrain,
' endles notthing, happines or pain.
Around me, lo! dhe thinking, thaughtles crew
wilder'd each, dheir diff'rent padhs purſue.
dhem I aſk dhe way: dhe firſt replies,
Dhou art a god;' and ſends me to' dhe ſkies.

'Down

'Down on dhe turf,' dhe next; 'dhou two'-leg
beaſt:
Dhare fix dhy lot, dhy reſt, and endles feaſt.'
Between dheze wide extremes, dhe length iz ſuc
I find I know too littel, or too much.
Almighty Pow'r, by hoos moaſt wize command
Helples, forlorn, uncertain, here I ſtand;
Take dhis faint glimm'ring ov dhyſelf away,
Or braik into' my ſoll, widh perfet day.
Dhis ſaid, expanded lay dhe ſacred text:
Dhe balm, dhe light, dhe guide ov ſolls perplex
Dhus dhe benighted travveller, dhat ſtrays
Thro' doutfool padhs, enjoys dhe morning-rays:
Dhe mighty miſt, and thic-deſcending dew
Parting, unfold dhe fields, and vauted blue.
O truith divine! enlighten'd by dhy ray,
I grope and gues no more; but ſee my way.
Dhou clear'ſt dhe ſecret ov my high deſcent,
And tell'ſt me hwat dhoze myſtic tokens ment:
Marks ov my birth, hwich I had wor'n in vain;
Too hard for worldly ſages to' explain.
Zeno's wer vain, vain *Epicurus*' ſkemes;
Dheir ſyſtems falſe, deluſive wer dheir dreams;
Unſkill'd my two'-fold nature to' divide:
Won nurſt my plezzure, and won nurſt my pri
Dheze jarring truiths, hwich human art beguile,
The ſacred page dhus bids me recconcile.

Ofſp

ring ov God! no les dhy peddigree:
t dhou wonce waſt, art now, and ſtil may'ſt be;
God alone can tel, alone decree.
autles dhou dropt'ſt from hiz unerring ſkil,
h dhe bare pow'r to' ſin, ſince free ov wil.
load not, widh dhy guilt, fair Fredoms way:
hoo haz pow'r to' walk, haz pow'r to' ſtray.
acts by ſoarce impell'd, can naught dezerv;
wizdom, ſhort ov infinite, may ſwerv.
n on dhy new-impt wings, dhou took'ſt dhy flight;
'ſt dhy Creator, and dhe relms ov light;
ain'dſt hiz gracious precept to' foolfil,
thaught'ſt to' grow a god, by dooing il.
by foul guilt, dhy hevv'nly form defac't;
ature chaing'd, from happy manſions chas't;
u ſtil retain'ſt ſom ſparks ov hevv'nly fire;
faint to' mount, yet reſtles to' aſpire;
el enuf, to' ſeek dhy blis again;
brute enuf, to' make dhy labor vain.
cretures now widhdraw dheir kindly uſe;
fly dhee, ſom torment, and ſom ſeduce;
aſt, dhat il ſuch diff'rent gueſts ſuſtains:
hwat dhy ſenſe dezires, dhy ſoll diſdains.
luſt, dhy curioſſity, dhy pride;
o'd or deferr'd, or balkt or grattifi'd;
e on, and render dhee alike unbleſt,
wat dhou want'ſt, and hwat dhou haſt pozeſt.

In

In vain dhou hop'ſt for blis on dhis poor clod:
Return, and ſeek dhy Fahdher and dhy God.
Yet think not to' regain dhy native ſky,
Bor'n on dhe wings ov vain philoſſophy.
Myſterious paſſage! hid from human eyes:
Soaring yoo ſink, and ſinking yoo arize.
Let umbel thaughts yoor wary footſteps guide:
Repair by meeknes, hwat yoo loſt by pride.

* L. cxix.

V.

PHILEMON*; *or, dhe Conqueſt ov dhe Paſſions*

An Ode.

I.

DHE wily tempter vainly plies
A ſteddy mind, rezolv'd and wize,
To' own hiz lawles ſway.
Dhe gennerous *Philemon*, ſee!
Dares to' be *ſingular* and *free*,
Hwile ſervile crouds obey.

II.

Philemon wizely countermines,
And baffels all hiz ſly deſigns,

To' gain him by ſurprize:
miles at all dhe littel arts,
revvalent on vulgar harts,
Deceiv'd by fair diſguize.

III.

paſſions, mercenary tribes,
c't by hopes ov prommis't bribes,
n tumult fierce engage.
, Pece! be ſtil! dhe heroe cries:
onely *vannity* and *lies*,
Excite yoor frantic rage.

IV.

zures but bloom an our, and dy:
hs uſeles ſuperfluity,
And *onnor*, empty ſound!
wile 'tiz toſt from tung to' tung,
umor prompts dhe old or yong;
Dhen meets dhe fatal ground.

V.

welth! ſee *fame!* hwich nevver dies;
blezzures evver-blooming rize,
n *Vertues* happy way!
fools! to' ſlight ſubſtancial joys,
barter *happines* for *toys*;
Fine goold, for painted clay!

VI.

VI.

Dhe *mutineers* dheir clámmors ceſe,
Obedience binds dhe genral pece,
And Faccion growls no more:
So ſummers gentel ev'ning-breze,
Soft-hwiſp'ring thro' dhe leafy-trees,
Succedes loud thunders roar.

VII.

Dhe foe, hoo bilt hiz hopes to' win,
On trech'rous partizans widhin,
Hiz plots abortive found.
If dhat'z dhe caſe, how vain my ſtay!
He ſighing ſaid, and ſneakt away,
From brave *Philemons* ground.

VIII.

Dhoze, hoo, like dhee, *Philemon* ſtand;
Like dhee, dheir paſſions ſtil command;
Naught can dheir pece deſtroy:
Dhe pow'rs ov *erth* and *hel* combin'd,
Attempt in vain dhe ſteddy mind,
To' interrupt dheir joy.

* L. cxix.

VI.

VI.

Dhe power ov Innocence : a tale.

A Nordhern pair, we waiv dhe name;
Rich, yong, and not unknown to' fame;
Iwen firſt dhe nupcial knot dhey ti'd,
Vidh poets' gods in plezzure vi'd.
Iew to' dhe mighty charm, dhey feel
joy dhat all dheir looks reveal.
Ve lov hwatehr haz pow'r to' pleze;
o natures aincient law decrees:
nd dhus dhe pair, hwile each haz pow'r
o' bles dhe fond ſequeſter'd our,
Vidh mutual lov enraptur'd glow,
nd *lov* in kind *complacence* ſhow.
But, hwen familliar charms no more
ſpire dhe blis dhey gave before;
es plezing each, each les waz moov'd:
ow dhis, now dhat waz diſapproov'd.
om trifling faut, hwich *lov* conceal'd;
diff'rence evv'ry day reveal'd.
mplacence flies, *neglect* ſuccedes;
glect, *diſdain* and *hatred*, breeds.
e wiſh, to' pleze, forſakes dhe breſt;
e wiſh, to' *rule*, haz boath pozeſt.

VI.

Perpettual war, dhat wiſh to' gain,
Dhey wage, alas! but wage in vain.
Now hope ov conqueſt ſwels dhe hart
No more——at length content to' part!
Dhe rural ſeat, dhat ſilvan ſhade,
Hware firſt dhe nupcial vows wer paid;
Dhat ſeat atteſts dhe dire intent,
And hears dhe parting ſettelment.
Dhis houſe, dheze fields my lady's own;
Sir *Jon* muſt ride to' town alone.
Dhe charriot waits; dhey bid adew:
But ſtil dhe charriot waits in vew.
Tom tires widh waiting long in dout;
And lights a pipe—and ſmokes it out.
Myſterious! hwerfore dhis delay?
Dhe ſequel ſhal dhe cauz diſplay.
Won lovly guirl dhe lady bore,
Dear pledge ov joys ſhe taſtes no more!
Dhe fahdhers, moddhers, darling, ſhe
Now liſpt and prattell'd at dheir knee.
Sir *Jon*, ſlow-rizing to' depart,
Turns to' dhe fondling ov hiz hart;
And cries, widh ardor in hiz eye,
'Com, *Betſy*, bid Mammah *good-b'y*.'
Dhe Lady, trembling, anſer'd: 'No——
'Go, kis Pappah; my *Betſy*, go.
'Sir *Jon*, dhe child ſhal liv widh me.'
'Dhe child herſelf ſhal chooz': ſaid he.

oor *Betſy* looks at each by turns,
oo tor'n to' cry: each parent burns.
y lady aſks widh dout and fear:
Wil yoo not liv widh me, my dear?'
Yes:' half-rezolv'd, repli'd dhe child;
nd, half-ſuppreſt her tears, ſhe ſmil'd.
Com, *Betſy*, cri'd Sir *Jon:* yoo'l go,
And liv widh dear pappah, I know.'
Yes:' *Betſy* liſpt—Dhe lady dhen
ddreſt dhe wond'ring child aguen;
Dhe time to' liv widh boath iz o'r:
Dhis day we part, to' meet no more!
Chooz dhen'—here grief o'rflow'd her breſt;
nd tears burſt out, too long ſuppreſt.
Dhe child, hoo tears and plaints entwin'd,
ppoz'd Pappah diſplez'd, unkind;
nd tri'd, widh all her littel ſkil,
o' ſoodh hiz oft-relenting wil.
Doo,' cri'd dhe liſper, *Pappy,* '*doo*
Lov dear Mammah! Mammah lovs yoo.'
Subdu'd dhe foarce ov manly pride,
o more hiz looks hiz hart beli'd.
he tender tranſpoart foarc't its way:
hey boath confeſt each oddhers ſway.
nd, prompted by dhe ſocial ſmart,
reſt ruſht to' breſt, and hart to' hart.
ach claſpt dheir *Betſy*, o'r and o'r;
nd *Tom* drove empty from dhe dore.

VII.

Stanzaes on dhe Birthday ov CATTERINE WILSO
July 11, 1787. *By her fahdher* *; *hoos benivo*
lence wil alſo pardon dheir pubblicacion.

NO moddeſt muze doo I requeſt,
To' pour her fire into' my breſt;
And make me ſing ſublime:
My teeming hart commands to' write,
My thaughts ar burning to' endite,
Dhe ritch ſpontaneous rime.

Dhe hart beats high, hwen we draw near
Dhe object ov our lov or fear;
We trembling glow all o'r:
Dhe ſame ſenſacions thril dhe ſoll,
Hwen, warm'd widh Fancy's boundles roll,
We tred a diſtant ſhore.

Now, rapt in thaught, I converſe hold
Widh dhoze, hoos fate'z widh mine enroll'd;
And reunite in mind:
Hils, vales, and rivvers intervene;
Idea flies o'r all between,
And we each oddher find.

A moddh

moddhers anxious tender care,
'r her ſweet ofspring, bredhes a pray'r;
At morns approaching ray:
My ſon!—O! bles him, God ov lov!
May he bring bleſſings from abov,
" On dhoze dhat point hiz way!

My *Catt'rine* too! O! guide her yooth;
Teach her good Hevven! dhe lov ov Truith;
" Guiv Onnor, Vertue, Grace!
My op'ning *Lilly* †! Oh, my God!
Grant her to' ſee and fear dhy nod;
" T'explore dhy holy place!"

e heving throb, dhe melting eye,
e ſoft maternal extaſy,
Bid nobleſt paſſion moov;
flow dhe tender, trembling, hart:
e, let a fahdher bredhe hiz part,
Hiz anxious poarcion proov.

Grait God ov gods! Triune! Supreme!
O! be dhy glory all our theme!
" Our wiſh dhy wil divine!
les dhou all dhoze beneadh dhis roof;
heir lives, O! make a livving proof,
" Dhat dhare dhy glories ſhine!"

Hwen I look round, and turn my mind,
To' dhe fond parent ‡ left behind;
Can I a preff'rence ſhow?
Ye'l all allow, for wonce I may:
Dhis iz my *Catt'rines* natal day!
My gratefool tranſpoart glow!

Elevv'n ſwift-circling years hav paſt,
Since I her moddher hail'd at laſt,
On dhis my firſtborn fair:
Our mutual hopes and fears hav ſaid,
How dear to' boath dhe infant-maid,
For hoom we blend our pray'r!

May each revolving ſun behold
Our *Cate* grow good, az ſhe grows old,
And chear her frends around!
May lov divine enflame her ſoll,
And vertues lore her mind controll;
Content her wiſhes bound!

May manners cherfool, frank, polite,
In all her conduct ſtil unite,
Dhat grace dhe female mind!
Gentel, affeccionate, ſincere;
Widh dhat, hwich muſt to' all endear;
To' all around her, kind!

o may my rizing bloſſom grow in years,
er parents joys repaying all dheir fears!
lay lov and frendſhip intertwine dhe harts
v broddher, ſiſter! all ſo play dheir parts,
n dhis ſhort ſtage, til we ſublim'd ſhal raiz
n endles anthem to' our Makers praiz!

L. ccviii.

† Dhe abbreviacion ov dhe propper (*Lillias*) az wel az dhe fragrant
er.

‡ Mrs. *Scot*, dhe wordhy grandmoddher, hoo continnued at Lon-
, widh dhe author; hwile her daughter, dhe oddher excellent pa-
t, waz on a vizzit to' hiz good moddher in Scotland.

VIII.

troduccion * *to'* dhe fatal ſiſters, an ode by Mr. GRAY:

TWAZ on *Eirins* fatal day,
Led by *Woddens* ſecret hand,
ware dhe dancing waves ov *May* †
Speed dhe current to' dhe land.

ed hiz eye, dhat watcht dhe book
Seal'd widh manny a heroes blud;
Vidh briſtling locs, and haggard look,
Dhe hoary propphet gaz'd dhe flud.

Dhe biting north-wind brufht dhe tide,
And drove dhe bick'ring hail before:
Shril dhe angry mermaid cri'd,
'Midft dhe burfting billows roar.

Hware dhe ftifled tempefts pant,
A hollow found dhe cavverns gave;
And forky lightnings fhot aflant
Dhe glitt'ring treffes ov dhe wave.

Big dhe cloud, on Thule's hight,
Sail'd athwart dhe dufky fky;
Swelling to' dhe diftant fight,
Far its wreadhs wer feen to' ly.

Now dhe mutt'ring thunder roll'd:
Lo! a meteors ftreamy fign:
Purpel, goold-atting'd, behold!
Opes dhe azure eye divine.

Now, from out dhe darker fide,
Louder thunders ftrike hiz ear:
Now, from out dhe beamy tide,
Lo! dhe giant-maids appear.

atal ſiſters, ſpeed yoor way;
Guiv yoor foam.y coarſers rein:
as dhe dancing waves ov *May*,
Pas dhe murmur ov dhe main.

ee, dhe leader ov dhe band,
Dredded *Hilda!* hware ſhe paſt;
ee dhe trumpet in her hand!
Hark! ſhe pours dhe ratz'ling blaſt.

el revenge and fury ſpred
Burning pinnions o'r her brow;
yes, dhat pannic terrors ſhed,
Fiercely ſhoot a crimzon bow.

ound in mazy circlets ſtream
Fammiſht birds, dhat watch dhe ded:
ee a fading ſpecter gleam!
Sigurd droops hiz fated hed!

ware, to' meet dhe pebbly ſhore,
Leans dhe velvet-verdur'd hil;
arts dhe ſpear dhe maiden bore:
Mandate ov dhe maidens wil.

See! it lighten'd, az it flew!
Quivv'ring now in erth it ſtands.
Hark! aguen dhe blaſt ſhe blew,
Eccoing, ſhook a thouzand lands!

Lab'ring widh its monſtrous birth,
Heav'd dhe hil on evv'ry ſide!
Lo! dhe poartals ov dhe erth,
Burſting, yawn'd an entrance wide!

See! dhe loom iz reddy laid:
O'r it ſee dhe ſiſters bent!
Seats, dhat bair each wond'rous maid;
Each, dhe roc, an erthquake rent!

Hark! beneadh dhe trembling ground,
(From *Hela's* dark domain it roze)
Deeply peal'd a ſollemn ſound:
Hark! for *Hilda* caught dhe cloſe.

Ours, ſhe cri'd, and wav'd her hand;
Ours to' join dhe madgic throng!
Siſters, ſuch our Queens command:
Ours to' ſwel dhe madgic ſong!

* By Henry Mackenyie, clark ov dhe Exchecker. L. lxv.

† Dhe name ov a place, on dhe nordhern coaſt ov Caitnes. eppithet *dancing* wil be allowed, hwen dhe appearance ov dhe (hwich dhe author haz ſeen) iz known: for here, by dhe meeting cur

currents, dhey ar thrown up direct. For hwich rezon, or from dheir apparent hight, dhey ar ſtiled by dhe contry-pepel, *dhe men ov May*.

If dhis Scottiſh Author doo equal onnor and plezzure to' boath parts ov dhe iland; no les may be ſaid ov dhe following, apparently Ingliſh, Travveller; hoom *Ben-lomond*, dhe nobleſt mountain in Scotland, iz proud to' find hiz cellebrator: az *Ben* confeſſed, in 1779, to' J. E.

IX.

Deſcripcion ov BEN-LOMOND, *in Stirlingſhere: coppied from of a window in New-Tarbet, on dhe oppozite ſide ov Loch-lomond:*

STRAINGER, if o'r dhis pane ov glas, perchance,
Dhy roving eye ſhood caſt a harmles glance;
If taſte ov grandeur, and dhe dred ſublime,
Prompt dhee *Ben-lomonds* arduous hights to' climb;
Here gaze attentive: nor widh ſcorn refuze
Dhe frendly rimings ov a tavvern-muze.
For dhee dhat Muze dhis rude inſcripcion plann'd,
And led for dhee her umbel poets hand.
Heed dhou dhe poet: he dhy ſteps ſhal guide,
Safe o'r yon tow'ring hils aſpiring pride.
Attentive dhen to' dhis informing lay,
Read how he dictates, az he points dhe way.
Truſt not at firſt, a quic advent'rous pace:
Six miles its top points graddual from dhe baſe.

Up dhe high hil, widh panting haſte I paſt;
And gain'd dhe long, laborious, ſteep at laſt.
More prudent dhou, hwen travverſt wonce dhe deep
Widh mezzur'd pace and ſlow, aſcend dhe leng
then'd ſteep.
Oft ſtay dhy ſteps, taſte oft dhe cordial drop;
And reſt: Oh! reſt long, long upon dhe top.
Here hail dhe brezes; nor, widh toilſom haſte,
Down dhe ruf ſteep dhy preſcious viggor waſte.
So ſhal dhy wond'ring ſight ſurvey widh eze,
Vales, lakes, woods, mountains; ilands, rocs, an
ſeas:
Huge hils, dhat heapt in crouded order ſtand;
Stretcht o'er dhe nordhern, and dhe weſtern land.
Vaſt lumpy groops! hwile *Ben*, hoo often ſhrouds
Hiz loftier ſummit, in a vail ov clouds;
High o'r dhe reſt, diſplays ſuperior ſtate;
In proud preemminence, ſublimely grait!
Won ſide, all awfool! to' dhe gazing eye,
Prezents a ſteep three hundred faddhoms high.
Dhe ſcene tremendous ſhocs dhe ſtartled ſenſe,
Widh all dhe pomp ov dred magnifficence.
All dheze, and more, ſhalt dhou tranſpoarted ſee;
And own a faithfool monnitor in me:

TOMMAS RUSSEL

Oct. 3, 1771.

X.

*piſtel to' a Frend (March, 1775) by a Scottiſh * Lady ov Quallity, at London †.*

HWEN, to' dhe town, her vot'ries Faſcion calls;
rom diſtant groves, and mellancolly halls;
vain may various manſions be diſplay'd,
ware ſplendor dazzels, widh refinements aid;
vain may Muſics ſprightlieſt notes rezound,
nd gay illuminacions glitter round:
oo proud to' be diverted, and too wize
o' taſte dhe plezzures yoor compannions prize!
joy diſturbs yoor philoſopphic breſt;
, all dhat kindels iz, widh ſhame, ſuppreſt.
ov dhe foibels ov dhe ſex, yoor mind
charms in dres or flattery can find.
o' books, to' graveſt authors 'tiz appli'd;
nd Plutarc'z red for plezzure, not for pride."
Dhus often doz my frends reprooving voice
poze my conduct, and condemn my choice.
iz true: dhe ſeeds, hwich vannity haz ſown
evv'ry female breſt, to' mine ar known.
t, hwen dheir growth too haſtily procedes,
all on ſtuddy, to' expel dhe weeds;

And

And dhe grave authors yoo diſdain, employ;
Such bloſſoms, are dhey ripen, to' deſtroy.
Hwen to' gay ſcenes, on raptures wings, repair
Dhe yong, dhe vain, dhe lively, and dhe fair;
Acnolleg'd buty bids dhe laſt attend,
Improov'd by all dhe ſuccor dres can lend.
Nor I perhaps, if charms like dheirs wer mine,
Might ſcorn to' conker, or neglect to' ſhine.
But dhat Divinnity, hoos ſkil we trace;
In Cynthia's accion, in Zelinda's face;
Hoos pow'r makes Celia's evv'ry feture ſpeak,
Bids moddeſt buty bluſh on Emma's cheek;
Beſtows on Ammoret, dhat winning air;
Yet crowns, widh dignity, dhe ſmiling fair;
Nature, grait Nature, to' dhy frend denies
Dhe ſmoodh complexion, and reſplendent eyes.
But ſtil I bles dhe dame; for, dho ſhe took
Grace from my form, attraccion from my look;
She yet commands dhis buzzom, nehr to' frame
A wiſh for buty's empire, or its fame;
She yet inſtructs me, nevver to' dezire,
Dhe daing'rous diſſipacion yoo admire;
To' roam delighted thro' dhe wild domain,
Hware fancy ſummons all her ſubject train;
Widh graiter plezzure to' behold dhe band,
Ov Lovs and Graces, dance at *Grays* comman
An extaſy ov purer kind to' taſte,
In ſoll'wing *Oſſian* o'r dhe dreary waſte;

'o' feel more rapture from won awfool gleam,
v *Shakſpears* light'ning, dhan dhe world can beam;
wen all its op'ning charms unite, to' blind
h' inactive prudence ov a yoothfool mind.
Yes: widh dhe Muze and Fancy let me go,
ware gentleſt ſtreams thro' greeneſt meddows flow.
dheir aſſiſtance let me be convey'd,
ware thickeſt woods dhe winding walk o'rſhade;
r, by unfaddhom'd preſcipices led,
wile arching cavverns thretten o'r my hed.
o' ſom vaſt roc each footſtep let me bend,
d gaze widh aw, and ardently aſcend;
e ſummit gain, and, all my labors o'r,
ride ſuperior evv'ry tempeſts roar;
h' imadginary landſkip glad ſurvey,
d bid dhe blisfool dream for evver ſtay.
Oh! cood dhy madgic pow'r, fair Muze, command
ſight to' fix on Calledonian land;
enjoy dhoze ſcenes, hware natures wildeſt reign
art embelliſhes, no rules reſtrain:
nes! hware no hand haz ſmoodh'd dhe mountains brow,
human toil enjoin'd dhe ſtream to' bow;
ught dhe ſmall wave, a wider ſway to' claim;
, on dhe brook, beſtow'd a nobler name §:
are evv'ry proſpect warms dhe poets mind,
are evv'ry charm iz ov a penſive kind;

Hware

Hware natures ſplendor, to' my wond'ring eyes,
Imadginacions tale wood realize;
Dh'extenſive fear-inſpiring gloom wood ſhow,
Hware manny an age had ſeen dhe forreſt grow;
Or, hware dhe mount ſtood fixt, in awfool pride,
Hwile torrents thunder'd down hiz cragguy ſide!

Oh! much lovv'd Contry! (dho unknown, preferr'd!)
Hwy beats my buzzom, hwen dhy name iz herd?
Hwy doz my hart widh indignacion glow,
Hwen widh dhy cenſure ſmit, or widh dhy woe?
Hwat wakes my rapture, hwen dhy praiz iz ſung?
Hwat tunes me graces in dhy ſimpel tung?
Hwat makes me joyfoolly attend dhe lore,
Dhat tels ov dhy bleak wilds and dezzert ſhore?
Dho 'tiz declar'd, no erbage decs dhy ground;
Dho rudeſt rocs dhy barren heaths ſurround;
Dho, hwen tranſplanted to' dhy plains, 'tiz ſaid,
Dhe beeches widdher, and dhe rozes fade:
E'n ſuch deſcripcions more my ſoll emblaze,
More tranſpoarts waken, and more wiſhes raiz;
To' hail ſweet *Scotia's* hoſpitabel ſmile,
And taſte ſuch joys, az know not to' beguile;
Dhan all dhe wel-turn'd periods ov a tale,
Hwich paints dhe buties ov ſom ſoddhern vale.

* Dhe right onnorabel Lady L. S. aged 16!

Divine *Urania!* aid my pen,
And ſay, hware can dhe hurt ly,*
Wimmen hav brains, az wel az men?
Az witnes Lady *Wortley!*‖ SWIFT.

* Communicated to' J. E. by a frend ov dhe nobel author.
‖ Dhe *boarn*, corruptly *burn*.
‖ Her grand-moddher.

XI.

To Dr. FRANKLIN, *widh a pair ov workt ruffels, December*, 1769.

DHEZE flow'rs, dear Sir, can boaſt no lively bloom,
Nor can regale yoo widh a ſweet perfume.
This dreary ſezon no ſuch prezzents yields;
The trees ar naked, unadorn'd dhe fields:
The gardens hav dheir ſweets and buties loſt,
Yet Lov and Grattitude, unchill'd by froſt,
Shoot foarth dhis foliage: poor, indeed, I own,
Yet truſt dh'intent wil for dhe faut atone.
Tho my prodduce not widh Natures vies,
I hope to' pleze a frends indulgent eyes.
For yoo my fancy and my ſkil I tri'd;
For yoo my nedel widh delight I pli'd;
Shud e'n to' ad a trifling grace to' yoo,
From hoom Philoſſophy and Vertue too
Obtain: if edher can be counted mine,
Yoo dhey widh dhe cleareſt luſter ſhine.

My

My nobel Frend! dhis artles line excuze,
Nor blame dhe weaknes ov yoor Polly's Muze.
Dhe umbel guift widh kind complacence take,
And wair it for dhe gratefool guivvers ſake.

MARY * STEVENSON

* L. clxxxvii. clxxxviii.

XII.

Extract from a coppy ov verſes on WILLIAM HEWSON, *Eſquire.*

FOND to' record dhe graces ov hiz mind:
Prudence widh libberallity combin'd:
Sweet gentelnes, integgrity unſway'd;
And wizdom, by no vannity allay'd.
Fair Science from oblivvion wreſts hiz name,
And makes it ſacred, in dhe rolls ov fame;
Hwile annimated Nature ſhal excite
Enquiring man to' trace her widh delight.
Widh unremitting ardor he explor'd
Dhe laws, widhin her deep receſſes, ſtor'd.
Dhe laurel-wreath adorn'd hiz moddeſt brows:
Fate gave him all dhis tranſient world allows.

* L. clxii.

XIII.

dhe deth (March 3) ov dhe Revverend Mr. GEORGE † BIZZET, *Rector ov St. Jons, New Brunſwic. By a Frend dhare.*

HWEN dhe ſoll ſickens at unuzual woe,
Nor ſhuns dhe pangs ov ſympathettic grief;
al not the burſting ſtream ov ſorrow flow,
And lend dhe loaded hart ſom ſmall relief?

tend, ye proud! nor deem dhe leſſon vain
To' mend dhe hart, and ſoften natures laws.
z waz dhe taſk: he quell'd dhe guilty train,
And calmly triumpht in hiz Makers cauz.

z waz dhe bitter cup ov human care:
For helth waz banniſht from hiz febel frame.
z mind, tranſcending evv'ry erthly glare,
Haz gain'd dhe ſummit ov immortal fame.

ature in wizdom, proov'd in adverſe ſtriſe,
Conviccions flaſh on evv'ry vice he hurl'd.
' Almighty ſaw; ſoon ſnapt dhe thred ov life,
And call'd him guiltles, from a guilty world.

March 6, 1788.

* L. xlviii. cccxvi.

XIV.

XIV.

To' dhe Subſcribers, hoo onnored dhe Ingliſh Verſion of M. V. MARTIALIS.

OYE, hoo make a *Marſials* muze yoor care!
To' aincient worth, hoo moddern witnes bai
Hoo wit, thro' evv'ry medium, ken divine;
And, graitly daring, join'd yoor names widh mine
All hail! hoo bade *Thalia* fix her ſtand,
And own her Darling, in *Britannia's* land.
Dhat lore primeval dains to' rear her hed,
And berried truith emerges from dhe ded;
Dhat, in hwatevver vail, ſhe peers around;
And ſteals dhe willing hart, on CLASSIC ground:
Dhat fountains, hwich ov old ſo copious flow'd,
Wer for all tungs, and for all times beſtow'd;
On man, ſtil man in evv'ry clime and age;
Iz, waz, and wil be yoors, in MARSIALS page.
Yoor bard it iz, hoo all yoor trezzures pours;
Bids wizdom, wit, anticquity, be ours.
Prophettic moddeſty cood wel declare,
How lynx-ey'd frendſhip might dhe merrit ſhare:
Hwat wings muſt waft her to' remoteſt lands,
Hwat polliſh highten for Auguſtan hands.

Fr

om ſtep, to' ſtep, mūſt all terreſtrial rize:
millity alone can ſcale dhe ſkies.
Marſial meekly woo'd ſubſcripcions charms,
ſcripcion gracious met a *Marſials* arms:
ntagious taſte illum'd dh' imperial ſmile;
d, *Julius'* graiter, MARSIAL won our ile.
thenius, *Fauſtin*, *Plinny*, all—hiz own;
h kind'ling ſex wood outſubſcribe dhe throne.
m ſaw her world expand, by wits domain;
ſcorn'd to' wair dhe bays ov Celtic Spain.
vading wit, two' thouzand years ago,
dh Albions dames bade Roman rivals glow;
, hware hiz Caos dhen ſuch frends cood find,
iſſues now hiz Digeſt to' mankind.
anthis, *Stella*, waz dhy primal ray;
nus livv'd, on lovv'd *Sulpiſcia's* lay.
ppbila gave *Canius* laſting ſmile:
et *Claudia*, dhou coodſt *Pudens'* cares beguile.
n, lerned Ladies, 'wer yoor pow'rs ſublim'd,
en happines connubial ſo ye climb'd.
hevv'nly ile diſplay'd a *Claudia* dhen:
laudia † firſt lent MARSIAL here her pen.
wer dhy proddigies, immortal *Room!*
glories now diſpel *Auguſta's* gloom.
too, my *Bilbilis*, diverge dhy rays:
brighten ſtil unfoil'd *Caledons* days.
ſt EDINA, ſuch emblaze dhy hil,
bid *Bodotria* † ſwel a *Salo's* ril.

Hiz

Hiz muze, our poet own'd dhe citty-queen;
Dho blis we nevver own, til ſhe *haz been.*
How momentary, man, dhy blis below!
Dhe paſt and future, iz dhe all we know.
Yet *Room*, and more dhan *Room*, waz *Ma*
dhine:
For dhy MARCELLA—waz—my CLEMMENTI

JAMES ELPHINSTO

London, March 1, 1782.

* Mrs. *Hewſon.* L. clxxviii. † Dhe *Fourth*, dhe
(truly Frith) ov Eddinburrough.

To' dhe (30) *onnorabel and right onnorabel ſubſcri*
hoo, befcre dhe Ingliſh Verſion appeared (*in* 17
wer called to' ſuperior enjoyment:

Hail, HALLOW'D FRENDS! hoos names ſhal ne
dy;
May ours, widh yoors, be redgiſter'd on high!

To' dhe modderns here cellebrated, dhe pu
iz no ſtrainger; on dhe aincients commemmor
ſom light may be thrown in dhe following co
lacion.

I. i. 1. ordine vulgari, viii. 1.

Ad librum. Elegiacum.

AURIGEROS domini liber intrature penates,
Diſce verecundo ſanctiùs ore loqui.
uda recede Venus! non eſt tuus iſte libellus:
Tu mihi, tu Pallas Caeſareana, veni.

To' dhe Muze.

act dhy patrons laurell'd gods to' hail,
Lern, Muze, to' ope dhy decent lips widh aw.
Hence, naked Venus! we diſdain dhy law:
perial Pallas, let dhy pow'r prevail!

II. i. 6. *o. v.* viii. 82.

Ad Domitianum.

ANTE tibi turbâ querulos, Auguſte, libellos;
Nos quoque, qui domino carmina parva damus,
oſſe deum rebus pariter, Muſiſque vacare
Scimus; et haec etiam ſerta placere tibi.
r vates, Auguſte, tuos; nos gloria dulcis,
Nos tua cura prior, deliciaeque ſumus.
on quercus te ſola decet, nec laurea Phoebi:
Fiat et ex hederâ civica noſtra tibi.

To'

To' Domiſcian. Iambic heroic.

Hwile plantive mobs, Auguſtus, aſk redres:
We, to' our bounteous lord, our blis confes.
We know dhat, from intending human-kind,
He, widh dhe muzes, can hiz reffuge find.
Accept dhy various bards, dheir various lay:
Dhy primal glory, dhy delight ar dhey.
Nor oak, nor laurel, proovs dhy ſole renown:
Be dhine, ov ivy too, dhe civvic crown!

III. ii. 28. *o.* *v.* iv. 87.

Ad librum, de Apollinari. Phaleucium.

SI vis auribus Atticis probari,
Exhortor moneoque te, libelle,
Ut docto placeas Apollinari.
Nil exactius, eruditiuſque eſt;
Sed nec candidius, benigniuſque.
Si te pectore, ſi tenebit ore;
Nec rhonchos metues maligniorum,
Nec ſcombris tunicas dabis moleſtas;
Si damnaverit, ad ſalariorum
Curras ſcrinia protinus licebit,
Inversâ pueris arande chartâ.

To' Thalia, for Apollinaris. Trocaic.

Voodſt dhou Attic ears delight?
or Apollinaris write.
icer, or more ſkill'd dhan he,
r more candid cannot be.
he ſmile, dhou need not fear
arſeſt crittics hoarſeſt ſneer;
r ſhalt roaſting coats ſupply,
o' dhe haples, finny fry:
he frown, dhou haſt no props;
t muſt beg about dhe ſhops;
are to' ſel by ounce dhy pride,
ys bedaubing t'oddher ſide.

IV. ii. 29. *o. v.* vii. 25.

Ad Scazonta. Scazontium.

POLLINAREM conveni meum, Scazon;
Et, ſi vacabit (ne moleſtus accedas),
qualecunque, cujus aliqua pars ipſe eſt,
is: hoc facetum carmen imbuant aures.
e receptum fronte videris totâ,
o rogabis ut favore ſuſtentet.

Quanto mearum, ſcis, amore nugarum
Flagret: nec ipſe plùs amare te poſſum.
Contra malignos, eſſe ſi cupis tutus;
Apollinarem conveni meum, Scazon.

To' dhe Iambic Muze.

Iambic, go; Apollinaris hail:
But mark hiz lezzure, nor abrupt aſſail.
Dhe libb'ral ſtrain, ov hwich he forms dhe ſoll,
Hiz ear ſhal temper, or hiz aw controll.
Hiz total brow if he unclouded dain;
Dhee, widh hiz ſmile, beſmile him to' ſuſtain.
Nor need'ſt hiz lov for dhee too nice explore:
Dhou know'ſt dhou canſt not me enammor more.
Wood'ſt dhou 'gainſt each malignant pow'r prevail
Iambic, go; Apollinaris hail.

V: ii. 32. *o.* *v.* iii. 2.

Ad libellum: in Fauſtinum.

CUJUS vis fieri, libelle, munus?
Feſtina tibi vindicem parare;
Ne, nigram citò raptus in culinam,
Condyllas madidâ tegas papyro;

V

Vel thuris piperiſve ſis cucullus.
Fauſtini fugis in ſinum? Sapiſti.
Cedro nunc licet ambules perunctus;
Et, frontis gemino decens honore,
Pictis luxurieris umbilicis;
Et te purpura delicata velet,
Et cocco rubeat ſuperbus index.
Illo vindice, nec Probum timeto.

To' hiz book, for Fauſtinus. Iambic tetram.

Hwiddher, dhou darling child ov joke;
To' hwat protector doſt dhou fly?
Ceſt, wrapt in culinary ſmoke,
Dhou, dripping, clodhe dhe tunny-fry:

Ceſt holy incenſe dhou profane,
Or think to' lend dhe pepper poinance;
Dhou woodſt Fauſtinus' buzzom gain?
Dhat iz dhy parents own enjoinance.

Inbu'd widh cedars potent oil,
Dhe contry dhou beroam'ſt, and coaſt.
Dhy decent frontlets naught ſhal ſoil:
Dhou may'ſt dhy painted navels boaſt.

And now, in gorgeous purpel clad,
Dhy face aſſumes a maiden-bluſh:
In ſuch a patron wizely glad,
Dhou vallu'ſt Probus not a ruſh.

VI. ii. 3. *o. v.* iv. 10.

Ad latorem.

DUM novus eſt, neque adhuc raſâ mihi fronte libellus;
Pagina dum tangi, non benè ſicca, timet:
I, puer; et caro perfer leve munus amico,
Qui meruit nugas primus habere meas.
Curre, ſed inſtructus; comitetur Punica librum
Spongia: muneribus convenit ille meis.
Non poſſunt noſtros multae, Fauſtine, liturae
Emendare jocos: una litura poteſt.

To' hiz boy, for Fauſtinus. Dactyllian.

Hwile yong yet my vollume, nor ſhaven hiz face;
My page, hardly dry, fearing wel for her grace;
Go, boy, and prezent dhe light work ov my muze;
To'-him, hoo firſt merrits my ſtrains to' peruze.
But let a ſpunge Punic go widh dhee along;
Compannion dhe fitteſt for my pretty ſong;
Hwich daubings unnumber'd wil nevver amend:
Yet won daubing may make at leaſt a good end.

VI

VII. ii. 60. *o. v.* v. 80.

Ad Severum.

NON totam mihi, ſi vacabis, horam
Dones; et licet imputes, Severe;
Dum noſtras legis, exigiſque nugas.
Durum eſt perdere ferias: rogamus,
Jacturam patiaris hanc, feraſque.
Quòd, ſi legeris ipſe cum diſerto
(Sed nunquid ſumus improbi?) Secundo;
Plus multo tibi debiturus hic eſt,
Quàm debet domino ſuo, libellus;
Nam ſecurus erit, nec inquieta
Laſſi marmora Siſyphi videbit;
Quem cenſoria, cum meo Severo,
Docti lima momorderit Secundi.

To' Severus.

I demand no total our,
If dhou ply dhy vacant pow'r.
Yet, upon my things ov glee,
State dhe total our to' me.
But, methinks, dhy ſpirrit ſays:
Hard to' looz dhe hollidays.

'Tiz to' me a preſcious boon:
Dhy los wil be over, ſoon.
Shoodſt dhou, widh Secundus, read;
(How ſuch merrit can we plead?)
More to' dhee my lays might ow,
Dhan dheir bard cood ehr beſtow:
For, ſecure dhat book ſhal be,
Nor Siſypphian ſcenes ſhal ſee;
Hwich, widh my Severus join'd,
Seccunds ſtamp ſhal hav recoin'd.

VIII. ii. 142. *o. v.* xii. 4.

Ad Priſcum.

QUOD Flacco, Varioque fuit, ſummoque Maroni;
Maecenas, atavis regibus ortus eques:
Gentibus et populis, hoc te mihi, Priſce Terenti,
Fama fuiſſe loquax, chartaque dicet anus.
Tu facis ingenium; tu, ſi quid poſſe videmur;
Tu das ingenuae munera pigritiae.

To' Priſcus.

To' Flaccus, Varius, and dhe bard divine,
Hwateh r dhe genrous knight ov royal line;

Dh

Dhat ſuch art dhou to' me, dhe world ſhal know;
Loud fame ſhal trumpet, and pale reccord ſhow.
Dhou mak'ſt my Muze, my evv'ry pow'r to' pleze:
My Priſcus bounties mine ingennuous eze.

IX. ii. 23. *o.* *v.* xii. 11.

Ad Muſam, in Parthenium.

PARTHENIO dic, Muſa, tuo noſtroque ſalutem:
Nam quis ab Aonio largiùs amne bibit?
Cujus Pimplaeo lyra clarior exit ab antro?
Quem plùs Pierio de grege Phoebus amat?
Et ſi fortè (ſed hoc vix eſt ſperare) vacabit;
Tradat ut ipſe duci carmina noſtra, roga;
Quattuor et tantùm, timidumque brevemque libellum
Commendet, verbis: *Hunc tua Roma legit.*

To' Thalia, for Parthenius.

To' dhine, my Muze, and my Parthenius pay
Dhe tend'reſt, warmeſt, moaſt endearing lay.
Hoo quafs more copious from dh'Aonian wave?
Hoos lyre ſounds ſweeter from Pimplea's cave?
Ov dhe Pierian vot'ries, hoo can be,
By grait Apollo, more belovv'd dhan he?

Catch, if dhou ſhrewdly canſt, a vacant our:
Bid him, hoo can approach Cezarean pow'r,
Prezent our ſtrains; hoos ellogy procedes,
In foar ſweet wordlings: *Dheze dhy citty reads.*

X. ii. 58. *o. v.* vii. 83.

Ad librum proficiſcentem.

DUM mea Caecilio formatur imago Secundo
Spirat et argutâ picta tabella manu;
I, liber, ad Geticam Peucen, Iſtrumque tacentem
Haec loca, perdomitis gentibus, ille tenet.
Parva dabis caro, ſed dulcia, dona ſodali:
Certior in noſtro carmine vultus erit.
Caſibus hic nullis, nullis delebilis annis,
Vivet, Apelleum cûm morietur opus.

To' dhe Muze, for C. Secundus.

Hwile, for my frend, dhe fond rezemblance grows
And, from dhe maſters hand, dhe canvas glows;
To' Peuce, Muze, and pecefool Iſter go;
Hware he haz laid dhe haughty nacions low.
A collect ſmall, but ſweet, Cecillius guiv:
Stil in my lays my look ſhal better liv.
Dhare ſhal it accident and age defy,
Hwen dh' Apellean tutch itſelf ſhal dy.

XI. ii. 59. o. v. x. 19.

Ad Thaliam, in Plinium.

NON doctum ſatis, et parum ſeverum;
Sed non ruſticulum nimis libellum;
Facundo mea Plinio Thalia,
I, perfer: brevis eſt labor peractae
Altum vincere tramitem Suburae.
Illic Orphea protinus videbis,
Udi vertice lubricum theatri;
Miranteiſque feras, avemque regis,
Raptum quae Phryga pertulit Tonanti.
Illic parva tui domus Pedonis
Caelata eſt aquilae minore pennâ.
Sed ne tempore non tuo diſertam
Pulſes ebria januam, videto:
Totos dat tetricae dies Minervae,
Dum centum ſtudet auribus virorum,
Hoc, quod ſecula, poſterique poſſint
Arpinis quoque comparare chartis.
Seras tutior ibis ad lucernas.
Haec hora eſt tua, dum furit Lyaeus;
Cùm regnat roſa, cùm madent capilli:
Tunc me vel rigidi legant Catones.

To' dhe ſame, for dhe ſame. Annapeſtic.

NOR a lerned, nor looſe, littel book;
Nor a ruſtic, Thalia, convey.
On my Muze, glad Cecillius wil look:
Sure I need not demonſtrate dhe way.

Short dhe toil ſteep Subura to' climb:
Madgic Orpheus, tranſpoarted, dhou'lt ſee;
O'r dhe theater tuning hiz rime,
And dhe beaſts dancing round him widh glee.

Dhen dhe ravviſher-bird dhou'lt behold,
Widh dhe Phrydgian boy in hiz pounces:
Nor dhy Pedo's ſnug ſeat need be told,
Hwich a ſhorter-wing'd eguel announces.

But, my dear guiddy Muzeling, take heed,
Dhat dhou tap not, untimely, dhe dore.
Livlong days iz her vot'ry, indeed,
Cloiſter'd up in ſtern Pallaſſes lore.

For dhe hundred, he pleadings prepares,
Dhat poſterrity ſtil ſhal admire;
And hwich, wondering candor declares,
Ar rekind'ling bold Ciſcero's fire.

At

At dhe later lamps dhen dhou ſhalt go:
On dhe our, now dhine own, he'l attend;
Hwen dhe god guivs dhe ſpirrits to' glow,
And commands e'n dhe wize to' unbend.

Dhen dhey welcom each gennerous joke,
Dhen dhe rozes encirkel dhe hed;
Dhen dhe locs widh ſweet eſſences ſoke:
Dhen, by Cato's dhemſelvs, I am red.

XII. ii. 45. *o. v.* i. 16.

Ad Julium Martialem.

O Mihi poſt nullos, Juli, memorande ſodales!
Si quid longa fides, canaque jura valent;
Bis jam penè tibi conſul trigeſimus inſtat,
Et numerat paucos vix tua vita dies.
Non benè diſtuleris, videas quae poſſe negari;
Et ſolùm hoc ducas, quod fuit, eſſe tuum.
Expectant curaeque, catenatique labores:
Gaudia non remeant, ſed fugitiva volant.
Haec utrâque manu, complexuque affere toto:
Saepe fluunt imo ſic quoque lapſa ſinu.
Non eſt (crede mihi) ſapientis dicere, Vivam.
Sera nimis vita eſt craſtina: VIVE HODIE.

To' Julius Marſial.

Seccond to' non, my *Julius!* O endear'd;
By holy frendſhip, and by hoary ties!
Tó' dhee haz thirtieth conſul twice appear'd,
And ſcarce dhy life a few more days ſupplies.

Hwy dhen delay, hwat wel may be deni'd?
Dhe time alone dhat'z paſt, eſteem dhine own.
Cares, and concattenated toils abide;
But joys no ſooner com, dhan dhey ar flown.

Enjoyment faſt embrace in all her charms:
To'-morrow I ſhal liv, dhe fool wil ſay.
Enjoyment may elude dhy fondeſt arms;
Woodſt dhou be ſure ov livving? LIV TO'-DA

XIII. ii. 47. *o. v.* x. 47.

Ad eundem.

VITAM quae faciunt beatiorem,
Jucundiſſime Martialis, haec ſunt.
Res non parta labore, ſed relicta;
Non ingratus ager, focus perennis;
Lis nunquam, toga rara, mens quieta;
Vires ingenuae, ſalubre corpus;

Prud

Prudens ſimplicitas, pares amici;
Convictus facilis, ſine arte menſa;
Nox non ebria, ſed ſoluta curis;
Non triſtis torus, attamen pudicus:
Somnus, qui faciat breves tenebras.
Quod ſis, eſſe velis; nihilque malis:
Summam nec metuas diem, nec optes.

To' dhe ſame.

Ov things, dhat highten human blis,
Dhe ſum, ſweet *Marſial*, may be dhis.
A frehold, not amaſt by care;
But dropt, on a dezerving eir:
A ſoil, dhat evv'ry culture pays;
A herth, widh nevver-dying blaze:
No conteſt, and but littel coart;
A quiet mind, her own ſuppoart:
A gale, to' fan ingennuous flame;
Exercion, to' enfoarce dhe frame:
Simpliſcity, dhat wizdom blends;
Equallity, dhe bond ov frends:
An ezy converſe, artles board;
Widh all dhe littel needfool, ſtor'd:
A night not ſoking, care effac't;
A couch not dizmal, always chaſte:

Sleep,

Sleep, ſtealing o'r dhe gloom, ſo ſweet!
Dhat ev'ning bids and morning meet;
Content, hwich naught beyond aſpires;
And deth nor dreds, nor yet dezires.

XIV. ii. 31. *o. v.* x. 30.

De litore Formiano.

O Temperatae dulce Formiae littus!
Vos, cùm ſeveri fugit oppidum Martis,
Et inquietas feſſus exuit curas;
Apollinaris omnibus locis praefert.
Non ille, ſanctae dulce Tibur uxoris;
Nec Tuſculanos, Algidoſve, ſeceſſus;
Praeneſte nec ſic, Antiumve, miratur.
Non blanda Circe, Dardaniſve Caieta,
Deſiderantur; nec Marica, nec Liris;
Nec in Lucrinâ lota Salmacis vena.
Hìc ſumma leni ſtringitur Thetis vento;
Nèc languet aequor: viva ſed quies ponti
Pictam phaſelon adjuvante fert aurâ;
Sicut, puellae non amantis aeſtatem,
Motâ ſalubre purpurâ venit frigus.
Nec ſeta longo quaerit in mari praedam;
Sed, à cubili lectuloque jactatam,
Spectatus altè lineam trahit piſcis.

quando Nereus ſentit AEoli regnum;
det procellas, tuta de ſuo, menſa.
cina rhombum paſcit, et lupos vernas:
tat ad magiſtrum delicata muraena.
menculator mugilem citat notum;
adeſſe juſſi prodeunt ſenes mulli.
ui ſed iſtis quando, Roma, permittis?
ot Formianos imputat dies annus,
gotioſis rebus urbis haerenti?
vinitores, villicique felices!
minis parantur iſta: ſerviunt vobis.

Dhe Villa ov Apollinaris.

temp'rate, joyous, Formian * ſhore!
vich my *Apolly's* thaughts explore,
ven he dhe town ov Mars wood fly,
d caſt hiz all ov anxious by.
ou ſite, he wel prefers to' all
e ſites dhat butify dhe ball!
r a ſuperior joy allows,
e Tibur † ov hiz ſacred ſpouz.
finds all oddher places tire,
at manny men ov taſte admire;
ds Tuſculan and Algid ſeats,
neſte ‡, Antium, vain retreats;

Holds

Holds ſoodhing Circe §, but a curſe;
Nor better deems dhe Dardan ‖ nurſe;
Nor hallows more Marica's ** reign,
Dho Liris irrigate dhe plain.
Not Sallamis hiz eye cood take,
If badhing in dhe Lucrine lake.
Fair Thetis feels a gentel ſigh,
Dhat bids dhe painted galley fly.
No languor dhus beduls dhe deep,
Hwich juſt enjoys a livving ſleep.
So, chaſing heat, dhe pretty fool
Dhe purpel moovs, to' bring dhe cool.
Nor need dhe briſtel poot away
To' ſea, in queſt ov friſky prey.
If from dhe ſofa he incline,
He ſees dhe dangler draw dhe line.
Hwen winds wil wage wild war widh waves,
Hiz board, ſecure, dhe tempeſt braves.
Dhe pecefool pond dhe turbot feeds,
And perch and pike domeſtic breeds.
Dhe lamprey owns her maſters hand;
Dhe mullet ſwims up at command.
O *Room!* hwen ſhalt dhou ſay, enjoy
Dhe plezzures, dhat can nevver cloy?
How many Formian days a year,
Doo citty-buſtlers leve him clear?
Dhe joys, ye bumpkin happy crew,
Prepar'd yoor lords, attend on yoo.

* From *Formia* or *Formiae*, a Campanian poart, now *Mola*.

† Now *Tivoli*, at dhe 16th or 17th mileſtone from *Room*.

‡ Now *Paleſtrina* and *Fraſcati*.

§ Hwence *Circeium* (now *Circelo*) and *Circeii*, a mountain and poart ov *Latium*.

‖ Ov Eneas; hwence fabled dhe name ov *Caieta*, now *Gaieta* or *Gaeta*: a prommontory and poart ov Campania, now dhe Neapolitan *Terra di Lavoro*.

** To' hoom a grove waz ſacred, near dhe *Liris*, now *Garigliano*: wich emptied itſelf into' dhe Tyrrene or Tuſcan ſea.

XV. ii. 38. o. v. iii. 58.

De Fauſtini villa: ad Baſſum.

BAIANA noſtri villa, Baſſe, Fauſtini;
Non otioſis ordinata myrtetis,
Viduâque platano, tonſilique buxeto;
Ingrata lati ſpatia detinet campi:
Sed rure vero, barbaroque, laetatur.
Hic farta premitur angulo Ceres omni,
Et multa fragrat teſta ſenibus autumnis.
Hic, poſt Novembres, imminente jam brumâ,
Seras putator horridus refert uvas.
Truces in alta valle mugiunt tauri,
Vitulusque inermi fronte prurit in pugnam.
Pagatur omnis turba ſordidae cortis;
Argutus anſer, gemmeique pavones;
Nomenque debet quae rubentibus pennis;

Et

Et picta perdix, Numidicaeque guttatae,
Et impiorum Phaſiana Colchorum.
Rhodias ſuperbi feminas premunt galli,
Sonantque turres plauſibus columbarum:
Gemit hinc palumbus, indè cereus turtur.
Avidi ſequuntur villicae ſinum porci,
Matremque plenam mollis agnus expectat.
Cingunt ſerenum lactei focum vernae,
Et larga feſtos iucet ad lares ſilva.
Non ſegnis albo pallet otio caupo;
Nec perdit oleum lubricus palaeſtrita:
Sed tendit avidis rete ſubdolum turdis,
Tremulâve captum lineâ trahit piſcem,
Aut impeditam caſſibus refert damam.
Exercet hilares facilis hortus umbellas;
Et, paedagogo non jubente, laſcivi
Parere gaudent villico capillati;
Et delicatus opere fruitur eunuchus.
Nec venit inanis, ruſticus ſalutator:
Fert ille ceris cana cum ſuis mella,
Metamque lactis, Sarſinate de ſilva.
Somniculoſos ille porrigit glires;
Hic vagientem matris hiſpidae foetum:
Alius, coactos non amare, capones.
Et dona matrum vimineo ferunt texto
Grandes proborum virgines colonorum.
Facto vocatur laetus opere vicinus;
Nec avara ſervat craſtinas dapes menſa.

ſcuntur omnes, ebrioque non novit
ur miniſter invidere convivae.
At tu ſub urbe poſſides famem mundam ;
turre ab alta proſpicis meras laurus,
rem Priapo non timente, ſecurus.
vinitorem farre paſcis urbano,
amque portas otioſus ad villam,
us, ova, pullos, poma, caſeum, muſtum.
s hoc vocari debet, an domus longè ?

Fauſtinus' Villa : to' Baſſus.

e Baian plain, hware our Fauſtinus roves ;
t, Baſſus, id'ly raing'd in myrtel-groves ;
widh dhe widdow'd plane or ſhapely box,
gratefool lengths ov blameles land enlocs :
t, in dhe rural, and dhe graitly wild,
ſs widh true joy, hware nature firſt haz ſmil'd.
ſt maggazenes deny poor Ceres room ;
vat crouded caſks ov aincient autumns fume !
vember paſt, and winters hoar at hand,
e ruggued pruner clears ov grapes dhe land.
dhe deep vale, dhe bools tremendous low :
e ſteers, widh fenceles front, for battel glow.
coop confines, and no enclozures hem,
e gooſes cackel, or dhe peacocs gem ;

Or

Or her, hoos ruddy wings her * name hav prop
Dhe painted partridge, and Numiddian † dropt
Dhe phezzant ‡, ov dhe impious Colkian crew
Hoo dhence no bane, but all her buty drew.
Dhe ſtately cocs cares dheir Rodian lovs;
Dhe tow'rs repeat dh'applauzes ov dhe dovs.
On dhis ſweet ſide dhe warm wood-pidgeon w
On dhat hiz tender mate reſponſive coos.
Dhe hungry hogs attend dhe las, dhat crams;
Dhe lambkins bleat for dheir diſtended dams.
By dhe briſk fire dhe homeborn ſucling nods,
Dhe forreſt flaming to' dhe feſtal gods.
No ſluggiſh tavverner grows pale widh eze;
No ſlipp'ry wreſtler guivs hiz oil to' freze:
But, for dhe greedy thruſh, weves dire deſign;
Or plays dhe plunger widh dhe trembling line;
Or, unpurſu'd, thro' various treſpaſt ſoils,
Dhe ſtruggling doe he tanguels in hiz toils.
Now dhe kind garden waves her wanton ſhade:
And now, dhe peddagogue no more obey'd,
Dhe buxom yooth around dhe hind repair;
At hiz command, ſhood he command dheir hair
Dhe eunuc, dellicate, enjoys hiz taſk:
Nor empty coms dhe boor, ov helth to' aſk.
He brings a comb ov honney undiſtill'd;
A mug ov milk, dhat Sarſina ‖ haz fill'd.
See won ruf lad dhe dreaming dormouſe ſhow;
And won, dhe annimals we better know:

bleating ofspring ov dhe ſhagguy dam;
pamper'd capons, onely doom'd to' cram.
clucſters guifts ar bor'n in wicker brown,
he tall virgins ov dhe onneſt clown.
ighbor, conſcious dhat hiz work iz don,
mmon'd to' enjoy dhe falling ſun.
at, all drink; all revvel, and all reſt;
envies he, dhat ſervs, dhe ſated gueſt.
ſive happines, diſpelling ſorrow;
bounteous board ſaves notthing for to'-morrow.
Vidh dhee dhe teeth ar, like dhy villa, clean;
adh a lofty tow'r mere laurels ſeen.
nterloper dhy Priapus' dred,
h citty-grain dhy vine-dreſſer iz fed:
, hwen to' dhy ſweet picture dhou repair'ſt;
ens, egs, chics, appels, cheze, and muſt, dhou bair'ſt.
ontry-ſeat, dhis picture ſhal we call?
clep we dhe bleak lodge *ſequeſter'd hall?*

Dhe phenicopter.
Dhe turkey.
Oridginally, from *Phaſis*, dhe rivver ov *Colchi*, named impious, dhe fabel ov Jaſon and Medea.
A citty ov Umbria, dhe birthplace ov Plautus.

XVI.

XVI. ii. 42. *o. v.* iv. 64.

De villa Julii Martialis.

JUlî jugera pauca Martialis,
Hortis Heſperidum beatiora,
Longo Janiculi jugo recumbunt.
Lati collibus imminent receſſus;
Et planus modico tumore vertex
Coelo perfruitur ſereniore:
Et, curvas nebulâ tegente valles,
Solus luce nitet peculiari.
Puris leniter admoventur aſtris
Celſae culmina delicata villae.
Hinc ſeptem dominos videre montes,
Et totam licet aeſtimare Romam;
Albanos quoque, Tuſculoſque colles;
Et quodcunque jacet ſub urbe frigus:
Fidenas veteres, breveſque Rubras;
Et, quod virgineo cruore gaudet,
Annae pomiferum nemus Perannae.
Illic Flaminiae Salariaeque
Geſtator patet, eſſedo tacente;
Ne blando rota ſit moleſta ſomno:
Quem nec rumpere nauticum celeuſma,
Nec clamor valet helciariorum;

m ſit tam prope Milvius, ſacrumque
ſae per Tiberim volent carinae.
Hoc rus, ſeu potiùs domus vocanda eſt,
mmendat dominus ; tuam putabis :
m non invida, tamque liberalis ;
m comi patet hoſpitalitate.
das Alcinoi pios penates,
t facti modô divitis Molorchi.
s nunc, omnia parva qui putatis,
nteno gelidum ligone Tibur,
l Praeneſte domate, pendulamque
i dedite Setiam colono :
m, me judice, praeferantur iſtis
i jugera pauca Martialis.

Dhe villa ov Juliús Marſial. Dact. altern.

Julius' few akers divine,
Dhan gardens Heſperian, more ſweet ;
Jannikel * gently incline,
And hils doo but crown dhe retreat.

e ſmooth ſummit moddeſtly ſwels,
Enjoying ſerennity's hight ;
d, hwile dhe cloud curls o'r dhe dels,
Peeps foarth widh diſtinguiſhing light.

Dhe

Dhe tow'rs, dhat ſurvey evv'ry ſtar,
Hwen natures braud cannopy'z furl'd;
Deſcry ſevven giants afar,
Dhat carry dhe queen ov dhe world.

O'r Tuſculums hils hence I rove:
Dhen, o'r dhe cool ſtretch ov dhe plain,
Fidenae I ken, and dhe grove,
Dhat Delia's dire † orgies diſtain.

Flaminnius', and Salters', fam'd way,
Diminniſht to' padhlings appear;
And drivers, like pigmies, diſplay;
Hoos hweels rattel non to' dhe ear.

Nor here dhe ſoft ſlumbers ar broke,
By Tritons in chime or in cry:
Offenceles iz here evv'ry joke,
Az down holy Tiber dhey fly.

But, hwen dhe beſt buties ar ſhown,
Dhe places firſt pride iz her lord;
Hoo bids evv'ry gueſt ſee hiz own,
And ſo proov dhe owners reward.

Dhou'dſt dream it Alcinnous' ‡ reign,
Dhe Itthacan § king thaught ſo od;
Or fancy Cleone's old ſwain ‖,
Hoo welcomm'd ſo gratefool a god **.

Ye, dhis hoo regard a thing ſmall,
Go, cultivate Tibur in ſtate;
Or, tame proud Preneſte, hware all
Yoor hundreds ov ſerviles await.

On won favor'd tennant beſtow
All Setia, dhat delluges wine;
Ye nevver wil equal below,
My Julius' few akers divine.

* Won ov dhe ſevven hils, dhat carried *Room.*
† Diana's ſaccrifices, hwatevver.
‡ King ov Pheacia. § Ulyſſes.
‖ Molorchus, hoo received ** Hercules

XVII. i. 14. *o.* *v.* ix. 43.

Ad Apollinem, pro Stella.

CAMPIS dives Apollo ſic marinis,
Sic ſemper ſenibus fruare cycnis;
Doctae ſic tibi ſerviant ſorores,
Nec Delphis tua mentiatur ulli;
Sic Pallatia te colant amentque:
Bis ſenos citò, me rogante, faſces
Det Stellae bonus annuatque Caeſar!

Felix tunc ego, debitorque voti,
Caſurum tibi ruſticas ad aras,
Ducam cornibus aureis juvencum.
Nata eſt hoſtia; Phoebe, quid moraris?

To' Apollo: for Stella.

So be dhy boaſt dhe ſteeds marene,
So be dhy ſwans both herd and ſeen;
So be dhe nine dhy handmaids high,
Nor ehr dhy prieſtes tel a ly:
Dhe coart ſo onnor dhy beheſt,
And render me dhe aſker bleſt;
Az Cezar, widh indulgent nods,
Shal ſoon beſtow dhe awfool rods,
Upon my moaſt propiſcious STAR,
Hoo knows to' bid dhem beam afar!
Dhen I, glad dettor ov my vow,
In piety ſhal ſtop dhe plough.
Dhe ſteer widh goolden horns decreed,
I'l to' dhe ruſtic altars lead.
Dhe reddy victim hails dhe day:
Hwy dhen, my Phebus, hwy delay?

XVIII. ii. 18. *e. v.* vi. 21.

De Stella et Ianthide.

PERPETUAM Stellae dum jungit Ianthida, vãti
Laeta Venus dixit: Plus dare non potui.
Haec coram domina; ſed nequius illud in aurem:
Tu ne quid pecces, exitioſe, vide.
Saepe ego laſcivum Martem furibunda cecîdi,
Legitimos eſſet cùm vagus ante toros.
Sed, poſtquam meus eſt, nullâ me pellice laeſit:
Tam frugi Juno vellet habere Jovem.
Dixit, et arcano percuſſit pectora loro.
Plaga juvat: ſed tu jam, dea, caede duos.

On Stella and Ianthis.

Hwen erſt dhe joyous queen ov lov,
Ianthis made a Stella's dov;
She ſaid: I cood not more beſtow.
Dhe lady herd, and revv'renc't low.
Arch Venus hwiſper'd in hiz ear:
Beware no faut be-dhine, my dear.
How oft dhe god ov war I ſmote,
And bade him chainge hiz rambling note;
Before I dain'd dhe bluf to' wed,
As lawful inmate ov my bed!

But, after mine dhe god became,
He burnt widh no illiſcit flame.
Grait Juno wel cood wiſh her Jove,
Az loyally averſe to' rove.
Widh dhis ſhe cloz'd her ſecret ſong,
And thwact him widh her plezing thong †.
But mutual, goddes, make dhe oath;
And ſmac dhe bride and bridegroom boath.

† Her *Ceſtus* or belt, ſuppoſed to' ſmite widh lov.

XIX. viii. ii. 19. *o. v.* x. 35.

De Sulpicia.

OMNES Sulpiciam legant puellae,
Uni quae cupiunt viro placere:
Omnes Sulpiciam legant mariti,
Uni qui cupiunt placere nuptae.
Non haec Colchidos aſſerit furorem,
Diri prandia nec refert Thyeſtae;
Scyllam, Byblida nec fuiſſe credit.
Sed caſtos docet, et pios, amores;
Luſus, delicias, facetiaſque:
Cujus carmina qui bene aeſtimârit,
Nullam dixerit eſſe nequiorem,
Nullam dixerit eſſe ſanctiorem.
Tales Egeriae jocos fuiſſe
Udo crediderim Numae ſub antro.

Hâc condiſcipulâ, vel hâc magiſtrâ,
Eſſes doctior, et pudica Sappho.
Sed tecum pariter ſimulque viſam,
Durus Sulpiciam Phaon amaret;
Fruſtra: namque ea nec Tonantis uxor,
Nec Bacchi, nec Apollinis puella
Erepto ſibi viveret Caleno.

On Sulpiſcia. Iambic 4 and 3.

Let evv'ry dame Sulpiſcia read,
Hoo but won lord wood pleze:
Sulpiſcia's be each bridegrooms creed,
Hoo'd ſet won bride at eze.

She nedher boaſts dhe Colkians rage,
Nor bids Thyeſtes dine:
No Scylla's nonſenſe ſtains her page;
Nor, fabling Byblis, dhine.

Dhe pureſt lovs ſhe ſo diſplays,
Dhe joys ſo known to' few;
Dhat hoo her wit widh candor weighs,
A chaſter nevver knew.

Such orrakels Egeria gave,
In her renown'd reces;
Dhat Numa held her oozy cave
Dhe hant ov happines.

Ingenious Sappho, ah, how loſt!
Hadſt lernt, like dhem, to' play;
Dhou wert more knowing dhan dhou waſt,
Dho e'n az chaſte az dhey.

But wer dhy ruithles Phaon here,
To' ſee boath dhee and her;
He ſtil, to' braik dhy hart, I fear,
Sulpiſcia wood preſer.

In vain: for not dhe pow'r ov Jove,
Nor Bacchus', Phebus' lov,
Cood tempt her widdow'd hart to' rove,
Or wander from her dov.

XX. viii. ii. 16. *o. v.* iv. 13.

In Pudentem et Claudiam, epithalamium: Ad Rufum.

CLAUDIA, Rufe, meo nubit Peregrina Pudenti:
Macte eſto tedis, ó Hymenaee, tuis.
Tam bene rara ſuo miſcentur cinnama nardo,
Maſſica Theſeis tam bene vina favis.

Nec

Nec meliùs teneris junguntur vitibus ulmi:
Nec plùs lotos aquas, littora myrtus amat.
Candida perpetuo reſide, Concordia, lecto;
Tamque pari ſemper ſit Venus aequa jugo!
Diligat illa ſenem quondam: ſed et ipſa marito,
Tunc quoque cùm fuerit, non videatur anus!

On dhe marridge ov Pudens and Claudia.

To' Pudens ſee dhe buteous Claudia vail:
Hail, charming torches! thrice, bleſt Hymen, hail!
So dhe rare cinnamon widh ſpicnard blends;
So Maſſic blud Theſean combs diſtends.
Not more dhe elmlings on dhe vinelets dote;
On ſhores dhe myrtel, or on ſtreams dhe lote.
Fair Concord, o'r dheir conſtant couch prezide;
Dhe dove-like yoke delighted Venus guide.
Him, ſpite ov years, may ſhe ſtil lovly deem;
May ſhe to' him, in yooth perennial ſeem!

XXI. viii. ii. 17. *o. v.* xi. 54.

De Claudia Rufina.

CLAUDIA coeruleis cùm ſit Rufina Britannis
Edita, quàm Latiae pectora gentis habet!
Quale decus formae! Romanam credere matres
Italides poſſent; Atthides eſſe ſuam.

Dî bene, quòd ſancto peperit foecunda marito!
Quot ſperat generos, quotque puella nurus!
Sic placeat ſuperis, ut conjuge gaudeat uno;
Et ſemper natis gaudeat illa tribus.

On Claudia Rufina.

From ſky-blue Brittons, hwile we Claudia trace;
How doo we own her ſoll ov Lacian race!
Ov nacions diverſe, nature joy'd to' blend
A form, dhat Room and Atthens might contend.
Ye pow'rs! how bleſt muſt dhe pozeſſor be!
Hwat prodgeny eſpouz'd dhe guirl may ſee!
Kind hevv'n, guiv her won conſort to' enjoy;
And may three ſons her conſtant thanks employ!

XXII. viii. ii. 13. *o. v.* iii. 20.

De Canio: ad Muſam.

DIC, Muſa, quid agat Canius meus Rufus?
Utrumne chartis tradit ille victuris
Legenda temporum acta Claudianorum,
An quae Neroni falſus aſtruit ſcriptor?
An aemulatur improbi jocos Phaedri?
Laſcivus elegis, an ſeverus heroïs?
An in cothurnis horridus Sophocleis?
An otioſus, in ſchola poëtarum,

Lepore tinctos Attico ſales narrat?
Hinc ſi receſſit, porticum terit templi;
An ſpatia carpit lentus Argonautarum?
An delicatae ſole rurſus Europae
Inter tepentes poſt meridiem buxos
Sedet, ambulatve, liber acribus curis?
Titine thermis, an lavatur Agrippae?
An impudici balneo Tigellini?
An rure Tulli fruitur, atque Lucani?
An Pollionis dulce currit ad quartum?
An, aeſtuantes jam profectus ad Baias,
Piger Lucrino nauculatur in ſtagno?
Vis ſcire quid agat Canius tuus? Ridet.

On Canius: to' dhe Muze. Annapeſtic.

Say, my Muze, hwat our Canius may now be adooing?
Iz he haply dhe annals ov Claudius purſuing?
Or aſſerting to' falſifi'd Nero hiz due,
And tranſmitting dhe truith to' poſterrity's vew?
Doz he rival arch Phedrus, in jeſt and in jeer?
Iz hiz ellegy gay, or hiz eppic ſevere?
Or a Sopphocles' buſkin, fool dire doz he ſtalk?
Or, at eze, in dhe ſcool ov dhe bards doz he walk?
Doz he dhare guiv hiz audience entaptur'd to' glow,
Widh dhe ſalt, hwich an Attic rejoices to' ſtrow;

Or dhe poartico hence doz he bruſh ov dhe ſane?
Doz he travverſe dhe ſpace ov dhe Argonaut-train?
He may now be indulging dhe ſolar delights,
Hware Europa's cool boxwood ſo kindly invites;
May be ſitting or ſant'ring in dhat bleſt repair,
Independant (ſo godlike!) ov each carking care;
In a Tituſſes therms, or Agrippa's, may lave;
Or in Tidgellines bath, dhat moaſt impudent ſlave
He a Tullus and Lucans retirement may ply;
Or, to' Pollio's ſweet ſeat at dhe foarth he may fly
Or, to' Baian fam'd boilers advanc't on hiz way,
In dhe Lucrine live mirror may ſluggiſhly play.
Woodſt dhou know hwat dhy Canius iz dooin
dhou calf?
He'z enjoying, az dhou may'ſt dhy own, hiz de
laf.

XXIII. viii. ii. 14. *o. v.* iii. 64.

De eodem: ad Caſſianum.

SIRENAS, hilarem navigantium poenam;
Blandaſque mortes, gaudiumque crudele;
Quas nemo quondam deſerebat auditas,
Fallax Ulyſſes dicitur reliquiſſe.
Non miror; illud, Caſſiane, mirarer;
Si fabulantem Canium reliquiſſet.

On dhe ſame: to' Caſſian.

Ov marriners dhe gay annoy,
Ov deth dhe ſweet, dhe ſour ov joy;
Hoom, hooſo herd, cood nevver quit;
Dhem left Ulyſſes, by hiz wit.
I ſtare not, Caſſian; but ſhood glory,
Had he left *Canius*, and hiz ſtory.

XXIV. viii. ii. 15. o. v. vii. 68.

De Theophila: ad Canium.

HAEC eſt illa tibi promiſſa Theophila, Cani;
Cujus Cecropiâ pectora dote madent.
Hanc ſibi jure petet magni ſenis Atticus hortus;
Nec minùs eſſe ſuam Stoica turba velit.
Vivet opus quodcunque per has emiſeris aures:
Tam non femineum, nec populare ſapit.
Non tua Pantaenis nimiùm ſe praeferat illi,
Quamvis Pierio ſit bene nota choro.
Carmina fingentem Sappho laudârit amatrix:
Caſtior haec, et non doctior illa fuit.

To' Canius: an Epithalamium.

Hail, happy Canius! hail dh'auſpiſcious our,
Dhat gave Theopphila widh Grecian dow'r!
Her might dhe ſages Attic garden claim;
Dhe ſtoic band wer proud t'enroll her name.
Dhoze ſtrains ſhal liv, dhat pas an ear ſo chaſte:
Nor hers iz female, nor familliar taſte.
Not dhy Pantenis dare diſdain her ſong,
Careſt herſelf by dhe Pierian throng.
Fond Sappho wood confes a ſiſters praiz;
Her chaſter fame, nor les inſtructive lays.

Dhe aſpiracion *(h)*, prefixing but a ruffer bredhing to' vocallity, haz been aſſumed and dropt, widh equal impropriety, by dhe vulgar; doutles, in all languages. Dhe former, az more ſtriking, vulgarizm iz riddiculed by *Catullus*, in dhe following eppigram.

XXV.

De Arrio.

CHOMMODA dicebat; ſi quando *commoda* vellet
Dicere; et *hinſidias*, Arrius *inſidias*:

Et

Et, tum mirificè ſperabat ſe eſſe locutum ;
Cùm, quantum poterat, dixerat *hinſidias* !
Credo, ſic mater, ſic Liber avunculus ejus ;
Sic maternus avus dixerat, atque avia.
Hoc miſſo in Syriam, requiêrunt omnibus aures :
Audîbant eadem haec leniter et leviter.
Nec ſibi poſtillà metuebant talia verba,
Cùm ſubitò affertur nuncius horribilis :
Ionios fluctus, poſtquam illuc Arrius îſſet,
Jam non *Ionios* eſſe, ſed *Hionios* !

On Arrius.

My *character*, hwen *carracter* he'd ſay ;
Cri'd Arrius, murder'd in *hinſiddious* way !
Dhen ſoar'd aloft, az if inſpir'd he ſpoke,
Hwen on *hinſiddious harts* hiz wrauth he wroke.
Hiz moddher, unkel, grandſire ſo aſpir'd ;
Nor had hiz grandame from dhe hight retir'd.
Arrius to' Syrria ſent, all ears had reſt ;
Or from dhe pitteous pant, or breth ſuppreſt ;
Nor dhencefoarth fear'd to' feel from edher faut,
Hwen ſudden dhe horriffic news waz braught ;
Dhat dhe *Ionian* waves, ſince Arrius croſt,
Wer all, alas ! in dhe *Hionian* loſt.

XXVI.

XXVI. ii. 2. o. v. i. 9.

Ad Decianum.

QUòd magni Thraſeae, conſummatique Catonis
Dogmata ſic ſequeris, talis ut eſſe velis;
Pectore nec nudo ſtrictos incurris in enſes:
Quod feciſſe velim te, Deciane, facis.
Nolo virum, facili redimit qui ſanguine famam:
Hunc volo, laudari qui ſine morte poteſt.

To' Decian.

If dhou a Thraſea's, or a Cato's lore
Purſue, perfeccion high az dheirs to' ſoar;
Yet pant'ſt not on dhe naked point t'expire:
Dhou doſt, my Decian, juſt hwat I admire.
Poor pride, to' tinge in wons own blud dhe bays!
My heroe dies not, to' enſure hiz praiz.

XXVII. ii. 3. o. v. i. 40.

Decianus, quis?

SI quis erit, raros inter numerandus amicos;
Quales priſca fides, famaque novit anus:
Si quis Cecropiae madidus Latiaeque Minervae
Artibūs, et verâ ſimplicitate bonus:

Si quis erit recti cuſtos, mirator honeſti,
Et nihil arcano qui roget ore deos:
Si quis erit magnae ſubnixus robore mentis,
Diſpeream, ſi non hic Decianus erit.

Decian, hoo?

If won, among dhe few, a frend we own;
Such az old faith and fabling fame hav known:
If won, hoo Room and Atthens underſtood,
Be ſimply native, and ſincerely good:
If won dhe right regard, dhe pure purſue;
Nor wonce prefer a pray'r, widh private vew:
If, bor'n on mighty mind, won mortal be;
Dhen, let me dy, if Decian iz not he.

XXVIII. ii. 16. *o. v.* v. 11.

De Stella; ad Severum.

SARDONYCHAS, ſmarados, adamantas, iaſpidas uno
Verſat in articulo Stella, Severe, meus.
Multas in digitis, plures in carmine gemmas
Invenies: indè eſt haec, puto, culta manus.

On

On Stella's rings.

Dhe ſardonyx, emmerald, jaſper emblaze;
Dhe addamant darkens my Stella widh rays.
On joints manny gems, manny more in hiz ſong
To' Stella's hand hence muſt dhe luſter belong.

XXIX. ii. 48. *o.* *v.* iv. 49.

Ad Valerium Flaccum.

NESCIS (crede mihi) quid ſint epigrammata, Flacce;
Qui tantùm luſus illa, jocoſque putas.
Ille magis ludit, qui ſcribit prandia ſaevi
Tereos; aut coenam, crude Thyeſte, tuam:
Aut puero liquidas aptantem Daedalon alas,
Paſcentem Siculas aut Polyphemon oves.
A noſtris procul eſt omnis veſica libellis;
Muſa nec inſano ſyrmate noſtra tumet.
Illa tamen laudant omnes, mirantur, adorant.
Confiteor: laudant illa, ſed iſta legunt.

To' Valerius Flaccus.

Dhou littel know'ſt hwat eppigram contains;
Hoo think'ſt it all a joke in joccund ſtrains.

He

He direly jokes, hoo bids a Tereus dine;
Or dreſſes ſuppers like, Thyeſtes, dhine;
Feins him, hoo fits dhe boy widh melting wings;
Or dhe ſweet ſhepherd Polyphemus ſings.
Our Muze diſdains by fuſtian to' excel;
By rant to' rattel, or in buſkin ſwel.
Dhoze ſtrains dhe fern'd applaud, admire, adore.
Dhoze dhey applaud, I own; but dheze explore.

XXX. ii. 127. o. v. i. 50.

Ad Licinianum. Iamb. trim. dim. altern.

VIR Celtiberis non tacende gentibus,
Noſtraeque laus Hiſpaniae!
Videbis altam, Liciniane, Bilbilim;
Equis et armis nobilem:
Sterilemque Caunum nivibus, et fractis ſacrum
Vadaveronem montibus.
Et delicati dulce Botrodi nemus,
Pomona quod felix amat.
Tepidi natabis lene Congedi vadum,
Molleſque nympharum lacus;
Quibus remiſſum corpus aſtringas brevi
Salone, qui ferrum gelat.
Praeſtabit illic ipſa, figendas propè,
Voberta prendenti feras.

AEſtus

Æstus serenos aureo franges Tago,
Obscurus umbris arborum.
Avidam rigens Dircenna placabit sitim;
Et Nemea, quae vincit nives.
At, cùm December canus, et bruma impotens
Aquilone rauco mugiet;
Aprica repètes Tarraconis littora,
Tuamque Laletaniam.
Ibi illigatas mollibus damas plagis
Mactabis, et vernas apros;
Leporemque forti callidum rumpens equo,
Cervos relinques villico.
Vicina in ipsum silva descendet focum,
Infante cinctum sordido.
Vocabitur venator, et veniet tibi
Conviva clamatus propè.
Lunata nusquam pellis, et nusquam toga,
Olidaeque vestes murice.
Procul horridus Liburnus, et querulus cliens;
Imperia viduarum procul.
Non rumpet altum pallidus somnum reus;
Sed mane totum dormies.
Mercetur alius grande et insanum *sophôs*;
Miserere tu felicium;
Veroque fruere non superbus gaudio,
Dum Sura laudatur tuus.
Non impudenter vita, quod reliquum est, petit;
Cùm fama, quod sat est, habet.

To' Licinnian.

RENOWN ov Celtiberian reign,
Dhou boaſt ov our belovved Spain,
High BILBILIS ſhalt ſee;
fam'd ov old for ſteeds and arms,
o now unknown to' wars alarms;
And dhare ſhalt think on me.

l Caunus ſhal prezent hiz ſnows,
davvero recount he roze,
Hwen quaking mountains rent:
nd Bottrodus ſhal point dhe grove,
are dhou may'ſt all enchanted rove,
Pomona's prime content.

e Congedus ſhal bid dhee glide,
own hiz gentel teppid tide:
Dhe Nymphs ſhal woo dhee dhare.
frame relaxt widh dhoze ſo kind,
l SALO, hoo dhe ſteel can bind,
Imbue widh ſtrong repair.

rage iz now dhe game to' pierce:
erta's ſelf ſhal ſtart dhe fierce,

And

And guiv dhy hand to' ſeze.
Dhe cloudles ardors dhou ſhalt quel,
Hware Tagus' goolden wauters ſwel,
Umbrageous by dhe trees.

Hwen ſtil widh thirſt dhy juces boil,
Dircenna's chil ſhal choiceſt foil
Dhe foe, widh kind controll:
Or Nemea, hoo can freze dhe ſnow;
May wel forbid dhy blud to' glow,
And ſave dhy fainting ſoll.

But, hwen dhou ey'ſt Decembers hoar,
And hear'ſt dhe bluſt'ring Boreas roar;
Dhou know'ſt a ſure retreat:
Dhe ſunny Tarraconian vales,
Dhe gentel Lalletanian gales,
Dhat fan dhy native ſeat.

Dhare tangled does, in tender toils;
And boarlings, dhy domeſtic ſpoils,
Dhy hart ſhal bleed to' ſlay.
Dhe dubbling hare dhy ſteed runs down;
Dhe ſtag dhou leveſt to' dhe clown,
And to' dhe dogs, at bay.

e neighb'ring forreſt, ſo long coy,
mps down into' dhe fire widh joy,
To' cnear dhe homeſpun child:
hou call'ſt each broddher ov dhe ſpoart,
d welcomſt all dhy contry coart;
Nor fear'ſt to' be beguil'd.

o mooned ſhoo, no gown iz here;
o veſtments, rank widh dy, ar near:
Dhe dire Liburnian far.
round no plantive clients ſtand,
o widdows claiming new command;
No pomp, no pain, no jar.

o wretch, widh guilt or terror pale,
ttempts dhy nightly ſleep t'aſſail;
Or ſtorm dhy morning-reſt.
t hoo wil, purchaſe vain applauz;
r might ov mind, or lore ov laws:
Stil pitty dhou dhe bleſt.

bov all pride, enjoy dhy days;
rtaking fond dhy Sura's praiz:
Be joy ſincere dhy throne.
wen fame haz had her ampel ſhare,
he reſt may life her own declare:
Dhat reſt iz life alone.

XXXI.

XXXI. ii. 128. o. v. i. 62.

Ad eundem: ſcriptores unde.

VERONA docti ſyllabas amat vatis:
Marone felix Mantua eſt.
Cenſetur Apona Livio ſuo tellus;
Stellâque, nec Flacco minùs.
Apollodoro plaudit imbrifer Nilus;
Naſone Peligni ſonant.
Duoſque Senecas, unicumque Lucanum
Facunda loquitur Corduba.
Gaudent jocoſae Canio ſuo Gades;
Emerita Deciano meo.
Te, Liciniane, gloriabitur noſtra,
Nec me tacebit, Bilbilis.

To' dhe ſame: dhe writers, hwence.

Verona lovs her lerned bard,
A Maro's Muzes Mantua bles;
From Livvy Paddua draws regard;
From Stella, nor from Flaccus les.
Apollodorus charms dhe Nile,
A Naſo dhe Pelignian croud:
Two' Sennecaes, won Lucan, ſm'le
On me, cries Corduba dhe proud.

Her Canius, claims dhe Gadian coaſt;
Emerita, my Decian, dhee:
Licinnian Bilbilis ſhal boaſt;
Nor haply ſink in ſilence me.

XXXII. ii. 129. o. v. x. 20.

Ad Manium.

DUCIT ad auriferas quòd me Salo Celtiber oras,
Pendula quòd patriae viſere tecta libet;
Tu mihi ſimplicibus, Mani, dilectus ab annis,
Et praetextatâ cultus amicitiâ;
Tu facis: in terris quo non eſt alter Iberis
Dulcior, et vero dignus amore magis.
Tecum ego vel ſicci Gaetula mapalia Poeni,
Et poteram Scythicas hoſpes amare caſas.
Si tibi mens eadem, ſi noſtri mutua cura eſt;
In quocunque loco Roma duobus erit.

To' Manius.

Dhat Salo draws me widh reziſtles lore,
To' dhe fam'd parent ov dhe preſcious ore;
To' hware my natal hangs her high abodes,
Dhat inſtinct points me dhe magnettic roads;
Dhou, for hoom fondnes in dhe child began;
And, from dhe yooth, aſcended to' dhe man;

Dhou

Dhou art dhe cauz: dhan hoom Iberian clime
Nehr form'd a ſweeter frend, or more ſublime.
Getulian wilds wer waut'ry lands widh dhee;
A Scytthian cottage wood a pallace be.
If mutual dhe regard, if like dhy mind;
In evv'ry region, we a ROOM ſhal find.

XXXIII. ii. 130. *a. v.* xii. 21.

Ad Marcellam.

MUNICIPEM rigidi quis te, Marcella, Salonis;
Et genitam noſtris quis putet eſſe locis?
Tam rarum, tam dulce ſapis! Pallatia dicent,
Audierint ſi te vel ſemel, eſſe ſuam.
Nulla nec in media certabit nata Suburâ,
Nec Capitolini collis alumna tibi.
Nec citò ridebit peregrinae gloria partûs,
Romanam deceat quam magis eſſe nurum.
Tu deſiderium dominae mihi mitius urbis
Eſſe jubes: Romam tu mihi ſôla facis.

To' Marcella.

Hoo'd think her birth refin'd Marcella ow'd,
To' dhe rude rocs, hware ſteely Salo flow'd?

So rare dhy taſte, and ſo chaſtiz'd dhy tone!
Imperial coarts might challenge dhee dheir own.
Widh dhee, no daughter ov Subura vy;
Or, ov dhe awfool hil, dhat climbs dhe ſky:
Nor ſooner ſhal dhe firſt ov forrain fame
Rize to' dhe dignity ov Roman dame.
Dhou guivſt dhe miſtres-town les moarn'd to' be:
MARCELLA, dhou art ROOM herſelf to' me.

XXXIV. ii. 139. o. v. xii. 31.

De hortis Marcellae.

HOC nemus, hi fontes, haec textilis umbra ſupini
Palmitis, hoc riguae ductile flumen aquae,
Prataque, nec bifero ceſſura roſaria Paeſto;
Quodque viret Jani menſe, nec alget olus;
Quaeque natat cluſis anguilla domeſtica lymphis,
Quaeque gerit ſimiles candida turris aves:
Munera ſunt domino, poſt ſeptima luſtra reverſo:
Has Marcella domos, parvaque regna dedit.
Si mihi Nauſicaë patrios concederet hortos;
Alcinoo poſſem dicere, Malo meos.

On dhe gardens ov Marcella.

Dhis ſacred grove, and dhat contextur'd ſhade,
Dhe dangling parent ov dhe grape haz made;
Dhe dimond-fountains, and dhe ductile ril;
Dh'enammell'd meads, dhat perly dew diſtil;
Dhe bredhing rozaries, dhat bluſh to' yield
To' Peſtums boaſted, az twice-bairing field:
Dhe vedgetabels Janus verdant ſees,
Dhat all hiz froſt eſſays in vain to' freze:
Dhe ſtagnant wave, hware eel domeſtic ſwims;
Dhe candid cote, hwence cooing candor ſkims:
Dheze hail dheir lord, hoom ſevven long luſters moarn'd;
Dheze ſcenes Elyzzian hiz vagaries boarn'd.
Dheze conſtitute Marcella's bleſt domain,
Dheze ſhe haz made her Marcus' littel reign.
Nauſiccae might her fahdhers groves prezent:
I'd thank Alcinnous, widh my own content.

Dhe

Dhe following juvenile Alcaics or Horacians, by dhe prezzent Lord MACDONNALD; on dhe promocion (from dhe bar to' dhe bench) ov ALLEXANDER LOCKHART, Lord COVVINGTON, firſt Cozzen and Gardian to' dhe yong Poet, wer prezented to' J. E. in 1779, at Eddinburrough, by dhe Right Onnorabel Author; and ſo duly ſince trezzured in an inmoaſt repozzitory, az to' be found juſt in time to' crown here alſo, widh two' vennerated Names, dhoze ov dhe nobel and ingenious Frends, dhat formerly onnored

MARSIAL and JAMES ELPHINSTON.

Ad venerabilem admodum et doctiſſimum virum, ALEXANDRUM LOCKHART, *Dominum de Covington: carmen inaugurale.*

Laetetur, aulam quiſquis adit! novus
Acceſſit hoſpes. Pandite, pandite
Portas triumphales! Senatus
Ritè Sophum venerandus ambit.

Canamne noſtrum te puerilium
Tutamen annorum? Juvat aggredi
Laetum ſeneſcentis Patroni
Magna rudi ceciniſſe plectro.

O Lux refulgens! Oh decus! Oh bonas
Leges perite dicere vel dare!
Robur Senatûs! qui *Lycurgum*
Eloquio *Ciceronis* ornas!

Spondebat olim te fore Patria
Fori togatis Ordinibus datum.
Nec ſpes fefellit: carpe, Judex,
Carpe ſedem meritis paratam.

Tandem annuenti vota damus tibi,
Benigne Princeps! tempore quo vigil
Dignare tutelâ forenſes
Juſtitiae reparare fontes.

Tandem oſculantur more novo invicem
Scientia et Lex; èque CALEDONE,
In poſterum cultam daturae
Progeniem populo Britanno.

Jam jam efficacis Colloquii furens
Silebit aeſtus: nam neque te dolus,
Non rixa, et inceſſans Clientis
Garrulitas mala queſta tangent.

Serus relinquas terricolas greges:
Cùm te vocârint fata, perambulet
Sublimiori mens volatu
AEthereos fugitivâ tractus.

To' dhe truly Onnorabel and Lerned Judge, ALLEXANDER (LOCKHART) Lord COVVINGTON; an inaugural Eſſay.

In Juſtice' Coarts let joy prevail:
Hail, vennerabel Strainger, hail!
Ope gates ov triumph, Goolden Age!
Dhe awfool Sennate hails dhe Sage.

Hoo claims dhe firſt-fruits ov my truith,
But dhou, bland Gardian ov my yooth?
Hwat joy dhy rizing fame t'eſſay,
Widh ardent, if unpolliſht, lay!

Refulgent light, diverge dhine aw:
O! born to' beam reziſtles law!
Hoo guild'ſt *Lycurgus'* manly ſenſe,
Widh *Tully's* matchles elloquence!

Dhy Contry ſcann'd dhine erly morn;
Devoting dhee dhe robes t'adorn.
Dhy Contry's vow, grait Judge, complete:
Aſcend at length dhy deſtin'd ſeat.

To' crown our wiſhes, Prince benign!
Dhou didſt dhy gratious ear incline;
Hwat time dhou dain'dſt, widh watchfool care,
Bright *Themis'* fountains to' repair.

Caledon, hail dhe hallow'd place;
See Law in Lernings fond embrace!
Behold, from Dhee, Britannic ſkil
Refining in perennial ril!

Dire altercacions furious tide,
Chicane, widh ſquabbel ſhal ſubſide:
No more dhe Clients reſtles prate
Shal ſtun dhine ears widh injur'd fate.

Late may'ſt dhou leve dhe poizing ball,
Hwen Hevv'n ſhal dain dh'auſpiſcious call!
Dhen dhy keen ſoll ſhal wing her way,
Thro' dhe bleſt Coarts ov brighter day.

Not quite forrain to' dhis Aſſemblage can be
relic ov Mr. *William Baker*, embalming dhe infan
ſon ov Mr. *Jon-William Galabin**, dhe joint Print
in 1782, ov Ingliſh (and Lattin) *Marſial*: Partn
prized by hooevver knew dhem, az *Murray* a
Cochran (I. xx. III. ccli) by J. E. or az ev
Frobenius by *Eraſmus*.

* To' hoos ingenious Fahdher dhe Pubblic iz endetted fo
Temple de l'Harmonie, Vol. V. P. 279.

Verſes on dhe deth ov J. S. G. an amiabel Child, hoo died on Satturday, September 19, 1772.

Animula, * *vagula, blandula!* Adriani imp. ſolil.

Won fatal day, as Sol, prɔfuſely bright,
Pour'd thro' dhe air hiz ritcheſt ſtores ov light,
To' dec dhe ſcene; dh'angellic Coir above,
Gardians ov vertue, meeknes, truith, and lov,
In ſynnod ſat, and vew'd dhe littel throng,
(Dheir tender charge,) hoo, joccund, ſtray'd along
Dhe plains; hwen, lo! MYRTILLUS, lovly boy!
(Now ſoarce ov grief, az erſt dhe ſoarce ov joy:)
Waz ſeen, amid dhe pratling tribe, to' ſpoart,
By dhe bright Serraphs ov dh' ethereal coart;
Hoo, nor by ſpace, nor yet to' form confin'd,
Vew ſcenes remote, and pennetrate dhe mind.
At length dh'enraptur'd Uriel ſilence broke;
And, in dheze words, dh' aſſembled hoaſt beſpoke:
" Ye ſee dhoze littel ſpoartive wand'rers dhare,
" Dhe infant-race, our own peculiar care.
" Amid dhem note yon lovely peerles child,
" Ov aſpect buteous, and ov temper mild;
" In hoos unfulli'd breſt fair meeknes reigns,
" Eternal gueſt in dheze our pure domains.

" Be

" Behold hiz bloom, vouchſaf't by Hevv'ns high
" King;
" Emblem ov higher helth, in Hevv'n to' ſpring;
" Bloom, ſuch az we Immortals onely know,
" By Fate deni'd to' Frailty's ſons below.
" Dhat ſpotles babe, dho ſprung ov mortal birth,
" Waz nehr deſign'd dh'inhabbitant ov erth.
" Diſrob'd ov fleſh (dhe huſk ov hevv'nly corn,)
" Hiz innocence wood dhis our coart adorn."
Dhus Uriel ſpoke, acclaim'd by all dhe quire;
Each clapt hiz wings, and tun'd hiz goolden lyre.
Scarce had dhe god ov day, dh' unweari'd ſun,
Widh ſteddy pace, anoddher coarſe begun;
Hwen Deth waz ſent, dhe babe to' call away;
Hoo, ſweetly ſlumb'ring, in hiz cradel lay.
Dhe willing monnark hi'd, and aim'd hiz dart:
Dhe weppon flew, but miſt dhe vital part.
Smiling in pain, dh' awaken'd babe diſplay'd
Such elloquence ov charms, az ſoon diſmay'd
Dhe fiend; hoo fearing, part, to' longuer ſtay;
And grudging, part, to' quit hiz lovly prey;
Diſtracted ſtood: mean-time dhe Coir abov,
Gardians ov vertue, meeknes, truith, and lov;
Impacient, ſound aloud dheir high command,
Dantles to' lift aguen hiz iron-hand;
Nor dhus, widh wayward cruel pitty, ſlow,
T'afflict dhe babe, and ſtay dhe mortal blow.

O

O'r dhis laſt ſcene, dhe Muze her tears haz ſhed;
Nor wood dhe dying draw, nor paint dhe ded.
Convulſing ſtrokes, quic, ſtopt dhe purpel tide:
Dhe cherrub ſoar'd on high, dhe infant di'd.

W. B.

Stat ſua cuique dies †, *breve et irreparabile tempus.*

VIRG. AEN. X.

* Vital ſpark, ov hevv'nly flame,
Quit, oh! quic dhis mortal frame. POPE.

† Each haz hiz day, dhat bredhes dhe vital air;
Short day, hwich naught can alter, naught repair.

Omitted, in Vol. V. P. 196, after N. XXI.

An Eppigram aſcribed to' *Plato* by *Olympiodorus*, hoo wrote dhe life ov dhat Philoſſopher, about dhe year 425; and by *Thomas Magiſter*, about 1310.

Αἱ Χαριτες, τεμενος τι λαβειν, ὁπις ουχι πεσειται,
Ζητησαι, ψυχην ευρον Αριστοφανης.

1. Quaerentes templum Charites, quod non cadat unquam,
Invenêre animam vatis Ariſtophanis.

2. Ut

.Ut templum Charites, quod non labatur, habere
Invenêre tuum pectus, Ariſtophanes.

3. Gratia perpetuum ſibi templum, experſque ruin
Perquirens, animam cepit Ariſtophanis.

4. Nunquam caſurum cupidae ſibi ſumere templ
Invenêre animam Gratiae Ariſtophanis.

5. Trina ſibi aeternum quaerebat Gratia templu
Unius invenit pectus Ariſtophanis.

6. Dhe Graces ſaught a ſhrine for evver hoal;
So pitcht on Ariſtopphaneſſes ſoll.

7. Dhe Graces, ſerching for a ſhrine refin'd,
Fixt it in Ariſtopphaneſſes mind.

8. Optantes propriam Charites ſibi ponere templ
Pectus Ariſtophanis tres coluere deae.

J. R——

9. Dhe Graces ſaught a ſhrine, dhat ſtil ſhood pl
And found dhe ſoll ov *Ariſtophanes* *

J.

1. *Gyraldus de Poet.* 2. *Joſ. Scaliger. vit. Ariſt.* 3. *Ja. W. M. D.* tranſlator ov Plato's Life by *Olympiodorus.* 4, 5. *Vo Ludic. Dict.* 6. Dhe author ov *Biographia Claſſica*, 1740. *Harwood*, edit. 1778.

Az J. E. forguivs no falſe rime in oddhers; he fears not here to' rrained ov combining different vowels. Dhe Greek name, iz ved its Lattin guize; hware dhe *e* continnues to' claim its native nes; dho dhe antepenultimate be Ingliſhly ſhut, and lengthened oniſcion; dhe Ingliſh word being indeed *Ariſtopphanees* or *Arri-*
neze.

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